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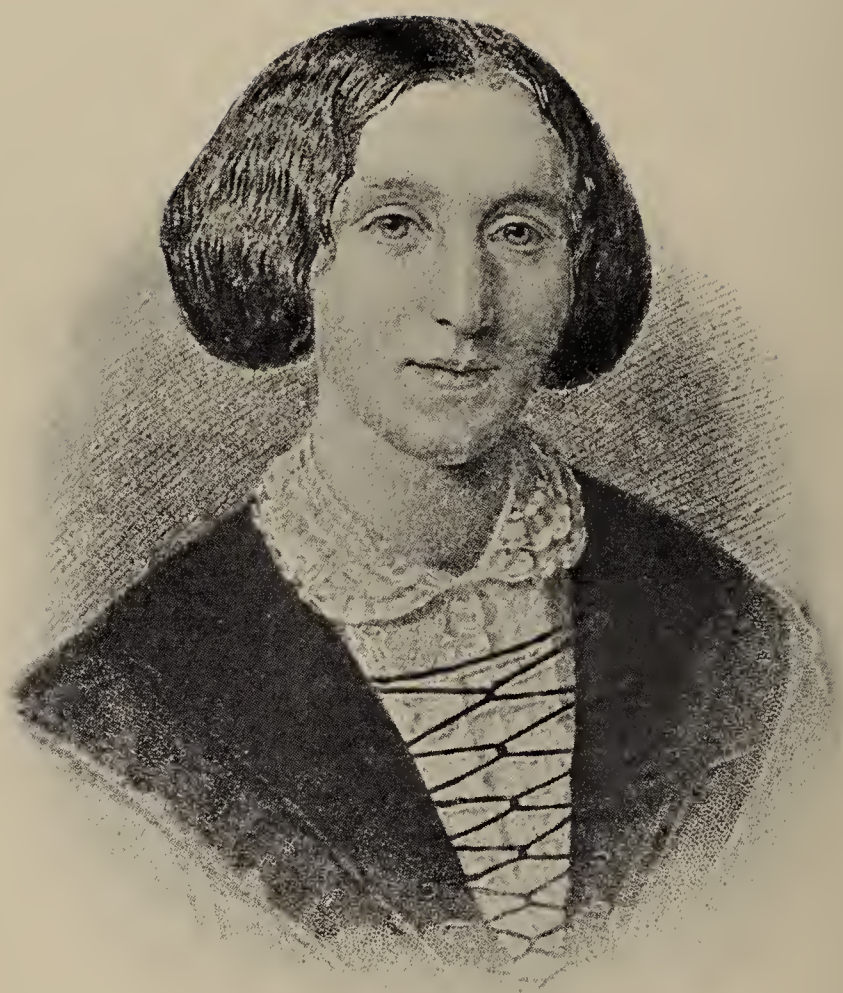

George Eliot
at the age of thirty

From a portrait by M. D'Albert-Durade

WORKS OF

GEORGE ELIOT

LIFE OF GEORGE ELIOT

PART TWO

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George Eliot's Life

CHAPTER VIII

JAN. 2. — George has returned this evening from a week's visit to Vernon Hill. On coming upstairs he said, "I have some very pretty news for you, — something in my pocket." I was at a loss to conjecture, and thought confusedly of possible opinions from admiring readers, when he drew the "Times" from his pocket, — to-day's number, containing a review of the "Scenes of Clerical Life." He had happened to ask a gentleman in the railway carriage coming up to London to allow him to look at the "Times," and felt quite agitated and tremulous when his eyes alighted on the review. Finding he had time to go into town before the train started, he bought a copy there. It is a highly favourable notice, and, as far as it goes, appreciatory.

Journal, 1858.

When G. went into town, he called at Nutt's, and Mrs. Nutt said to him, "I think you don't know our curate. *He* says the author of 'Clerical Scenes' is a High Churchman; for though Mr. Tryan is said to be Low Church, his feelings and *actions* are those of a High Churchman." (The curate himself being of course High Church.) There were some pleasant scraps of admiration also gathered for me at Vernon Hill. Doyle happening to mention the treatment of

Journal, 2d Jan. 1858.

children in the stories, Helps said, "Oh, he is a great writer!"

I wonder how I shall feel about these little details ten years hence, if I am alive. At present I value them as grounds for hoping that my writing may succeed, and so give value to my life: as indications that I can touch the hearts of my fellow-men, and so sprinkle some precious grain as the result of the long years in which I have been inert and suffering. But at present fear and trembling still predominate over hope.

Jan. 5. — To-day the "Clerical Scenes" came in their two-volume dress, looking very handsome.

Jan. 8. — News of the subscription, — 580, with a probable addition of 25 for Longmans. Mudie has taken 350. When we used to talk of the probable subscription, G. always said, "I daresay it will be 250!" (The final number subscribed for was 650.)

I ordered copies to be sent to the following persons, — Froude, Dickens, Thackeray, Tennyson, Ruskin, Faraday, the author of "Companions of my Solitude," Albert Smith, Mrs. Carlyle.

On the 20th of January I received the following letter from Dickens: —

"TAVISTOCK HOUSE, LONDON,
Monday, 17th Jan. 1858.

"MY DEAR SIR, — *I have been so strongly affected by the two first tales in the book you have had the kindness to send me, through Messrs. Blackwood, that I hope you will excuse my writing to you to express my admiration of their extraordinary merit. The exquisite truth and delicacy, both of the humour and the pathos, of these stories, I have never seen the like of; and they have impressed me in a manner that I should find it very difficult to describe to you, if I had the impertinence to try.*

Letter from Charles Dickens to George Eliot, 17th Jan. 1858.

"In addressing these few words of thankfulness to the creator of the Sad Fortunes of the Rev. Amos Barton, and the sad love-story of Mr. Gilfil, I am (I presume) bound to adopt the name that it pleases that excellent writer to assume. I can suggest no better one; but I should have been strongly disposed, if I had been left to my own devices, to address the said writer as a woman. I have observed what seemed to me such womanly touches in those moving fictions, that the assurance on the title-page is insufficient to satisfy me even now. If they originated with no woman, I believe that no man ever before had the art of making himself mentally so like a woman since the world began.

"You will not suppose that I have any vulgar wish to fathom your secret. I mention the point as one of great interest to me, — not of mere curiosity. If it should ever suit your convenience and inclination to show me the face of the man, or woman, who has written so charmingly, it will be a very memorable occasion to me. If otherwise, I shall always hold that impalpable personage in loving attachment and respect, and shall yield myself up to all future utterances from the same source, with a perfect confidence in their making me wiser and better. — Your obliged and faithful servant and admirer,

"Charles Dickens.

"George Eliot, Esq."

Jan. 21. — To-day came the following letter from Froude: — Journal, 1858.

"Northdown House, Bideford,
17*th Jan.* 1858.

"Dear Sir, — *I do not know when I have experienced a more pleasant surprise than when, on opening a book parcel two mornings ago, I found it to contain 'Scenes of Clerical Life,' 'From the author.' I do not often see 'Blackwood'; but in accidental glances I had made acquaintance with 'Janet's Repentance,' and had found there something extremely different from general magazine stories.*

Letter from J. A. Froude to George Eliot, 17th Jan. 1858.

When I read the advertisement of the re-publication, I intended fully, at my leisure, to look at the companions of the story which had so much struck me, and now I find myself sought out by the person whose workmanship I had admired, for the special present of it.

"You would not, I imagine, care much for flattering speeches; and to go into detail about the book would carry me farther than at present there is occasion to go. I can only thank you most sincerely for the delight which it has given me; and both I myself and my wife trust that the acquaintance which we seem to have made with you through your writings may improve into something more tangible. I do not know whether I am addressing a young man or an old, — a clergyman or a layman. Perhaps, if you answer this note you may give us some information about yourself. But at any rate, should business or pleasure bring you into this part of the world, pray believe that you will find a warm welcome if you will accept our hospitality. — Once more, with my best thanks, believe me, faithfully yours,

"J. A. Froude."

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 17th Jan. 1858.

I have long ceased to feel any sympathy with mere antagonism and destruction; and all crudity of expression marks, I think, a deficiency in subtlety of thought as well as in breadth of moral and poetic feeling. Mr. William Smith, the author of "Thorndale," is an old acquaintance of Mr. Lewes's. I should say an old *friend*, only I don't like the too ready use of that word. Mr. Lewes admires and esteems him very highly. He is a very accomplished man, — a bachelor, with a small independent income; used to write very effective articles on miscellaneous subjects in "Blackwood." I shall like to know what you think of "Thorndale." I don't know whether you look out for Ruskin's books whenever they appear. His little book on the "Political Economy of Art" contains some magnificent pas-

sages, mixed up with stupendous specimens of arrogant absurdity on some economical points. But I venerate him as one of the great teachers of the day. The grand doctrines of truth and sincerity in art, and the nobleness and solemnity of our human life, which he teaches with the inspiration of a Hebrew prophet, must be stirring up young minds in a promising way. The two last volumes of "Modern Painters" contain, I think, some of the finest writing of the age. He is strongly akin to the sublimest part of Wordsworth, — whom, by-the-by, we are reading with fresh admiration for his beauties and tolerance for his faults. Our present plans are: to remain here till about the end of March, then to go to Munich, which I long to see. We shall live there several months, seeing the wonderful galleries in leisure moments. Our living here is so much more expensive than living abroad that we save more than the expenses of our journeying; and as our work can be as well done there as here for some months, we lay in much more capital, in the shape of knowledge and experience, by going abroad.

Jan. 18. — I have begun the "Eumenides," having finished the "Choephoræ." We are reading Wordsworth in the evening, — at least G. is reading him to me. I am still reading aloud Miss Martineau's History.

Journal, 1858.

I am sure you will be interested in Dickens's letter, which I enclose, begging you to return it as soon as you can, and not to allow any one besides yourself and Major Blackwood to share in the knowledge of its contents. There can be no harm, of course, in every one's knowing that Dickens admires the "Scenes," but I should not like any more specific allusion made to the words of a private letter. There can

Letter to John Blackwood, 21st Jan. 1858.

hardly be any climax of approbation for me after this; and I am so deeply moved by the finely felt and finely expressed sympathy of the letter, that the iron mask of my *incognito* seems quite painful in forbidding me to tell Dickens how thoroughly his generous impulse has been appreciated. If you should have an opportunity of conveying this feeling of mine to him in any way, you would oblige me by doing so. By-the-by, you probably remember sending me, some months ago, a letter from the Rev. Archer Gurney, — a very warm, simple-spoken letter, — praising me for qualities which I most of all care to be praised for. I should like to send him a copy of the "Scenes," since I could make no acknowledgment of his letter in any other way. I don't know his address, but perhaps Mr. Langford would be good enough to look it out in the Clergy List.

Jan. 23. — There appeared a well-written and enthusiastic article on "Clerical Scenes" in the "Statesman." We hear there was a poor article in the "Globe" — of feebly written praise — the previous week, but beyond this, we have not yet heard of any notices from the press.

Journal, 1858.

Jan. 26. — Came a very pleasant letter from Mrs. Carlyle, thanking the author of "Clerical Scenes" for the present of his book, praising it very highly, and saying that her husband had promised to read it when released from his mountain of history.

"5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea,
21*st Jan.* 1858.

"Dear Sir, — *I have to thank you for a surprise, a pleasure, and a — consolation (!) all in one book! And I do thank you most sincerely. I cannot divine what inspired the good thought to send* me *your book, since (if*

the name on the titlepage be your real name) it could not have been personal regard; there has never been a George Eliot among my friends or acquaintance.

Letter from Mrs. Carlyle to George Eliot, 21st Jan. 1858.

But neither, I am sure, could you *divine the circumstances under which I should read the book, and the particular benefit it should confer on me! I read it — at least the first volume — during one of the most (physically) wretched nights of my life; sitting up in bed, unable to get a wink of sleep for fever and sore throat, and it helped me through that dreary night as well — better than the most sympathetic helpful friend watching by my bedside could have done!*

"You will believe that the book needed to be something more than a 'new novel' for me; that I could *at my years, and after so much reading, read it in positive torment, and be beguiled by it of the torment! that it needed to be the one sort of book, however named, that still takes hold of me, and that grows rarer every year, — a* human *book, — written out of the heart of a live man, not merely out of the brain of an author, — full of tenderness and pathos, without a scrap of sentimentality, of sense without dogmatism, of earnestness without twaddle, — a book that makes one* feel friends *at once and for always with the man or woman who wrote it!*

"In guessing at why you gave me this good gift, I have thought amongst other things, 'Oh, perhaps it was a delicate way of presenting the novel to my husband, he being over head and ears in history.' *If that was it, I compliment you on your* tact! *for my husband is much likelier to read the 'Scenes' on* my *responsibility than on a venture of his own, — though, as a general rule, never opening a novel, he has engaged to read this one whenever he has some leisure from his present task.*

"I hope to know some day if the person I am addressing bears any resemblance in external things to the idea I have conceived of him in my mind, — a man of middle age, with a wife, from whom he has got those beautiful feminine *touches in his book, — a good many children, and a dog that he has as much fondness for as I have*

for my little Nero! For the rest,—not just a clergyman, but brother or first cousin to a clergyman! How ridiculous all this may *read beside the reality. Anyhow, I honestly confess I am very curious about you, and look forward with what Mr. Carlyle would call 'a good, healthy, genuine desire' to shaking hands with you some day. — In the meanwhile, I remain, your obliged*

"JANE W. CARLYLE."

Journal, 1858.

Jan. 30. — Received a letter from Faraday, thanking me very gracefully for the present of the "Scenes." Blackwood mentions, in enclosing this letter, that Simpkin & Marshall have sent for twelve additional copies, — the first sign of a move since the subscription. The other night we looked into the life of Charlotte Brontë, to see how long it was before "Jane Eyre" came into demand at the libraries, and we found it was not until six weeks after publication. It is just three weeks now since I heard news of the subscription for my book.

"ROYAL INSTITUTION, 28*th Jan.* 1858.

Letter from M. Faraday to George Eliot, 28th Jan. 1858.

"SIR, — *I cannot resist the pleasure of thanking you for what I esteem a great kindness: the present of your thoughts embodied in the two volumes you have sent me. They have been, and will be again, a very pleasant relief from mental occupation among my own pursuits. Such rest I find at times not merely agreeable, but essential. — Again thanking you, I beg to remain, your very obliged servant,*

M. FARADAY."

"GEORGE ELIOT, Esq., &c., &c."

Journal, 1858.

Feb. 3. — Gave up Miss Martineau's History last night, after reading some hundred pages in the second volume. She has a sentimental, rhetorical style in this history which is

fatiguing and not instructive. But her history of the Reform movement is very interesting.

Feb. 4. — Yesterday brought the discouraging news, that though the book is much talked of, it moves very slowly. Finished the "Eumenides." Bessie Parkes has written asking me to contribute to the "Englishwoman's Journal," a new monthly, which, she says, "We are beginning with £1000, and great social interest."

Feb. 16. — To-day G. went into the City and saw Langford, for the sake of getting the latest news about our two books, — his "Sea-side Studies" having been well launched about a fortnight or ten days ago, with a subscription of 800. He brought home good news. The "Clerical Scenes" are moving off at a moderate but steady pace. Langford remarked that while the press had been uniformly favourable, not one *critical* notice had appeared. G. went to Parker's in the evening, and gathered a little gossip on the subject. Savage, author of the "Falcon Family," and now editor of the "Examiner," said he was reading the "Scenes," — had read some of them already in "Blackwood," but was now reading the volume. "G. Eliot was a writer of great merit." A barrister named Smythe said he had seen "the Bishop" reading them the other day. As a set-off against this, Mrs. Schlesinger "could n't bear the book." She is a regular novel-reader; but hers is the first unfavourable opinion we have had.

Feb. 26. — We went into town for the sake of seeing Mr. and Mrs. Call, and having our photographs taken by Mayall.

Feb. 28. — Mr. John Blackwood called on us, having come to London for a few days only. He talked a good deal about the "Clerical Scenes"

and George Eliot, and at last asked, "Well, am I to see George Eliot this time?" G. said, "Do you wish to see him?" "As he likes, — I wish it to be quite spontaneous." I left the room, and, G. following me a moment, I told him he might reveal me. Blackwood was kind, came back when he found he was too late for the train, and said he would come to Richmond again. He came on the following Friday, and chatted very pleasantly, — told us that Thackeray spoke highly of the "Scenes," and said *they were not written by a woman*. Mrs. Blackwood is *sure* they are not written by a woman. Mrs. Oliphant, the novelist, too, is confident on the same side. I gave Blackwood the MS. of my new novel, to the end of the second scene in the wood. He opened it, read the first page, and, smiling, said, "This will do." We walked with him to Kew, and had a good deal of talk. Found, among other things, that he had lived two years in Italy when he was a youth, and that he admires Miss Austen.

Since I wrote these last notes, several encouraging fragments of news about the "Scenes" have come to my ears, — especially that Mrs. Owen Jones and her husband — two very different people — are equally enthusiastic about the book. But both have detected the woman.

Perhaps we may go to Dresden, perhaps not: we leave room for the *imprévu*, which Louis Blanc found so sadly wanting in Mr. Morgan's millennial village. You are among the exceptional people who say pleasant things to their friends, and don't feel a too exclusive satisfaction in their misfortunes. We like to hear of your interest in Mr. Lewes's books, — at least, *I* am very voracious of such details. I keep

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 2d March, 1858.

the pretty letters that are written to him; and we have had some really important ones from the scientific big-wigs about the "Sea-side Studies." The reception of the book in that quarter has been quite beyond our expectations. Eight hundred copies were sold at once. There is a great deal of close hard work in the book, and every one who knows what scientific work is necessarily perceives this. Happily many have been generous enough to express their recognition in a hearty way.

I enter so deeply into everything you say about your mother. To me that old, old popular truism, "We can never have but one mother," has worlds of meaning in it, and I think with more sympathy of the satisfaction you feel in at last being allowed to wait on her than I should of anything else you could tell me. I wish we saw more of that sweet human piety that feels tenderly and reverently towards the aged. [*Apropos* of some incapable woman's writing, she adds:] There is something more piteous almost than soapless poverty in this application of feminine incapacity to literature. We spent a very pleasant couple of hours with Mr. and Mrs. Call last Friday. It was worth a journey on a cold dusty day to see two faces beaming kindness and happiness.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 26th March, 1858.

I enclose a letter which will interest you. It is affecting to see how difficult a matter it often is for the men who would most profit by a book to purchase it, or even get a reading of it, while stupid Jopling of Reading or elsewhere thinks nothing of giving a guinea for a work which he will simply put on his shelves.

When do you bring out your new poem? I presume you are already in the sixth canto. It is

true you never told me you intended to write a poem, nor have I heard any one say so who was likely to know. Nevertheless I have quite as active an imagination as you, and I don't see why I should n't suppose you are writing a poem as well as you suppose that I am writing a novel. Seriously, I wish you would not set rumours afloat about me. They are injurious. Several people, who seem to derive their notions from Ivy Cottage,[1] have spoken to me of a supposed novel I was going to bring out. Such things are damaging to me.

Letter to Chas. Bray, March, 1858.

Thanks for your disclaimer. It shows me that you take a right view of the subject. There is no undertaking more fruitful of absurd mistakes than that of "guessing" at authorship; and as I have never communicated to any one so much as an *intention* of a literary kind, there can be none but imaginary data for such guesses. If I withhold anything from my friends which it would gratify them to know, you will believe, I hope, that I have good reasons for doing so, and I am sure those friends will understand me when I ask them to further my object — which is not a whim but a question of solid interest — by complete silence. I can't afford to indulge either in vanity or sentimentality about my work. I have only a trembling anxiety to do what is in itself worth doing, and by that honest means to win very necessary profit of a temporal kind. "There is nothing hidden that shall not be revealed" in due time. But till that time comes, — till I tell you myself, "This is the work of my hand and brain," — don't believe anything on the subject. There is no one who is in the least likely

Letter to Chas. Bray, 31st March, 1858.

[1] The Brays' new house.

to know what I can, could, should, or would write.

April 1, 1858. — Received a letter from Blackwood containing warm praise of "Adam Bede," but wanting to know the rest of the story in outline before deciding whether it should go in the Magazine. I wrote in reply refusing to tell him the story. Journal, 1858.

On Wednesday evening, April 7th, we set off on our journey to Munich, and now we are comfortably settled in our lodgings, where we hope to remain three months at least. Journal, April, 1858.

I sit down in my first leisure moments to write a few recollections of our journey, or rather of our twenty-four hours' stay at Nürnberg; for the rest of our journey was mere endurance of railway and steamboat in cold and sombre weather, often rainy. I ought to except our way from Frankfort to Nürnberg, which lay for some distance — until we came to Bamberg — through a beautifully varied country. Our view both of Würzburg and Bamberg, as we hastily snatched it from our railway-carriage, was very striking, — great old buildings, crowning heights that rise up boldly from the plain in which stand the main part of the towns. From Bamberg to Nürnberg the way lay through a wide rich plain sprinkled with towns. We had left all the hills behind us. At Bamberg we were joined in our carriage by a pleasant-looking elderly couple who spoke to each other and looked so affectionately that we said directly, "Shall we be so when we are old?" It was very pretty to see them hold each other's gloved hands for a minute like lovers. As soon as we had settled ourselves in our inn at Nürnberg, — the Baierische Hof, — we went out to get a general view of the town. Happily it was

not raining, though there was no sun to light up the roof and windows.

How often I had thought I should like to see Nürnberg, and had pictured to myself narrow streets with dark quaint gables! The reality was not at all like my picture, but it was ten times better. No sombre colouring, except the old churches: all was bright and varied, each *façade* having a different colour, — delicate green, or buff, or pink, or lilac, — every now and then set off by the neighbourhood of a rich reddish brown. And the roofs always gave warmth of colour with their bright red or rich purple tiles. Every house differed from its neighbour, and had a physiognomy of its own, though a beautiful family likeness ran through them all, as if the burghers of that old city were of one heart and one soul, loving the same delightful outlines, and cherishing the same daily habits of simple ease and enjoyment in their balcony-windows when the day's work was done.

The balcony window is the secondary charm of the Nürnberg houses; it would be the principal charm of any houses that had not the Nürnberg roofs and gables. It is usually in the centre of the building, on the first floor, and is ornamented with carved stone or wood, which supports it after the fashion of a bracket. In several of these windows we saw pretty family groups, — young fair heads of girls or of little children, with now and then an older head surmounting them. One can fancy that these windows are the pet places for family joys, — that papa seats himself there when he comes home from the warehouse, and the little ones cluster round him in no time. But the glory of the Nürnberg houses is the roofs, which are no blank surface of mere tiling, but are alive with lights and

shadows, cast by varied and beautiful lines of windows and pinnacles and arched openings. The plainest roof in Nürnberg has its little windows lifting themselves up like eyelids, and almost everywhere one sees the pretty hexagonal tiles. But the better houses have a central, open sort of pavilion in the roof, with a pinnacle, surmounted by a weather-cock. This pavilion has usually a beautifully carved, arched opening in front, set off by the dark background which is left by the absence of glass. One fancies the old Nürnbergers must have gone up to these pavilions to smoke in the summer and autumn days. There is usually a brood of small windows round this central ornament, often elegantly arched and carved. A wonderful sight it makes to see a series of such roofs surmounting the tall, delicate-coloured houses. They are always high-pitched, of course, and the colour of the tiles was usually of a bright red. I think one of the most charming vistas we saw was the Adler-Gasse on the St. Lorenz side of the town. Sometimes, instead of the high-pitched roof, with its pavilion and windows, there is a richly ornamented gable fronting the street; and still more frequently we get the gables at right angles with the street at a break in the line of houses.

Coming back from the Burg, we met a detachment of soldiers, with their band playing, followed by a stream of listening people; and then we reached the market-place, just at the point where stands " The Beautiful Fountain," — an exquisite bit of florid Gothic, which has been restored in perfect conformity with the original. Right before us stood the Frauen-Kirche, with its fine and unusual *façade*, the chief beauty being a central chapel used as the choir, and added by Adam

Krafft. It is something of the shape of a mitre, and forms a beautiful gradation of ascent towards the summit of the *façade*. We heard the organ, and were tempted to enter, — for this is the one Catholic church in Nürnberg. The delicious sound of the organ and voices drew us farther and farther in among the standing people, and we stayed there I don't know how long, till the music ceased. How the music warmed one's heart! I loved the good people about me, even to the soldier who stood with his back to us, giving us a full view of his close-cropped head, with its pale-yellowish hair standing up in bristles on the crown, as if his hat had acted like a forcing-pot. Then there was a little baby in a close-fitting cap on its little round head, looking round with bright black eyes as it sucked its bit of bread. Such a funny little complete face, — rich brown complexion and miniature Roman nose. And then its mother lifted it up that it might see the rose-decked altar, where the priests were standing. How music, that stirs all one's devout emotions, blends everything into harmony, — makes one feel part of one whole which one loves all alike, losing the sense of a separate self. Nothing could be more wretched as art than the painted Saint Veronica opposite me, holding out the sad face on her miraculous handkerchief. Yet it touched me deeply; and the thought of the Man of Sorrows seemed a very close thing, — not a faint hearsay.

We saw Albert Dürer's statue by Rauch, and Albert Dürer's house, — a striking bit of old building, rich dark-brown, with a truncated gable and two wooden galleries running along the gable end. My best wishes and thanks to the artists who keep it in repair, and use it for their meetings. The vistas from the bridges across the muddy Pegnitz,

which runs through the town, are all quaint and picturesque; and it was here that we saw some of the *shabbiest*-looking houses, — almost the only houses that carried any suggestion of poverty, and even here it was doubtful. The town has an air of cleanliness and well-being, and one longs to call one of those balconied apartments one's own home, with their flower-pots, clean glass, clean curtains, and transparencies turning their white backs to the street. It is pleasant to think there is such a place in the world where many people pass peaceful lives.

On arriving at Munich, after much rambling we found an advertisement of " Zwei elegant möblirte Zimmer," No. 15 Luitpold Strasse; and to our immense satisfaction found something that looked like cleanliness and comfort. The bargain was soon made, — twenty florins per month. So here we came last Tuesday, the 13th April. We have been taking sips of the Glyptothek and the two Pinacotheks in the morning, not having settled to work yet. Last night we went to the opera, — " Fra Diavolo," — at the Hof-Theater. The theatre ugly, the singing bad. Still, the orchestra was good, and the charming music made itself felt in spite of German throats. On Sunday, the 11th we went to the Pinacothek, straight into the glorious Rubens Saal. Delighted afresh in the picture of " Samson and Delilah," both for the painting and character of the figures. Delilah, a magnificent blonde, seated in a chair, with a transparent white garment slightly covering her body, and a rich red piece of drapery round her legs, leans forward, with one hand resting on her thigh, the other, holding the cunning shears, resting on the chair, — a posture which shows to perfection the full,

round, living arms. She turns her head aside to look with sly triumph at Samson, — a tawny giant, his legs caught in the red drapery, shorn of his long locks, furious with the consciousness that the Philistines are upon him, and that this time he cannot shake them off. Above the group of malicious faces and grappling arms, a hand holds a flaming torch. Behind Delilah, and grasping her arm, leans forward an old woman, with hard features full of exultation.

This picture, comparatively small in size, hangs beside the "Last Judgment," and in the corresponding space, on the other side of the same picture, hangs the sublime "Crucifixion." Jesus alone, hanging dead on the Cross, darkness over the whole earth. One can desire nothing in this picture: the grand, sweet calm of the dead face, calm and satisfied amidst all the traces of anguish, the real livid flesh, the thorough mastery with which the whole form is rendered, and the isolation of the supreme sufferer, make a picture that haunts one like a remembrance of a friend's deathbed.

April 12 (*Monday*).— After reading Anna Mary Howitt's book on Munich and Overbeck on Greek art, we turned out into the delicious sunshine to walk in the Theresien Wiese, and have our first look at the colossal "Bavaria," the greatest work of Schwanthaler. Delightful it was to get away from the houses into this breezy meadow, where we heard the larks singing above us. The sun was still too high in the west for us to look with comfort at the statue, except right in front of it, where it eclipsed the sun; and this front view is the only satisfactory one. The outline made by the head and arm on a side view is almost pain-

fully ugly. But in front, looking up to the beautiful, calm face, the impression it produces is sublime. I have never seen anything, even in ancient sculpture, of a more awful beauty than this dark colossal head, looking out from a background of pure, pale-blue sky. We mounted the platform to have a view of her back, and then walking forward, looked to our right hand and saw the snow-covered Alps! Sight more to me than all the art in Munich, though I love the *art* nevertheless. The great, wide-stretching earth and the all-embracing sky — the birthright of us all — are what I care most to look at. And I feel intensely the new beauty of the sky here. The blue is so exquisitely clear, and the wide streets give one such a broad canopy of sky. I felt more inspirited by our walk to the Theresien Platz than by any pleasure we have had in Munich.

April 16. — On Wednesday we walked to the Theresien Wiese to look at the " Bavaria " by sunset, but a shower came on and drove us to take refuge in a pretty house built near the Ruhmeshalle, whereby we were gainers, for we saw a charming family group: a mother with her three children, — the eldest a boy with his book, the second a three-year-old maiden, the third a sweet baby-girl, of a year and a half; two dogs, one a mixture of the setter and pointer, the other a turnspit; and a relation or servant ironing. The baby cried at the sight of G. in beard and spectacles, but kept her eyes turning towards him from her mother's lap, every now and then seeming to have overcome her fears, and then bursting out crying anew. At last she got down and lifted the tablecloth to peep at his legs, as if to see the monster's nether parts.

We have been just to take a sip at the two Pinacotheks and at the Glyptothek. At present the Rubens Saal is what I most long to return to. Rubens gives me more pleasure than any other painter, whether that is right or wrong. To be sure, I have not seen so many pictures, and pictures of so high a rank, by any other great master. I feel sure that when I have seen as much of Raphael I shall like him better; but at present Rubens, more than any one else, makes me feel that painting is a great art, and that he was a great artist. His are such real, breathing men and women, moved by passions, not mincing and grimacing, and posing in mere aping of passion! What a grand, glowing, forceful thing life looks in his pictures, — the men such grand-bearded, grappling beings, fit to do the work of the world; the women such real mothers. We stayed at Nürnberg only twenty-four hours, and I felt sad to leave it so soon. A pity the place became Protestant, so that there is only one Catholic church, where one can go in and out as one would. We turned into the famous St. Sebald's for a minute, where a Protestant clergyman was reading in a cold, formal way under the grand Gothic arches. Then we went to the Catholic church, the Frauen-Kirche, where the organ and voices were giving forth a glorious mass; and we stood with a feeling of brotherhood among the standing congregation till the last note of the organ had died out.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 17th April, 1858.

April 23. — Not being well enough to write, we determined to spend our morning at the Glyptothek and Pinacothek. A glorious morning, — all sunshine and blue sky. We went to the Glyptothek first, and delighted our-

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selves anew with the " Sleeping Faun," the " Satyr and Bacchus," and the "Laughing Faun" ("Fauno colla Macchia "). Looked at the two young satyrs reposing with the pipe in their hands, — one of them charming in the boyish, good-humoured beauty of the face, but both wanting finish in the limbs, which look almost as if they could be produced by a turning-machine. But the conception of this often-repeated figure is charming: it would make a garden seem more peaceful in the sunshine. Looked at the old Silenus too, which is excellent. I delight in these figures, full of droll animation, flinging some nature, in its broad freedom, in the eyes of small-mouthed mincing narrowness.

We went into the modern Saal also, glancing on our way at the Cornelius frescos, which seem to me stiff and hideous. An Adonis, by Thorwaldsen, is very beautiful.

Then to the Pinacothek, where we looked at Albert Dürer's portrait again, and many other pictures, among which I admired a group by Jordaens: " A satyr eating, while a peasant shows him that he can blow hot and cold at the same time; " the old grandmother nursing the child, the father with the key in his hand, with which he has been amusing baby, looking curiously at the satyr, the handsome wife, still more eager in her curiosity, the quiet cow, the little boy, the dog and cat, — all are charmingly conceived.

April 24. — As we were reading this afternoon, Herr Oldenbourg came in, invited us to go to his house on Tuesday, and chatted pleasantly for an hour. He talked of Kaulbach, whom he has known very intimately, being the publisher of the " Reineke Fuchs." The picture of the " Hunnen

Schlacht" was the first of Kaulbach's on a great scale. It created a sensation, and the critics began to call it a "Weltgeschichtliches Bild." Since then Kaulbach has been seduced into the complex, wearisome, symbolical style, which makes the frescos at Berlin enormous puzzles.

When we had just returned from our drive in the Englische Garten, Bodenstedt pleasantly surprised us by presenting himself. He is a charming man, and promises to be a delightful acquaintance for us in this strange town. He chatted pleasantly with us for half an hour, telling us that he is writing a work, in five volumes, on the "Contemporaries of Shakspeare," and indicating the nature of his treatment of the Shakspearian drama, — which is historical and analytical. Presently he proposed that we should adjourn to his house and have tea with him; and so we turned out all together in the bright moonlight, and enjoyed his pleasant chat until ten o'clock. His wife was not at home, but we were admitted to see the three sleeping children, — one a baby about a year and a half old, — a lovely waxen thing. He gave the same account of Kaulbach as we had heard from Oldenbourg; spoke of Genelli as superior in genius, though he has not the fortune to be recognised; recited some of Hermann Lingg's poetry, and spoke enthusiastically of its merits. There was not a word of detraction about any one, — nothing to jar on one's impression of him as a refined noble-hearted man.

April 27. — This has been a red-letter day. In the morning Professor Wagner took us over his "Petrifacten Sammlung," giving us interesting explanations; and before we left him we were joined by Professor Martius, an animated clever

man, who talked admirably, and invited us to his house. Then we went to Kaulbach's studio, talked with him, and saw with especial interest the picture he is preparing as a present to the New Museum. In the evening after walking in the Theresien Wiese, we went to Herr Oldenbourg's, and met Liebig the chemist, Geibel and Heyse the poets, and Carrière, the author of a work on the Reformation. Liebig is charming, with well-cut features, a low quiet voice, and gentle manners. It was touching to see his hands, the nails black from the roots, the skin all grimed.

Heyse is like a painter's poet, ideally beautiful; rather brilliant in his talk, and altogether pleasing. Geibel is a man of rather coarse texture, with a voice like a kettledrum, and a steady determination to deliver his opinions on every subject that turned up. But there was a good deal of ability in his remarks.

April 30. — After calling on Frau Oldenbourg, and then at Professor Bodenstedt's, where we played with his charming children for ten minutes, we went to the theatre to hear Prince Radziwill's music to the "Faust." I admired especially the earlier part, the Easter-morning song of the spirits, the Beggar's song, and other things, until after the scene in Auerbach's cellar, which is set with much humour and fancy. But the scene between Faust and Marguerite is bad, — "Meine Ruh ist hin" quite pitiable, and the "König im Thule" not good. Gretchen's second song, in which she implores help of the Schmerzensreiche, touched me a good deal.

May 1. — In the afternoon Bodenstedt called, and we agreed to spend the evening at his house, — a delightful evening. Professor Löher, author

of "Die Deutschen in America," and another much younger *Gelehrter*, whose name I did not seize, were there.

May 2. — Still rainy and cold. We went to the Pinacothek, and looked at the old pictures in the first and second Saal. There are some very bad and some fine ones by Albert Dürer: of the latter, a full-length figure of the Apostle Paul, with the head of Mark beside him, in a listening attitude, is the one that most remains with me. There is a very striking "Adoration of the Magi," by Johannes van Eyck, with much merit in the colouring, perspective, and figures. Also, "Christ carrying His Cross," by Albert Dürer, is striking. "A woman raised from the dead by the imposition of the Cross" is a very elaborate composition, by Böhms, in which the faces are of first-rate excellence.

In the evening we went to the opera and saw the "Nord Stern."

May 10. — Since Wednesday I have had a wretched cold and cough, and been otherwise ill, but I have had several pleasures nevertheless. On Friday, Bodenstedt called with Baron Schack to take us to Genelli's, the artist of whose powers Bodenstedt had spoken to us with enthusiastic admiration. The result to us was nothing but disappointment: the sketches he showed us seemed to us quite destitute of any striking merit. On Sunday we dined with Liebig, and spent the evening at Bodenstedt's, where we met Professor Bluntschli, the jurist, a very intelligent and agreeable man, and Melchior Meyr, a maker of novels and tragedies, otherwise an ineffectual personage.

Our life here is very agreeable, — full of pleasant novelty, although we take things quietly and observe our working hours just as if we were at

Richmond. People are so kind to us that we feel already quite at home, sip *baierisch Bier* with great tolerance, and talk bad German with more and more *aplomb*. The place, you know, swarms with professors of all sorts, — all *grüindlich*, of course, and one or two of them great. There is no one we are more charmed with than Liebig. Mr. Lewes had no letter to him, — we merely met him at an evening party; yet he has been particularly kind to us, and seems to have taken a benevolent liking to me. We dined with him and his family yesterday, and saw how men of European celebrity may put up with greasy cooking in private life. He lives in very good German style, however; has a handsome suite of apartments, and makes a greater figure than most of the professors. His manners are charming, — easy, graceful, benignant, and all the more conspicuous because he is so quiet and low-spoken among the loud talkers here. He looks best in his laboratory, with his velvet cap on, holding little phials in his hand, and talking of Kreatine and Kreatinine in the same easy way that well-bred ladies talk scandal. He is one of the professors who has been called here by the present king, — Max, — who seems to be a really sensible man among kings: gets up at five o'clock in the morning to study, and every Saturday evening has a gathering of the first men in science and literature, that he may benefit by their opinions on important subjects. At this *Tafel-rund* every man is required to say honestly what he thinks; every one may contradict every one else; and if the king suspects any one of a polite insincerity, the too polished man is invited no more. Liebig, the three poets, — Geibel, Heyse, and Bodenstedt, — and Professor Löher,

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell 10th May, 1858.

a writer of considerable mark, are always at the *Tafel-rund* as an understood part of their functions; the rest are invited according to the king's direction. Bodenstedt is one of our best friends here, — enormously instructed, after the fashion of Germans, but not at all stupid with it.

We were at the Siebolds' last night to meet a party of celebrities, and, what was better, to see the prettiest little picture of married life, — the great comparative anatomist (Siebold) seated at the piano in his spectacles playing the difficult accompaniments to Schubert's songs, while his little round-faced wife sang them with much taste and feeling. They are not young. Siebold is grey, and probably more than fifty, — his wife perhaps nearly forty; and it is all the prettier to see their admiration of each other. She said to Mr. Lewes, when he was speaking of her husband, "Ja, er ist ein netter Mann, nicht wahr?" [1]

We take the art in very small draughts at present, — the German hours being difficult to adjust to our occupations. We are obliged to dine at *one!* and of course when we are well enough must work till then. Two hours afterwards all the great public exhibitions are closed, except the churches. I *cannot* admire much of the modern German art. It is for the most part elaborate lifelessness. Kaulbach's great compositions are huge charades; and I have seen nothing of his equal to his own "Reineke Fuchs." It is an unspeakable relief, after staring at one of his pictures, — the "Destruction of Jerusalem," for example, which is a regular child's puzzle of symbolism, — to sweep it all out of one's mind, — which is very easily done, for nothing grasps you in it, — and call up in your imagination

[1] "He is really a charming man, is he not?"

a little Gerard Dow that you have seen hanging in a corner of one of the cabinets. We have been to his *atelier*, and he has given us a proof of his "Irrenhaus," [1] a strange sketch, which he made years ago, — very terrible and powerful. He is certainly a man of great faculty, but is, I imagine, carried out of his true path by the ambition to produce "Weltgeschichtliche Bilder," which the German critics may go into raptures about. His "Battle of the Huns," which is the most impressive of all his great pictures, was the first of the series. He painted it simply under the inspiration of the grand myth about the spirits of the dead warriors rising and carrying on the battle in the air. Straightway the German critics began to smoke furiously that vile tobacco which they call *ästhetik*, declared it a "Weltgeschichtliches Bild," and ever since Kaulbach has been concocting these pictures in which, instead of taking a single moment of reality and trusting to the infinite symbolism that belongs to all nature, he attempts to give you at one view a succession of events, — each represented by some group which may mean "Whichever you please, my little dear."

I must tell you something else which interested me greatly, as the first example of the kind that has come under my observation. Among the awful mysterious names, hitherto known only as marginal references whom we have learned to clothe with ordinary flesh and blood, is Professor Martius (Spix and Martius), now an old man, and rich after the manner of being rich in Germany. He has a very sweet wife, — one of those women who remain pretty and graceful in old age, — and a family of three daughters and one son, all more

[1] Picture of interior of a Lunatic Asylum.

than grown up. I learned that she is Catholic, that her daughters are Catholic, and her husband and son Protestant, — the children having been so brought up according to the German law in cases of mixed marriage. I can't tell you how interesting it was to me to hear her tell of her experience in bringing up her son conscientiously as a Protestant, and then to hear her and her daughters speak of the exemplary priests who had shown them such tender fatherly care when they were in trouble. They are the most harmonious, affectionate family we have seen; and one delights in such a triumph of human goodness over the formal logic of theorists.

Journal, 1858.

May 13. — Geibel came and brought me the two volumes of his poems, and stayed chatting for an hour. We spent the evening quietly at home.

May 14. — After writing, we went for an hour to the Pinacothek, and looked at some of the Flemish pictures. In the afternoon we called at Liebig's, and he went a long walk with us, — the long chain of snowy mountains in the hazy distance. After supper I read Geibel's "Junius Lieder."

May 15. — Read the 18th chapter of "Adam Bede" to G. He was much pleased with it. Then we walked in the Englische Garten, and heard the band, and saw the Germans drinking their beer. The park was lovely.

May 16. — We were to have gone to Grosshesselohe with the Siebolds, and went to *Frühstück* with them at 12, as a preliminary. Bodenstedt was there to accompany us. But heavy rain came on, and we spent the time till 5 o'clock in talking, hearing music, and listening to Bodenstedt's "Epic on the Destruction of Novgorod."

About seven, Liebig came to us and asked us to spend the evening at his house. We went, and found Voelderndorff, Bischoff and his wife, and Carrière and Frau.

May 20. — As I had a feeble head this morning, we gave up the time to seeing pictures, and went to the *Neue Pinacothek*. A "Lady with Fruit, followed by three Children," pleased us more than ever. It is by Wichmann. The two interiors of Westminster Abbey by Ainmueller admirable. Unable to admire Rothmann's Greek Landscapes, which have a room to themselves. Ditto Kaulbach's "Zerstörung von Jerusalem."

We went for the first time to see the collection of porcelain paintings, and had really a rich treat. Many of them are admirable copies of great pictures. The sweet "Madonna and Child" in Raphael's early manner: a "Holy Family," also in the early manner, with a Madonna the exact type of the St. Catherine; and a "Holy Family" in the later manner, something like the "Madonna della Sedia," are all admirably copied. So are two of Andrea del Sarto's, — full of tenderness and calm piety.

May 23. — Through the cold wind and white dust we went to the Jesuits' church to hear the music. It is a fine church in the Renaissance style, the vista terminating with the great altar, very fine, with all the crowd of human beings covering the floor. Numbers of men!

In the evening we went to Bodenstedt's, and saw his wife for the first time, — a delicate creature, who sang us some charming Bavarian *Volkslieder*. On Monday we spent the evening at Löhers', — Baumgarten, *ein junger Historiker*, Oldenbourg, and the Bodenstedts meeting us.

Delicious *Mai-trank*, made by putting the fresh *Waldmeister* — a cruciferous plant with a small white flower, something like Lady's Bedstraw — into mild wine, together with sugar, and occasionally other things.

May 26. — This evening I have read aloud "Adam Bede," chap. xx. We have begun Ludwig's "Zwischen Himmel und Erde."

May 27. — We called on the Siebolds to-day, then walked in the Theresien Wiese, and saw the mountains gloriously. Spent the evening at Prof. Martius's, where Frau Erdl played Beethoven's Andante and the Moonlight Sonata admirably.

May 28. — We heard from Blackwood this morning. Good news in general, but the sale of our books not progressing at present.

Letter to John Blackwood, 28th May, 1858.

It is invariably the case that when people discover certain points of coincidence in a fiction with facts that happen to have come to their knowledge, they believe themselves able to furnish a key to the whole. That is amusing enough to the author, who knows from what widely sundered portions of experience — from what a combination of subtle, shadowy suggestions, with certain actual objects and events — his story has been formed. It would be a very difficult thing for me to furnish a key to my stories myself. But where there is no exact memory of the past, any story with a few remembered points of character or of incident may pass for a history.

We pay for our sight of the snowy mountains here by the most capricious of climates. English weather is steadfast compared with Munich weather. You go to dinner here in summer and come away from it in winter. You are languid among trees and feathery grass at one end of the

town, and are shivering in a hurricane of dust at the other. This inconvenience of climate, with the impossibility of dining (well) at any other hour than one o'clock, is not friendly to the stomach, — that great seat of the imagination. And I shall never advise an author to come to Munich except *ad interim*. The great Saal, full of Rubens's pictures, is worth studying; and two or three precious bits of sculpture, and the sky on a fine day, always puts one in a good temper, — it is so deliciously clear and blue, making even the ugliest buildings look beautiful by the light it casts on them.

May 30. — We heard "William Tell," — a great enjoyment to me. Journal, 1858.

June 1. — To Grosshesselohe with a party. Siebold and his wife, Prof. Löher, Fräulein von List, Fräulein Thiersch, Frau von Schaden, and her pretty daughter. It was very pretty to see Siebold's delight in nature. The strange whim of Schwanthaler's — the Burg von Schwaneck — was our destination.

June 10. — For the last week my work has been rather scanty, owing to bodily ailments. I am at the end of chap. xxi., and am this morning going to begin chap. xxii. In the interim our chief pleasure has been a trip to Starnberg by ourselves.

June 13. — This morning at last free from headache, and able to write. I am entering on my history of the birthday, with some fear and trembling. This evening we walked, between eight and half-past nine, in the Wiese, looking toward Nymphenburg. The light delicious, — the west glowing; the faint crescent moon and Venus pale above it; the larks filling the air with their songs, which seemed only a little way above the ground.

Words are very clumsy things. I like less and

less to handle my friends' sacred feelings with them. For even those who call themselves intimate know very little about each other, — hardly ever know just *how* a sorrow is felt, and hurt each other by their very attempts at sympathy or consolation. We can bear no hand on our bruises. And so I feel I have no right to say that I know *how* the loss of your mother — "the only person who ever leaned on you" — affects you. I only know that it must make a deeply felt crisis in your life, and I know that the better from having felt a great deal about my own mother and father, and from having the keenest remembrance of all that experience. But for this very reason I know that I can't measure what the event is to you; and if I were near you, I should only kiss you and say nothing. People talk of the feelings dying out as one gets older; but at present my experience is just the contrary. All the serious relations of life become so much more real to me, — pleasure seems so slight a thing, and sorrow and duty and endurance so great. I find the least bit of real human life touch me in a way it never did when I was younger.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 14th June, 1858.

June 17. — This evening G. left me to set out on his journey to Hofwyl to see his boys.

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June 18. — Went with the Siebolds to Nymphenburg; called at Professor Knapp's, and saw Liebig's sister, Frau Knapp, — a charming, gentle-mannered woman, with splendid dark eyes.

June 22. — Tired of loneliness, I went to the Frau von Siebold, chatted with her over tea, and then heard some music.

June 23. — My kind little friend (Frau von Siebold) brought me a lovely bouquet of roses this

morning, and invited me to go with them in the evening to the theatre to see the new comedy, the "Drei Candidaten," which I did, — a miserably poor affair.

June 24. — G. came in the evening, at ten o'clock, — after I had suffered a great deal in thinking of the possibilities that might prevent him from coming.

June 25. — This morning I have read to G. all I have written during his absence, and he approves it more than I expected.

June 27. — This morning we left Munich, setting out in the rain to Rosenheim by railway. The previous day we dined and sat a few hours with the dear charming Siebolds, and parted from them with regret, — glad to leave Munich, but not to leave the friends who had been so kind to us. For a week before, I had been ill, — almost a luxury, because of the love that tended me. But the general languor and sense of depression, produced by Munich air and way of life, was no luxury, and I was glad to say a last good-bye to the quaint pepper-boxes of the Frauen-Kirche.

At the Rosenheim station we got into the longest of omnibuses, which took us to the *Gasthof*, where we were to dine and lunch, and then mount into the *Stell-wagen*, which would carry us to Prien, on the borders of the Chiem See. Rosenheim is a considerable and rather quaint-looking town, interrupted by orchards, and characterised in a passing glance by the piazzas that are seen everywhere fronting the shops. It has a grand view of the mountains, still a long way off. The afternoon was cloudy, with intermittent rain, and did not set off the landscape. Nevertheless I had much enjoyment in this

Munich to Dresden, 1858.

four or five hours' journey to Prien. The little villages, with picturesque, wide gables, projecting roofs, and wooden galleries, — with abundant orchards, — with felled trunks of trees and stacks of fir-wood, telling of the near neighbourhood of the forest, — were what I liked best in this ride.

We had no sooner entered the steamboat to cross the Chiem See than it began to rain heavily, and I kept below, only peeping now and then at the mountains and the green islands, with their monasteries. From the opposite bank of the See we had a grand view of the mountains, all dark purple under the clouded sky. Before us was a point where the nearer mountains opened and allowed us a view of their more distant brethren, receding in a fainter and fainter blue, — a marsh in the foreground, where the wild-ducks were flying. Our drive from this end of the lake to Traunstein was lovely, — through fertile, cultivated land, everywhere married to bits of forest. The green meadow or the golden corn sloped upwards towards pine woods, or the bushy greenness seemed to run with wild freedom far out into long promontories among the ripening crops. Here and there the country had the aspect of a grand park from the beautiful intermingling of wood and field, without any line of fence.

Then came the red sunset, and it was dark when we entered Traunstein, where we had to pass the night. Among our companions in the day's journey had been a long-faced, cloaked, slow, and solemn man, whom George called the author of "Eugene Aram," and I Don Quixote, he was so given to serious remonstrance with the vices he met on the road. We had been constantly deceived in the length of our stages, — on the principle,

possibly, of keeping up our spirits. The next morning there was the same tenderness shown about the starting of the *Stell-wagen:* at first it was to start at seven, then at half-past, then when another *Wagen* came with its cargo of passengers. This was too much for Don Quixote; and when the stout, red-faced *Wirth* had given him still another answer about the time of starting, he began, in slow and monotonous indignation, "Warum lügen Sie so? Sie werden machen dass kein Mensch diesen Weg kommen wird,"[1] &c. Whereupon the *Wirth* looked red-faced, stout, and unwashed as before, without any perceptible expression of face supervening.

The next morning the weather looked doubtful, and so we gave up going to the König See for that day, determining to ramble on the Mönchsberg and enjoy the beauties of Salzburg instead. The morning brightened as the sun ascended, and we had a delicious ramble on the Mönchsberg, — looking down on the lovely, peaceful plain below the grand old Untersberg, where the sleeping Kaiser awaits his resurrection in that "good time coming;" watching the white mist floating along the sides of the dark mountains, and wandering under the shadow of the plantation, where the ground was green with luxuriant hawkweed, as at Nymphenburg, near Munich. The outline of the castle and its rock is remarkably fine, and reminded us of Gorey in Jersey. But we had a still finer view of it when we drove out to Aigen. On our way thither we had sight of the Watzmann, the highest mountain in Bavarian Tyrol, — emerging from behind the great shoulder of the Untersberg. It

[1] "Why do you tell such lies? The result of it will be that no one will travel this way."

was the only mountain within sight that had snow on its summit. Once at Aïgen, and descended from our carriage, we had a delicious walk, up and up, along a road of continual steps, by the course of the mountain-stream, which fell in a series of cascades over great heaps of boulders; then back again, by a roundabout way, to our vehicle and home, enjoying the sight of old Watzmann again, and the grand mass of Salzburg Castle on its sloping rock.

We encountered a *table-d'hôte* acquaintance who had been to Berchtesgaden and the König See, driven through the salt-mine, and had had altogether a perfect expedition on this day, when we had not had the courage to set off. Never mind! we had enjoyed our day.

We thought it wisest the next morning to renounce the König See, and pursue our way to Ischl by the *Stell-wagen*. We were fortunate enough to secure two places in the *coupé*, and I enjoyed greatly the quiet outlook, from my comfortable corner, on the changing landscape, — green valley and hill and mountain; here and there a picturesque Tyrolese village, and once or twice a fine lake.

The greatest charm of charming Ischl is the crystal Traun, surely the purest of streams. Away again early the next morning in the *coupé* of the *Stell-wagen*, through a country more and more beautiful, high woody mountains sloping steeply down to narrow fertile green valleys, the road winding amongst them so as to show a perpetual variety of graceful outlines where the sloping mountains met in the distance before us. As we approached the Gmunden See, the masses became grander and more rocky, and the valley opened

wider. It was Sunday, and when we left the *Stellwagen*, we found quite a crowd in Sunday clothes standing round the place of embarkation for the steamboat that was to take us along the lake. Gmunden is another pretty place at the head of the lake, but apart from this one advantage, inferior to Ischl. We got on to the slowest of railways here, getting down at the station near the falls of the Traun, where we dined at the pleasant inn, and fed our eyes on the clear river again hurrying over the rocks. Behind the great fall there is a sort of inner chamber, where the water rushes perpetually over a stone altar. At the station, as we waited for the train, it began to rain, and the good-natured-looking woman asked us to take shelter in her little station-house, — a single room not more than eight feet square, where she lived with her husband and two little girls all the year round. Th good couple looked more contented than half the well-lodged people in the world. He used to be a *drozchky* driver; and after that life of uncertain gains, which had many days quite penniless and therefore dinnerless, he found his present position quite a pleasant lot.

On to Linz, when the train came, gradually losing sight of the Tyrolean mountains and entering the great plain of the Danube. Our voyage the next day in the steamboat was unfortunate: we had incessant rain till we had passed all the finest parts of the banks. But when we had landed, the sun shone out brilliantly, and so our entrance into Vienna, through the long suburb, with perpetual shops and odd names (Prschka, for example, which a German in our omnibus thought not at all remarkable for consonants!), was quite cheerful. We made our way through the city and across the

bridge to the Weissen Ross, which was full: so we went to the Drei Rosen, which received us. The sunshine was transient: it began to rain again when we went out to look at St. Stephen's, but the delight of seeing that glorious building could not be marred by a little rain. The tower of this church is worth going to Vienna to see.

The aspect of the city is that of an inferior Paris; the shops have an elegance that one sees nowhere else in Germany; the streets are clean, the houses tall and stately. The next morning we had a view of the town from the Belvedere Terrace, — St. Stephen's sending its exquisite tower aloft from among an almost level forest of houses and inconspicuous churches. It is a magnificent collection of pictures at the Belvedere; but we were so unfortunate as only to be able to see them once, the gallery being shut up on the Wednesday; and so, many pictures have faded from my memory, even of those which I had time to distinguish. Titian's "Danaë" was one that delighted us: besides this, I remember Giorgione's "Lucrezia Borgia" with the cruel, cruel eyes; the remarkable head of Christ; a proud Italian face in a red garment, I think by Correggio; and two heads by Denner, the most wonderful of all his wonderful heads that I have seen. There is an "Ecce Homo" by Titian, which is thought highly of, and is splendid in composition and colour, but the Christ is abject, the Pontius Pilate vulgar; amazing that they could have been painted by the same man who conceived and executed the "Christo della Moneta!" There are huge Veroneses, too, splendid and interesting.

The Liechtenstein collection we saw twice, and that remains with me much more distinctly, — the

room full of Rubens's history of Decius, more magnificent even than he usually is in colour; then his glorious "Assumption of the Virgin," and opposite to it the portraits of his two boys; the portrait of his lovely wife going to the bath, with brown drapery round her; and the fine portraits by Vandyke, especially the pale delicate face of Wallenstein with blue eyes and pale auburn locks.

Another great pleasure we had at Vienna — next after the sight of St. Stephen's and the pictures — was a visit to Hyrtl, the anatomist, who showed us some of his wonderful preparations, showing the vascular and nervous systems in the lungs, liver, kidneys, and intestinal canal of various animals. He told us the deeply interesting story of the loss of his fortune in the Vienna revolution of '48. He was compelled by the revolutionists to attend on the wounded for three days running. When at last he came to his house to change his clothes, he found nothing but four bare walls! His fortune in Government bonds was burnt along with the house, as well as all his precious collection of anatomical preparations, &c. He told us that since that great shock his nerves have been so susceptible that he sheds tears at the most trifling events, and has a depression of spirits which often keeps him silent for days. He only received a very slight sum from Government in compensation for his loss.

One evening we strolled in the Volksgarten, and saw the "Theseus killing the Centaur" by Canova, which stands in a temple built for its reception. But the garden to be best remembered by us was that at Schönbrunn, a labyrinth of stately avenues with their terminal fountains. We amused ourselves for some time with the menagerie here, the

lions especially, who lay in dignified sleepiness till the approach of feeding-time made them open eager eyes and pace impatiently about their dens.

We set off from Vienna in the evening with a family of Wallachians as our companions, one of whom, an elderly man, could speak no German, and began to address G. in Wallachian, as if that were the common language of all the earth. We managed to sleep enough for a night's rest, in spite of intense heat and our cramped positions, and arrived in very good condition at Prague in the fine morning.

Out we went after breakfast, that we might see as much as possible of the grand old city in one day; and our morning was occupied chiefly in walking about and getting views of striking exteriors. The most interesting things we saw were the Jewish burial-ground (the Alter Friedhof) and the old synagogue. The Friedhof is unique, — with a wild growth of grass and shrubs and trees, and a multitude of quaint tombs in all sorts of positions, looking like the fragments of a great building, or as if they had been shaken by an earthquake. We saw a lovely dark-eyed Jewish child here, which we were glad to kiss in all its dirt. Then came the sombre old synagogue, with its smoked groins, and lamp for ever burning. An intelligent Jew was our *cicerone*, and read us some Hebrew out of the precious old book of the law.

After dinner we took a carriage and went across the wonderful bridge of St. Jean Nepomuck, with its avenue of statues, towards the Hradschin, — an ugly straight-lined building, but grand in effect from its magnificent site, on the summit of an eminence crowded with old massive buildings. The view from this eminence is one of the most

impressive in the world, — perhaps as much from one's associations with Prague as from its visible grandeur and antiquity. The cathedral close to the Hradschin is a melancholy object on the outside, — left with unfinished sides like scars. The interior is rich, but sadly confused in its ornamentation, like so many of the grand old churches, — hideous altars of bastard style disgracing exquisite Gothic columns, — cruelest of all in St. Stephen's at Vienna!

We got our view from a *Damen Stift*[1] (for ladies of family) founded by Maria Theresa, whose blond beauty looked down on us from a striking portrait. Close in front of us, sloping downwards, was a pleasant orchard; then came the river, with its long, long bridge and grand gateway; then the sober-coloured city, with its surrounding plain and distant hills. In the evening we went to the theatre, — a shabby, ugly building, — and heard Spohr's "Jessonda."

Dresden, 1858.

The next morning early by railway to Dresden, — a charming journey, — for it took us right through the Saxon Switzerland, with its castellated rocks and firs. At four o'clock we were dining comfortably at the Hôtel de Pologne, and the next morning (Sunday) we secured our lodgings, — a whole apartment of six rooms, all to ourselves, for 18*s*. per week! By nine o'clock we were established in our new home, where we were to enjoy six weeks' quiet work, undisturbed by visits and visitors. And so we did. We were as happy as princes — are not; George writing at the far corner of the great *salon*, I at my *Schrank* in my own private room, with closed doors. Here I wrote the latter half of the second volume of "Adam

[1] Charitable Institution for Ladies

Bede" in the long mornings that our early hours — rising at six o'clock — secured us. Three mornings in the week we went to the Picture-Gallery from twelve till one. The first day we went was a Sunday, when there is always a crowd in the Madonna Cabinet. I sat down on the sofa opposite the picture for an instant; but a sort of awe, as if I were suddenly in the living presence of some glorious being, made my heart swell too much for me to remain comfortably, and we hurried out of the room. On subsequent mornings we always came, in the last minutes of our stay, to look at this sublimest picture; and while the others, except the " Christo della Moneta " and Holbein's Madonna, lost much of their first interest, this became harder and harder to leave. Holbein's Madonna is very exquisite, — a divinely gentle, golden-haired blonde, with eyes cast down, in an attitude of unconscious, easy grace, — the loveliest of all the Madonnas in the Dresden Gallery, except the Sistine. By the side of it is a wonderful portrait by Holbein, which I specially enjoyed looking at. It represents nothing more lofty than a plain, weighty man of business, a goldsmith; but the eminently fine painting brings out all the weighty, calm, good sense that lies in a first-rate character of that order.

We looked at the Zinsgroschen (Titian's), too, every day, and after that at the great painter's Venus, fit for its purity and sacred loveliness to hang in a temple with Madonnas. Palma's Venus, which hangs near, was an excellent foil, because it is pretty and pure in itself; but beside the Titian it is common and unmeaning.

Another interesting case of comparison was that between the original Zinsgroschen and a copy by

an Italian painter, which hangs on the opposite wall of the cabinet. This is considered a fine copy, and would be a fine picture if one had never seen the original; but all the finest effects are gone in the copy.

The four large Correggios hanging together, — the *Nacht;* the Madonna with St. Sebastian, of the smiling graceful character, with the little cherub riding astride a cloud; the Madonna, — with St. Hubert; and a third Madonna, — very grave and sweet, painted when he was nineteen, — remain with me very vividly. They are full of life, though the life is not of a high order; and I should have surmised, without any previous knowledge, that the painter was among the first masters of *technique.* The Magdalen is sweet in conception, but seems to have less than the usual merit of Correggio's pictures as to painting. A picture we delighted in extremely was one of Murillo's, — " St. Rodriguez, fatally wounded, receiving the Crown of Martyrdom." The attitude and expression are sublime, and strikingly distinguished from all other pictures of Saints I have ever seen. He stands erect in his scarlet and white robes, with face upturned, the arms held simply downward, but the hands held open in a receptive attitude. The silly cupid-like angel holding the martyr's crown in the corner spoils all.

I did not half satisfy my appetite for the rich collection of Flemish and Dutch pictures here, — for Teniers, Ryckart, Gerard Dow, Terburg, Mieris, and the rest. Rembrandt looks great here in his portraits, but I like none of the other pictures by him; the Ganymede is an offence. Guido is superlatively odious in his Christs, in agonised or ecstatic attitudes, — much about the level of the

accomplished London beggar. Dear, grand old Rubens does not show to great advantage, except in the charming half-length "Diana returning from Hunting," the "Love Garden," and the sketch of his "Judgment of Paris."

The most popular Murillo, and apparently one of the most popular Madonnas in the gallery, is the simple, sad mother with her child, without the least divinity in it, suggesting a dead or sick father, and imperfect nourishment in a garret. In that light it is touching. A fellow traveller in the railway to Leipzig told us he had seen this picture in 1848 with nine bullet-holes in it! The firing from the hotel of the Stadt Rom bore directly on the Picture Gallery.

Veronese is imposing in one of the large rooms, — the "Adoration of the Magi," the "Marriage at Cana," the "Finding of Moses," &c., making grand masses of colour on the lower part of the walls; but to me he is ignoble as a painter of human beings.

It was a charming life, — our six weeks at Dresden. There were the open-air concerts at the Grosser Garten and the Brühl'sche Terrace; the Sommer Theater, where we saw our favourite comic actor Merbitz; the walks into the open country, with the grand stretch of sky all round; the Zouaves, with their wondrous make-ups as women; Räder, the humorous comedian at the Link'sche Bad Theater; our quiet afternoons in our pleasant *salon*, — all helping to make an agreeable fringe to the quiet working time.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 28th July, 1858.

Since I wrote to you last, I have lived through a great deal of exquisite pleasure. First an attack of illness during our last week at Munich, which I reckon among

my pleasures because I was nursed so tenderly. Then a fortnight's unspeakable journey to Salzburg, Ischl, Linz, Vienna, Prague, and finally Dresden, which is our last resting-place before returning to Richmond, where we hope to be at the beginning of September. Dresden is a proper climax; for all other art seems only a preparation for feeling the superiority of the Madonna di San Sisto the more. We go three days a-week to the gallery, and every day — after looking at other pictures — we go to take a parting draught of delight at Titian's Zinsgroschen and the *Einzige* Madonna. In other respects I am particularly enjoying our residence here, — we are so quiet, having determined to know no one and give ourselves up to work. We both feel a happy change in our health from leaving Munich, though I am reconciled to our long stay there by the fact that Mr. Lewes gained so much from his intercourse with the men of science there, especially Bischoff, Siebold, and Harless. I remembered your passion for autographs, and asked Liebig for his on your account. I was not sure that you would care enough about the handwriting of other luminaries; for there is such a thing as being European and yet obscure, — a fixed star visible only from observatories.

You will be interested to hear that I saw Strauss at Munich. He came for a week's visit before we left. I had a quarter of an hour's chat with him alone, and was very agreeably impressed by him. He looked much more serene, and his face had a far sweeter expression, than when I saw him in that dumb way at Cologne. He speaks with very choice words, like a man strictly truthful in the use of language. Will you undertake to tell Mrs. Call from me that he begged me to give his kind-

est remembrances to her and to her father,[1] of whom he spoke with much interest and regard as his earliest English friend? I dare not begin to write about other things or people that I have seen in these crowded weeks. They must wait till I have you by my side again, which I hope will happen some day.

Journal, 1858.

From Dresden, one showery day at the end of August, we set off to Leipzig, the first stage on our way home. Here we spent two nights; had a glimpse of the old town with its fine market; dined at Brokhaus's; saw the picture-gallery, carrying away a lasting delight in Calame's great landscapes and De Dreux's dogs, which are far better worth seeing than De la Roche's "Napoleon at Fontainebleau," — considered the glory of the gallery; went with Victor Carus to his museum and saw an Amphioxus; and finally spent the evening at an open-air concert in Carus's company. Early in the morning we set off by railway, and travelled night and day till we reached home on the 2d September.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 5th Sept. 1858.

Will you not write to the author of "Thorndale" and express your sympathy? He is a very diffident man, who would be susceptible to that sort of fellowship; and one should give a gleam of happiness where it is possible. I shall write you nothing worth reading for the next three months, so here is an opportunity for you to satisfy a large appetite for generous deeds. You can write to me a great many times without getting anything worth having in return.

Thanks for the verses on Buckle. I 'm afraid I

[1] Dr. Brabant.

feel a malicious delight in them, for he is a writer who inspires me with a personal dislike: not to put too fine a point on it, he impresses me as an irreligious, conceited man.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 6th Oct. 1858.

Long ago I had offered to write about Newman, but gave it up again.

The second volume of "Adam Bede" had been sent to Blackwood on 7th September, the third had followed two months later, and there are the following entries in the Journal in November: —

Nov. 1. — I have begun Carlyle's "Life of Frederic the Great," and have also been thinking much of my own life to come. This is a moment of suspense, for I am awaiting Blackwood's opinion and proposals concerning "Adam Bede."

Journal, 1858.

Nov. 4. — Received a letter from Blackwood containing warm praise of my third volume, and offering £800 for the copyright of "Adam Bede" for four years. I wrote to accept.

Nov. 10. — Wilkie Collins and Mr. Pigott came to dine with us after a walk by the river. I was pleased with Wilkie Collins, — there is a sturdy uprightness about him that makes all opinion and all occupation respectable.

Nov. 16. — Wrote the last word of "Adam Bede" and sent it to Mr. Langford. *Jubilate.*

The germ of "Adam Bede" was an anecdote told me by my Methodist Aunt Samuel (the wife of my father's younger brother), — an anecdote from her own experience. We were sitting together one afternoon during her visit to me at Griff, probably in 1839 or 1840, when it occurred to her to tell me how she had vis-

History of "Adam Bede."

ited a condemned criminal, — a very ignorant girl, who had murdered her child and refused to confess; how she had stayed with her praying through the night, and how the poor creature at last broke out into tears, and confessed her crime. My aunt afterwards went with her in the cart to the place of execution; and she described to me the great respect with which this ministry of hers was regarded by the official people about the jail. The story, told by my aunt with great feeling, affected me deeply, and I never lost the impression of that afternoon and our talk together; but I believe I never mentioned it, through all the intervening years, till something prompted me to tell it to George in December, 1856, when I had begun to write the " Scenes of Clerical Life." He remarked that the scene in the prison would make a fine element in a story; and I afterwards began to think of blending this and some other recollections of my aunt in one story, with some points in my father's early life and character. The problem of construction that remained was to make the unhappy girl one of the chief *dramatis personæ*, and connect her with the hero. At first I thought of making the story one of the series of " Scenes," but afterwards, when several motives had induced me to close these with " Janet's Repentance," I determined on making what we always called in our conversation " My Aunt's Story " the subject of a long novel, which I accordingly began to write on the 22d October, 1857.

The character of Dinah grew out of my recollections of my aunt, but Dinah is not at all like my aunt, who was a very small, black-eyed woman, and (as I was told, for I never heard her preach) very vehement in her style of preaching. She had

left off preaching when I knew her, being probably sixty years old, and in delicate health; and she had become, as my father told me, much more gentle and subdued than she had been in the days of her active ministry and bodily strength, when she could not rest without exhorting and remonstrating in season and out of season. I was very fond of her, and enjoyed the few weeks of her stay with me greatly. She was loving and kind to me, and I could talk to her about my inward life, which was closely shut up from those usually round me. I saw her only twice again, for much shorter periods, — once at her own home at Wirksworth in Derbyshire, and once at my father's last residence, Foleshill.

The character of Adam and one or two incidents connected with him were suggested by my father's early life; but Adam is not my father any more than Dinah is my aunt. Indeed, there is not a single portrait in "Adam Bede;" only the suggestions of experience wrought up into new combinations. When I began to write it, the only elements I had determined on, besides the character of Dinah, were the character of Adam, his relation to Arthur Donnithorne, and their mutual relations to Hetty — *i. e.*, to the girl who commits child-murder, — the scene in the prison being, of course, the climax towards which I worked. Everything else grew out of the characters and their mutual relations. Dinah's ultimate relation to Adam was suggested by George, when I had read to him the first part of the first volume: he was so delighted with the presentation of Dinah, and so convinced that the readers' interest would centre in her, that he wanted her to be the principal figure at the last. I accepted the idea at once, and from the end of the third chapter worked with it constantly in view.

The first volume was written at Richmond, and given to Blackwood in March. He expressed great admiration of its freshness and vividness, but seemed to hesitate about putting it in the Magazine, which was the form of publication he, as well as myself, had previously contemplated. He still *wished* to have it for the Magazine, but desired to know the course of the story. At *present* he saw nothing to prevent its reception in "Maga," but he would like to see more. I am uncertain whether his doubts rested solely on Hetty's relation to Arthur, or whether they were also directed towards the treatment of Methodism by the Church. I refused to tell my story beforehand, on the ground that I would not have it judged apart from my *treatment*, which alone determines the moral quality of art; and ultimately I proposed that the notion of publication in "Maga" should be given up, and that the novel should be published in three volumes at Christmas, if possible. He assented.

I began the second volume in the second week of my stay at Munich, about the middle of April. While we were at Munich, George expressed his fear that Adam's part was too passive throughout the drama, and that it was important for him to be brought into more direct collision with Arthur. This doubt haunted me, and out of it grew the scene in the wood between Arthur and Adam; the fight came to me as a *necessity* one night at the Munich opera, when I was listening to "William Tell." Work was slow and interrupted at Munich, and when we left I had only written to the beginning of the dance on the Birthday Feast; but at Dresden I wrote uninterruptedly and with great enjoyment in the long, quiet mornings, and there I nearly finished the second volume, — all, I think,

but the last chapter, which I wrote here in the old room at Richmond in the first week of September, and then sent the MS. off to Blackwood. The opening of the third volume — Hetty's journey — was, I think, written more rapidly than the rest of the book, and was left without the slightest alteration of the first draught. Throughout the book I have altered little; and the only cases I think in which George suggested more than a verbal alteration, when I read the MS. aloud to him, were the first scene at the Farm, and the scene in the wood between Arthur and Adam, both of which he recommended me to " space out " a little, which I did.

When, on October 29, I had written to the end of the love-scene at the Farm, between Adam and Dinah, I sent the MS. to Blackwood, since the remainder of the third volume could not affect the judgment passed on what had gone before. He wrote back in warm admiration, and offered me, on the part of the firm, £800 for four years' copyright. I accepted the offer. The last words of the third volume were written and despatched on their way to Edinburgh, November the 16th, and now on the last day of the same month I have written this slight history of my book. I love it very much, and am deeply thankful to have written it, whatever the public may say to it, — a result which is still in darkness, for I have at present had only four sheets of the proof. The book would have been published at Christmas, or rather early in December, but that Bulwer's " What will he do with it? " was to be published by Blackwood at that time, and it was thought that this novel might interfere with mine.

The manuscript of "Adam Bede" bears the following inscription: " To my dear husband, George Henry Lewes, I give the MS. of a work which would never have been

written but for the happiness which his love has conferred on my life."

Letter to John Blackwood, 25th Nov. 1858.

I shall be much obliged if you will accept for me Tauchnitz's offer of £30 for the English reprint of "Clerical Scenes." And will you also be so good as to desire that Tauchnitz may register the book in Germany, as I understand that is the only security against its being translated without our knowledge; and I shudder at the idea of my books being turned into hideous German by an incompetent translator.

I return the proofs by to-day's post. The dialect must be toned down all through in correcting the proofs, for I found it impossible to keep it subdued enough in writing. I am aware that the spelling which represents a dialect perfectly well to those who know it by the ear, is likely to be unintelligible to others. I hope the sheets will come rapidly and regularly now, for I dislike lingering, hesitating processes.

Your praise of my ending was very warming and cheering to me in the foggy weather. I 'm sure if I have written well, your pleasant letters have had something to do with it. Can anything be done in America for "Adam Bede"? I suppose not — as my name is not known there.

Journal, 1858.

Nov. 25. — We had a visit from Mr. Bray, who told us much that interested us about Mr. Richard Congreve, and also his own affairs.

Letter to Mrs. Bray, 26th Nov. 1858.

I am very grateful to you for sending me a few authentic words from your own self. They are unspeakably precious to me. I mean that quite literally, for there

is no putting into words any feeling that has been of long growth within us. It is easy to say how we love *new* friends, and what we think of them, but words can never trace out all the fibres that knit us to the old. I have been thinking of you incessantly in the waking hours, and feel a growing hunger to know more precise details about you. I am of a too sordid and anxious disposition, prone to dwell almost exclusively on fears instead of hopes, and to lay in a larger stock of resignation than of any other form of confidence. But I try to extract some comfort this morning from my consciousness of this disposition, by thinking that nothing is ever so bad as my imagination paints it. And then I know there are incommunicable feelings within us capable of creating our best happiness at the very time others can see nothing but our troubles. And so I go on arguing with myself, and trying to live inside *you* and looking at things in all the lights I can fancy you seeing them in, for the sake of getting cheerful about you in spite of Coventry.

The well-flavoured molluscs came this morning. It was very kind of you; and if you remember how fond I am of oysters, your good-nature will have the more pleasure in furnishing my *gourmandise* with the treat. I have a childish delight in any little act of genuine friendliness towards us, — and yet not childish, for how little we thought of people's goodness towards us when we were children. It takes a good deal of experience to tell one the rarity of a thoroughly disinterested kindness.

Letter to Chas. Bray, Christmas Day, 1858.

I see with you entirely about the preface: indeed I had myself anticipated the very effects you predict. The deprecatory tone is not one I can

ever take willingly, but I am conscious of a shrinking sort of pride which is likely to warp my judgment in many personal questions, and on that ground I distrusted my own opinion.

Letter to John Blackwood, 28th Dec. 1858.

Mr. Lewes went to Vernon Hill yesterday for a few days' change of air, but before he went, he said, "Ask Mr. Blackwood what he thinks of putting a mere advertisement at the beginning of the book to this effect: As the story of 'Adam Bede' will lose much of its effect if the development is foreseen, the author requests those critics who may honour him with a notice to abstain from telling the story." I write my note of interrogation accordingly "?"

Pray do not begin to read the second volume until it is all in print. There is necessarily a lull of interest in it to prepare for the crescendo. I am delighted that you like my Mrs. Poyser. I 'm very sorry to part with her and some of my other characters, — there seems to be so much more to be done with them. Mr. Lewes says she gets better and better as the book goes on; and I was certainly conscious of writing her dialogue with heightening gusto. Even in our imaginary worlds there is the sorrow of parting.

I hope the Christmas weather is as bright in your beautiful Edinburgh as it is here, and that you are enjoying all other Christmas pleasures too without disturbance.

I have not yet made up my mind what my next story is to be, but I must not lie fallow any longer when the new year is come.

Journal, 1858.

Dec. 25 (*Christmas Day*). — George and I spent this wet day very happily alone together. We are reading Scott's life in the

evenings with much enjoyment. I am reading through Horace in this pause.

Dec. 31. — The last day of the dear old year, which has been full of expected and unexpected happiness. "Adam Bede" has been written, and the second volume is in type. The first number of George's "Physiology of Common Life" — a work in which he has had much happy occupation — is published to-day; and both his position as a scientific writer and his inward satisfaction in that part of his studies have been much heightened during the past year. Our double life is more and more blessed, — more and more complete.

I think this chapter cannot more fitly conclude than with the following extract from Mr. G. H. Lewes's Journal, with which Mr. Charles Lewes has been good enough to furnish me: —

"*Jan.* 28, 1859. — *Walked along the Thames towards Kew to meet Herbert Spencer, who was to spend the day with us, and we chatted with him on matters personal and philosophical. I owe him a debt of gratitude. My acquaintance with him was the brightest ray in a very dreary,* wasted *period of my life. I had given up all ambition whatever, lived from hand to mouth, and thought the evil of each day sufficient. The stimulus of his intellect, especially during our long walks, roused my energy once more and revived my dormant love of science. His intense theorising tendency was contagious, and it was only the stimulus of a* theory *which could then have induced me to work. I owe Spencer another and a deeper debt. It was through him that I learned to know Marian, — to know her was to love her, — and since then my life has been a new birth. To her I owe all my prosperity and all my happiness. God bless her!*"

SUMMARY OF CHAPTER VIII [1858]

JANUARY, 1858, TO DECEMBER, 1858

"Times" reviews "Scenes of Clerical Life" — Helps's opinion — Subscription to the "Scenes" — Letter from Dickens, 18th Jan. 1858 — Letter from Froude, 17th Jan. — Letter to Miss Hennell — Mr. Wm. Smith, author of "Thorndale" — Ruskin — Reading the "Eumenides" and Wordsworth — Letter to John Blackwood on Dickens's Letter — Letter from Mrs. Carlyle — Letter from Faraday — "Clerical Scenes" moving — John Blackwood calls, and George Eliot reveals herself — Takes MS. of first part of "Adam Bede" — Letters to Charles Bray on reports of authorship — Visit to Germany — Description of Nürnberg — The Frauen-Kirche — Effect of the music — Albert Dürer's house — Munich — Lodgings — Pinacothek — Rubens — Crucifixion — Theresien Wiese — Schwanthaler's "Bavaria" — The Alps — Letter to Miss Hennell — Contrast between Catholic and Protestant worship — Glyptothek — Pictures — Statues — Cornelius frescos — Herr Oldenbourg — Kaulbach — Bodenstedt — Professor Wagner — Martius — Liebig — Geibel — Heyse — Carrière — Prince Radziwill's "Faust" — Professor Löher — Baron Schack — Genelli — Professor Bluntschli — Letter to Miss Hennell — Description of Munich life — Kaulbach's pictures — The Siebolds — The Neue Pinacothek — Pictures and porcelain painting — Mme. Bodenstedt — Letter to Blackwood — Combinations of artist in writing — Hears "William Tell" — Expedition to Grosshesselohe — Progress with "Adam Bede" — Letter to Miss Hennell on death of her mother — Mr. Lewes goes to Hofwyl — Frau Knapp — Mr. Lewes returns — Leave Munich for Traunstein — Salzburg — Ischl — Linz — By Danube to Vienna — St. Stephen's — Belvedere pictures — Liechtenstein collection — Hyrtl the anatomist — Prague — Jewish burial-ground and the old Synagogue — To Dresden — Latter half of second volume of "Adam Bede" written — First impression of Sistine Madonna — "The Tribute-money" — Holbein's Madonna — The Correggios — Dutch School — Murillo — Letter to Miss Hennell — Description of life at Dresden — Health improved — Mention of Strauss at Munich — Dresden to Leipzig — Home to Richmond — Letter to Miss Hennell — Opinion of Buckle — Blackwood offers £800 for "Adam Bede" — Wilkie Collins and Mr. Pigott — History of "Adam Bede" — Letter to Charles Bray — Disinterested kindness — Letter to Blackwood suggesting preface to "Adam Bede" — Reading Scott's Life and Horace — Review of year — Extract from G. H. Lewes's Journal.

CHAPTER IX

JAN. 12. — We went into town to-day, and looked in the "Annual Register" for cases of *inundation.* Letter from Blackwood to-day, speaking of renewed delight in "Adam Bede," and proposing 1st Feb. as the day of publication. Read the article in yesterday's "Times" on George's "Sea-side Studies," — highly gratifying. We are still reading Scott's life with great interest; and G. is reading to me Michelet's book "De l'Amour." Journal, 1859.

Jan. 15. — I corrected the last sheets of "Adam Bede," and we afterwards walked to Wimbledon to see our new house, which we have taken for seven years. I hired the servant, — another bit of business done; and then we had a delightful walk across Wimbledon Common and through Richmond Park homeward. The air was clear and cold, — the sky magnificent.

Jan. 31. — Received a cheque for £400 from Blackwood, being the first instalment of the payment for four years' copyright of "Adam Bede." To-morrow the book is to be subscribed, and Blackwood writes very pleasantly, — confident of its "great success." Afterwards we went into town, paid money into the bank, and ordered part of our china and glass towards housekeeping.

Enclosed is the formal acknowledgment, bearing my signature, and with it let me beg you to accept my thanks — *not* formal but heartfelt — for the generous Letter to John Blackwood, 31st Jan. 1859.

way in which you have all along helped me with words and with deeds.

The impression "Adam Bede" has made on you and Major Blackwood — of whom I have always been pleased to think as concurring with your views — is my best encouragement, and counterbalances, in some degree, the depressing influences to which I am peculiarly sensitive. I perceive that I have not the characteristics of the "popular author," and yet I am much in need of the warmly expressed sympathy which only popularity can win.

A good subscription would be cheering, but I can understand that it is not decisive of success or non-success. Thank you for promising to let me know about it as soon as possible.

Feb. 6. — Yesterday we went to take possession of Holly Lodge, Wandsworth, which is to be our dwelling, we expect, for years to come. It was a deliciously fresh bright day, — I will accept the omen. A letter came from Blackwood telling me the result of the subscription to "Adam Bede," which was published on the 1st: 730 copies, Mudie having taken 500 on the publisher's terms, — *i. e.*, ten per cent on the sale price. At first he had stood out for a larger reduction, and would only take 50, but at last he came round. In this letter Blackwood told me the first *ab extra* opinion of the book, which happened to be precisely what I most desired. A cabinet-maker (brother to Blackwood's managing clerk) had read the sheets, and declared that the writer must have been brought up to the business, or at least had listened to the workmen in their workshop.

Journal, 1859.

Feb. 12. — Received a cheering letter from Blackwood, saying that he finds "Adam Bede"

making just the impression he had anticipated among his own friends and connections, and enclosing a parcel from Dr. John Brown "To the author of 'Adam Bede.'" The parcel contained "Rab and his Friends," with an inscription.

Will you tell Dr. John Brown, that when I read an account of "Rab and his Friends" in a newspaper, I wished I had the story to read at full length; and I thought to myself the writer of "Rab" would perhaps like "Adam Bede"?

Letter to John Blackwood, 13th Feb. 1859.

When you have told him this, he will understand the peculiar pleasure I had on opening the little parcel with "Rab" inside, and a kind word from Rab's friend. I have read the story twice, — once aloud, and once to myself, very slowly, that I might dwell on the pictures of Rab and Ailie, and carry them about with me more distinctly. I will not say any commonplace words of admiration about what has touched me so deeply: there is no adjective of that sort left undefiled by the newspapers. The writer of "Rab" *knows* that I must love the grim old mastiff with the short tail and the long dewlaps, — that I must have felt present at the scenes of Ailie's last trial.

Thanks for your cheering letter. I will be hopeful, — if I can.

You have the art of writing just the sort of letters I care for, — sincere letters, like your own talk. We are tolerably settled now, except that we have only a temporary servant; and I shall not be quite at ease until I have a trustworthy woman who will manage without incessant dogging. Our home is very comfortable, with far more of vulgar indulgences in it than I ever expected to have again; but you

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 19th Feb. 1859.

must not imagine it a snug place, just peeping above the holly bushes. Imagine it rather as a tall cake, with a low garnish of holly and laurel. As it is, we are very well off, with glorious breezy walks, and wide horizons, well-ventilated rooms, and abundant water. If I allowed myself to have any longings beyond what is given, they would be for a nook quite in the country, far away from palaces, — Crystal or otherwise, — with an orchard behind me full of old trees, and rough grass and hedge-row paths among the endless fields where you meet nobody. We talk of such things sometimes, along with old age and dim faculties, and a small independence to save us from writing drivel for dishonest money. In the meantime the business of life shuts us up within the environs of London and within sight of human advancements, which I should be so very glad to believe in without seeing.

Pretty Arabella Goddard we heard play at Berlin, — play the very things you heard as a *bonne bouche* at the last, — none the less delightful from being so unlike the piano playing of Liszt and Clara Schumann, whom we had heard at Weimar, — both great, and one the greatest.

Thank you for sending me that authentic word about Miss Nightingale. I wonder if she would rather rest from her blessed labours, or live to go on working? Sometimes, when I read of the death of some great sensitive human being, I have a triumph in the sense that they are at rest; and yet, along with that, such deep sadness at the thought that the rare nature is gone forever into darkness, and we can never know that our love and reverence can reach him, that I seem to have gone through a personal sorrow when I shut the book and go to bed. I felt in that way the other night

when I finished the life of Scott aloud to Mr. Lewes. He had never read the book before, and has been deeply stirred by the picture of Scott's character, — his energy and steady work, his grand fortitude under calamity, and the spirit of strict honour to which he sacrificed his declining life. He loves Scott as well as I do.

We have met a pleasant-faced, bright-glancing man, whom we set down to be worthy of the name, Richard Congreve. I am curious to see if our *Ahnung* will be verified.

Letter to Mrs. Bray, 24th Feb. 1859.

One word of gratitude to *you* first before I write any other letters. Heaven and earth bless you for trying to help me. I have been blasphemous enough sometimes to think that I had never been good and attractive enough to win any little share of the honest, disinterested friendship there is in the world: one or two examples of late had given that impression, and I am prone to rest in the least agreeable conviction the premises will allow. I need hardly tell you what I want, you know it so well: a servant who will cause me the least possible expenditure of time on household matters. I wish I were not an anxious, fidgety wretch, and could sit down content with dirt and disorder. But anything in the shape of an *anxiety* soon grows into a monstrous vulture with me, and makes itself more present to me than my rich sources of happiness, — such as too few mortals are blessed with. You know me. Since I wrote this, I have just had a letter from my sister Chrissey, — ill in bed, consumptive, — regretting that she ever ceased to write to me. It has ploughed up my heart.

Mrs. Carlyle's ardent letter will interest and amuse you. I reckon it among my best triumphs

that she found herself "in charity with the whole human race" when she laid the book down. I want the philosopher himself to read it, because the *pre*-philosophic period — the childhood and poetry of his life — lay among the furrowed fields and pious peasantry. If he *could* be urged to read a novel! I should like, if possible, to give him the same sort of pleasure he has given me in the early chapters of "Sartor," where he describes little Diogenes eating his porridge on the wall in sight of the sunset, and gaining deep wisdom from the contemplation of the pigs and other "higher animals" of *Entepfuhl*.

Letter to John Blackwood, 24th Feb. 1859.

Your critic was *not* unjustly severe on the "Mirage Philosophy," — and I confess the "Life of Frederic" was a painful book to me in many respects; and yet I shrink, perhaps superstitiously, from any written or spoken word which is as strong as my inward criticism.

I needed your letter very much, — for when one lives apart from the world, with no opportunity of observing the effect of books except through the newspapers, one is in danger of sinking into the foolish belief that the day is past for the recognition of genuine truthful writing, in spite of recent experience that the newspapers are no criterion at all. One such opinion as Mr. Caird's outweighs a great deal of damnatory praise from ignorant journalists.

It is a wretched weakness of my nature to be so strongly affected by these things; and yet how is it possible to put one's best heart and soul into a book and be hardened to the result, — be indifferent to the proof whether or not one has really a vocation to speak to one's fellow-men in that way?

Of course one's vanity is at work; but the main anxiety is something entirely distinct from vanity.

You see I mean you to understand that my feelings are very respectable, and such as it will be virtuous in you to gratify with the same zeal as you have always shown. The packet of newspaper notices is not come yet. I will take care to return it when it *has* come.

The best news from London hitherto is that Mr. Dallas is an enthusiastic admirer of Adam. I ought to except Mr. Langford's reported opinion, which is that of a person who has a voice of his own, and is not a mere echo.

Otherwise, Edinburgh has sent me much more encouraging breezes than any that have come from the sweet south. I wonder if all your other authors are as greedy and exacting as I am. If so, I hope they appreciate your attention as much. Will you oblige me by writing a line to Mrs. Carlyle for me? I don't like to leave her second letter (she wrote a very kind one about the "Clerical Scenes") without any sort of notice. Will you tell her that the sort of effect she declares herself to have felt from "Adam Bede" is just what I desire to produce, — gentle thoughts and happy remembrances; and I thank her heartily for telling me, so warmly and generously, what she has felt. That is not a pretty message: revise it for me, pray, for I am weary and ailing, and thinking of a sister who is slowly dying.

The folio of notices duly came, and are returned by to-day's post. The friend at my elbow ran through them for me, and read aloud some specimens to me, some of them ludicrous enough. The "Edinburgh Courant" has the ring of sincere enjoyment in its

Letter to John Blackwood, 25th Feb. 1859.

tone; and the writer there makes himself so amiable to me, that I am sorry he has fallen into the mistake of supposing that Mrs. Poyser's original sayings are remembered proverbs! I have no stock of proverbs in my memory; and there is not one thing put into Mrs. Poyser's mouth that is not fresh from my own mint. Please to correct that mistake if any one makes it in your hearing.

I have not ventured to look into the folio myself; but I learn that there are certain threatening marks, in ink, by the side of such stock sentences as " best novel of the season," or " best novel we have read for a long time," from such authorities as the " Sun," or " Morning Star," or other orb of the newspaper firmament, — as if these sentences were to be selected for reprint in the form of advertisement. I shudder at the suggestion. Am I taking a liberty in entreating you to keep a sharp watch over the advertisements, that no hackneyed puffing phrase of this kind may be tacked to my book? One sees them garnishing every other advertisement of trash: surely no being " above the rank of an idiot " can have his inclination coerced by them; and it would gall me, as much as any trifle could, to see my book recommended by an authority who does n't know how to write decent English. I believe that your taste and judgment will concur with mine in the conviction that no quotations of this vulgar kind can do credit to a book; and that unless something looking like the real opinion of a tolerably educated writer, in a respectable journal, can be given, it would be better to abstain from " opinions of the press " altogether. I shall be grateful to you if you will save me from the results of any agency but your own, — or at least of any

agency that is not under your rigid criticism in this matter.

Pardon me if I am overstepping the author's limits in this expression of my feelings. I confide in your ready comprehension of the irritable class you have to deal with.

Feb. 26. — Laudatory reviews of "Adam Bede" in the "Athenæum," "Saturday," and "Literary Gazette." The "Saturday" criticism is characteristic: Dinah is not mentioned! Journal, 1859.

The other day I received the following letter, which I copy, because I have sent the original away: —

"To the Author of 'Adam Bede.'

"Chester Road, Sunderland.

"Dear Sir, — *I got the other day a hasty read of your 'Scenes of Clerical Life,' and since that a glance at your 'Adam Bede,' and was delighted more than I can express; but being a poor man, and having enough to do to make 'ends meet,' I am unable to get a read of your inimitable books.* Letter from E. Hall to Geo. Eliot.

"*Forgive, dear sir, my boldness in asking you to give us a cheap edition. You would confer on us a great boon. I can get plenty of trash for a few pence, but I am sick of it. I felt so different when I shut your books, even though it was but a kind of 'hop, skip, and jump' read.*

"*I feel so strongly in this matter that I am determined to risk being thought rude and officious, and write to you.*

"*Many of my working brethren feel as I do, and I express their wish as well as my own. Again asking your forgiveness for intruding myself upon you, — I remain, with profoundest respect, yours, &c.,* E. Hall."

I have written to Chrissey, and shall hear from her again. I think her writing was the result of long,

quiet thought, — the slow return of a naturally just and affectionate mind to the position from which it had been thrust by external influence. She says: "My object in writing to you is to tell you how very sorry I have been that I ceased to write, and neglected one who, under all circumstances, was kind to me and mine. *Pray believe* me when I say it will be the greatest comfort I can receive to know that you are *well* and *happy*. Will you write once more?" &c. I wrote immediately, and I desire to avoid any word of reference to anything with which she associates the idea of alienation. The past is abolished from my mind. I only want her to feel that I love her and care for her. The servant trouble seems less mountainous to me than it did the other day. I was suffering physically from unusual worrit and muscular exertion in arranging the house, and so was in a ridiculously despondent state. I have written no end of letters in answer to servants' advertisements, and we have put our own advertisement in the "Times," — all which amount of force, if we were not philosophers and therefore believers in the conservation of force, we should declare to be lost. It is so pleasant to know these high doctrines, — they help one so much. Mr. and Mrs. Richard Congreve have called on us. We shall return the call as soon as we can.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 26th Feb. 1859.

March 8. — Letter from Blackwood this morning saying that "'Bedesman' has turned the corner and is coming in a winner." Mudie has sent for 200 additional copies (making 700), and Mr. Langford says the West End libraries keep sending for more.

Journal, 1859.

March 14. — My dear sister wrote to me about three weeks ago, saying she regretted that she had

ever ceased writing to me, and that she has been in a consumption for the last eighteen months. To-day I have a letter from my niece Emily, telling me her mother had been taken worse, and cannot live many days.

March 14. — Major Blackwood writes to say "Mudie has just made up his number of 'Adam Bede' to 1000. Simpkins have sold their subscribed number, and have had 12 to-day. Every one is talking of the book."

March 15. — Chrissey died this morning at a quarter to 5.

March 16. — Blackwood writes to say I am "a popular author, as well as a great author." They printed 2090 of "Adam Bede," and have disposed of more than 1800, so that they are thinking about a second edition. A very feeling letter from Froude this morning. I happened this morning to be reading the 30th Ode, B. III. of Horace, — "Non omnis moriar."

Letter to John Blackwood, 17th March, 1859.

The news you have sent me is worth paying a great deal of pain for, past and future. It comes rather strangely to me, who live in such unconsciousness of what is going on in the world. I am like a deaf person, to whom some one has just shouted that the company round him have been paying him compliments for the last half hour. Let the best come, you will still be the person outside my own home who *first* gladdened me about "Adam Bede;" and my success will always please me the better because you will share the pleasure.

Don't think I mean to worry you with many such requests, — but will you copy for me the enclosed short note to Froude? I know you will, so I say "Thank you."

Letter to J. A. Froude from George Eliot.

DEAR SIR, — My excellent friend and publisher, Mr. Blackwood, lends me his pen to thank you for your letter, and for his sake I shall be brief.

Your letter has done me real good, — the same sort of good as one has sometimes felt from a silent pressure of the hand and a grave look in the midst of smiling congratulations.

I have nothing else I care to tell you that you will not have found out through my books, except this one thing: that, so far as I am aware, you are only the *second* person who has shared my own satisfaction in Janet. I think she is the least popular of my characters. You will judge from that, that it was worth your while to tell me what you felt about her.

I wish I could help you with words of equal value; but, after all, am I not helping you by saying that it was well and generously done of you to write to me? — Ever faithfully yours,

GEORGE ELIOT.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 21st March, 1859.

It was worth your while to write me those feeling words, for they are the sort of things that I keep in my memory and feel the influence of a long, long while. Chrissey's death has taken from me the possibility of many things towards which I looked with some hope and yearning in the future. I had a very special feeling towards her, — stronger than any third person would think likely.

Journal, 1859.

March 24. — Mr. Herbert Spencer brought us word that " Adam Bede " had been quoted by Mr. Charles Buxton in the House of Commons: " As the farmer's wife says in ' Adam Bede,' ' It wants to be hatched over again and hatched different.' "

March 26. — George went into town to-day and brought me home a budget of good news that compensated for the pain I had felt in the coldness of an old friend. Mr. Langford says that Mudie "thinks he must have another hundred or two of 'Adam,' — has read the book himself, and is delighted with it." Charles Reade says it is "the finest thing since Shakspeare," — placed his finger on Lisbeth's account of her coming home with her husband from their marriage, — praises enthusiastically the style, — the way in which the author handles the Saxon language. Shirley Brooks also delighted. John Murray says there has never been such a book. Mr. Langford says there must be a second edition, in 3 vols., and they will print 500: whether Mudie takes more or not, they will have sold all by the end of a month. Lucas delighted with the book, and will review it in the "Times" the first opportunity.

I should like you to convey my gratitude to your reviewer. I see well he is a man whose experience and study enable him to relish parts of my book, which I should despair of seeing recognised by critics in London back drawing-rooms. He has gratified me keenly by laying his finger on passages which I wrote either with strong feeling or from intimate knowledge, but which I had prepared myself to find entirely passed over by reviewers. Surely I am not wrong in supposing him to be a clergyman? There was one exemplary lady Mr. Langford spoke of, who, after reading "Adam," came the next day and bought a copy both of that and the "Clerical Scenes." I wish there may be three hundred matrons as good as she! It is a disappointment to me to find that "Adam" has given no impulse

Letter to John Blackwood, 30th March, 1859.

to the "Scenes," for I had sordid desires for money from a second edition, and had dreamed of its coming speedily.

About my new story, which will be a novel as long as "Adam Bede," and a sort of companion picture of provincial life, we must talk when I have the pleasure of seeing you. It will be a work which will require time and labour.

Do write me good news as often as you can. I owe thanks to Major Blackwood for a very charming letter.

Letter to John Blackwood, 10th April, 1859.

The other day I received a letter from an old friend in Warwickshire, containing some striking information about the author of "Adam Bede." I extract the passage for your amusement: —

"I want to ask you if you have read 'Adam Bede,' or the 'Scenes of Clerical Life,' and whether you know that the author is Mr. Liggins? . . . A deputation of Dissenting parsons went over *to ask him to write for the 'Eclectic,'* and they found him washing his slop-basin at a pump. He has no servant, and does everything for himself; but one of the said parsons said that he inspired them with a reverence that would have made any impertinent question impossible. The son of a baker, of no mark at all in his town, so that it is possible you may not have heard of him. You know he calls himself 'George Eliot.' It sounds strange to hear the 'Westminster' doubting whether he is a woman, when *here he is so well known.* But I am glad it has mentioned him. *They say he gets no profit out of 'Adam Bede,' and gives it freely to Blackwood, which is a shame.* We have not read him yet, but the extracts are irresistible."

Conceive the real George Eliot's feelings, con-

scious of being a base worldling, — not washing his own slop-basin, and *not* giving away his MS.! not even intending to do so, in spite of the reverence such a course might inspire. I hope you and Major Blackwood will enjoy the myth.

Mr. Langford sent me a letter the other day from Miss Winkworth, a grave lady, who says she never reads novels, — except a few of the most famous, but that she has read " Adam " three times running. One likes to know such things: they show that the book tells on people's hearts, and may be a real instrument of culture. I sing my Magnificat in a quiet way, and have a great deal of deep, silent joy; but few authors, I suppose, who have had a real success, have known less of the flush and the sensations of triumph that are talked of as the accompaniments of success. I think I should soon begin to believe that *Liggins* wrote my books, — it is so difficult to believe what the world does *not* believe, so easy to believe what the world keeps repeating.

The very day you wrote we were driving in an open carriage from Ryde to the Sandrock Hotel, taking in a month's delight in the space of five hours. Such skies, — such songs of larks, — such beds of primroses! *I* am quite well now, — set up by iron and quinine, and polished off by the sea-breezes. I have lost my *young* dislike to the spring, and am as glad of it as the birds and plants are. Mr. Lewes has read " Adam Bede," and is as dithyrambic about it as others appear to be, so *I* must refresh my soul with it now as well as with the spring-tide. Mr. Liggins I remember as a vision of my childhood, — a tall, black-coated, genteel young clergyman-in-embryo.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 11th April, 1859.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 15th April, 1859.

Mr. Lewes is "making himself into four" in writing answers to advertisements and other exertions which he generously takes on himself to save me. A model husband!

We both like your literal title, "Thoughts in Aid of Faith," very much, and hope to see a little book under that title before the year is out, — a book as thorough and effective in its way as "Christianity and Infidelity."

*Re*writing is an excellent process, frequently both for the book and its author; and to prevent you from grudging the toil, I will tell you that so old a writer as Mr. Lewes now *re*writes everything of *importance*, though in all the earlier years of his authorship he would never take that trouble.

We are so happy in the neighbourhood of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Congreve. She is a sweet, intelligent, gentle woman. I already love her; and his fine beaming face does me good, like a glimpse of an Olympian.

Journal, 1859.

April 17. — I have left off recording the history of "Adam Bede," and the pleasant letters and words that came to me, — the success has been so triumphantly beyond anything I had dreamed of, that it would be tiresome to put down particulars. Four hundred of the second edition (of 750) sold in the first week, and twenty besides ordered when there was not a copy left in the London house. This morning Hachette has sent to ask my terms for the liberty of translation into French. There was a review in the "Times" last week, which will naturally give a new stimulus to the sale; and yesterday I sent a letter to the "Times" denying that Mr. Liggins is the author, as the world and Mr. Anders had settled it.

But I must trust to the letters I have received and preserved for giving me the history of the book if I should live long enough to forget details.

Shall I ever write another book as true as "Adam Bede"? The weight of the future presses on me, and makes itself felt even more than the deep satisfaction of the past and present.

This myth about Liggins is getting serious, and must be put a stop to. We are bound not to allow sums of money to be raised on a false supposition of this kind. Don't you think it would be well for *you* to write a letter to the "Times," to the effect that, as you find in some stupid quarters my letter has not been received as a *bonâ fide* denial, you declare Mr. Liggins not to be the author of "Clerical Scenes" and "Adam Bede;" further, that any future applications to you concerning George Eliot will not be answered, since that writer is not in need of public benevolence. Such a letter might save us from future annoyance and trouble, for I am rather doubtful about Mr. Liggins's character. The last report I heard of him was that he spent his time in smoking and drinking. I don't know whether that is one of the data for the Warwickshire logicians who have decided him to be the author of my books.

Letter to John Blackwood, 20th April, 1859.

April 29. — To-day Blackwood sent me a letter from Bulwer, which I copy because I have to send back the original, and I like to keep in mind the generous praise of one author for another.

Journal, 1859.

"Malvern, *April* 24, 1859.

"My dear Sir, — *I ought long since to have thanked you for 'Adam Bede.' But I never had a moment to look*

at it, till arriving here, and ordered by the doctors to abstain from all 'work.'

Letter from E. B. Lytton to John Blackwood.

"I owe the author much gratitude for some very pleasing hours. The book indeed is worthy of great admiration. There are touches of beauty in the conception of human character that are exquisite, and much wit and much poetry embedded in the 'dialect,' which nevertheless the author over-uses.

"The style is remarkably good whenever it is English and not provincial, — racy, original, and nervous.

"I congratulate you on having found an author of such promise, and published one of the very ablest works of fiction I have read for years. — Yours truly,

"E. B. L.

"I am better than I was, but thoroughly done up."

Journal, 1859.

April 29. — Finished a story, — "The Lifted Veil," — which I began one morning at Richmond as a resource when my head was too stupid for more important work.

Resumed my new novel, of which I am going to rewrite the two first chapters. I shall call it provisionally "The Tullivers," for the sake of a title *quelconque*, or perhaps "St. Ogg's on the Floss."

Letter to John Blackwood, 29th April, 1859.

Thank you for sending me Sir Edward Lytton's letter, which has given me real pleasure. The praise is doubly valuable to me for the sake of the generous feeling that prompted it. I think you judged rightly about writing to the "Times." I would abstain from the remotest appearance of a "dodge." I am anxious to know of any *positive* rumours that may get abroad; for while I would willingly, if it were possible, — which it clearly is not, — retain my *incognito* as long as I live, I can suffer no one to bear my arms on his shield.

There is *one* alteration, or rather an addition, —

merely of a sentence, — that I wish to make in the 12*s.* edition of "Adam Bede." It is a sentence in the chapter where Adam is making the coffin at night, and hears the willow wand. Some readers seem not to have understood what I meant, — namely, that it was in Adam's peasant blood and nurture to believe in this, and that he narrated it with awed belief to his dying day. That is not a fancy of my own brain, but a matter of observation, and is, in my mind, an important feature in Adam's character. There is nothing else I wish to touch. I will send you the sentence some day soon, with the page where it is to be inserted.

Journal, 1859.

May 3. — I had a letter from Mrs. Richard Congreve, telling me of her safe arrival, with her husband and sister,[1] at Dieppe. This new friend, whom I have gained by coming to Wandsworth, is the chief charm of the place to me. Her friendship has the same date as the success of "Adam Bede," — two good things in my lot that ought to have made me less sad than I have been in this house.

Letter to Mrs. Congreve, 4th May, 1859.

Your letter came yesterday at tea-time, and made the evening happier than usual. We had thought of you not a little as we listened to the howling winds, especially as the terrible wrecks off the Irish coast had filled our imaginations disagreeably. *Now* I can make a charming picture of you all on the beach, except that I am obliged to fancy *your* face looking still too languid after all your exertion and sleeplessness. I remember the said face with peculiar vividness, which is very pleasant to me. "Rough" has been the daily companion of our walks, and wins on our affections, as other fellow-

[1] Miss Emily Bury, now Mrs. Geddes.

mortals do, by a mixture of weaknesses and virtues, — the weaknesses consisting chiefly in a tendency to become invisible every ten minutes and in a forgetfulness of reproof, which, I fear, is the usual accompaniment of meekness under it. All this is good discipline for us selfish solitaries, who have been used to stroll along, thinking of nothing but ourselves.

We walked through your garden to-day, and I gathered a bit of your sweetbriar, of which I am at this moment enjoying the scent as it stands on my desk. I am enjoying, too, another sort of sweetness, which I also owe to you, — of that subtle, haunting kind which is most like the scent of my favourite plants, — the belief that you do really care for me across the seas there, and will associate me continually with your home. Faith is not easy to me, nevertheless I believe everything you say and write.

Write to me as often as you can, — that is, as often as you feel any prompting to do so. You were a dear presence to me, and will be a precious thought to me all through your absence.

May 4. — To-day came a letter from Barbara Bodichon, full of joy in my success, in the certainty that "Adam Bede" was mine, though she had not read more than extracts in reviews. This is the first delight in the book as *mine*, over and above the fact that the book is good.

Journal, 1859.

God bless you, dearest Barbara, for your love and sympathy. You are the first friend who has given any symptom of knowing me, — the first heart that has recognised me in a book which has come from my heart of hearts. But keep the secret solemnly till I give

Letter to Madame Bodichon, 5th May, 1859.

you leave to tell it, and give way to no impulses of triumphant affection. You have sense enough to know how important the *incognito* has been, and we are anxious to keep it up a few months longer. Curiously enough my old Coventry friends, who have certainly read the "Westminster" and the "Times," and have probably by this time read the book itself, have given no sign of recognition. But a certain Mr. Liggins, whom rumour has fixed on as the author of my books, and whom *they* have believed in, has probably screened me from their vision. I am a very blessed woman, am I not, to have all this reason for being glad that I have lived? I have had no time of exultation, — on the contrary, these last months have been sadder than usual to me; and I have thought more of the future and the much work that remains to be done in life than of anything that has been achieved. But I think your letter to-day gave me more joy — more heart-glow — than all the letters or reviews or other testimonies of success that have come to me since the evenings when I read aloud my manuscript to my dear, dear husband, and he laughed and cried alternately, and then rushed to me to kiss me. He is the prime blessing that has made all the rest possible to me, giving me a response to everything I have written, — a response that I could confide in, as a proof that I had not mistaken my work.

Letter to Major Blackwood, 6th May, 1859

You must not think me too soft-hearted, when I tell you that it would make me uneasy to leave Mr. Anders without an assurance that his apology is accepted. "Who with repentance is not satisfied," &c.; that doctrine is bad for the sinning, but good for those sinned against. Will you oblige me by allowing a clerk to write something to this effect in the name

of the firm? — "We are requested by George Eliot to state, in reply to your letter of the 16th, that he accepts your assurance that the publication of your letter to the reviewer of 'Adam Bede' in the 'Times' was unintentional on your part."

Yes, I *am* assured now that "Adam Bede" was worth writing, — worth living through long years to write. But now it seems impossible to me that I shall ever write anything so good and true again. I have arrived at faith in the past, but not at faith in the future.

A friend in Algiers [1] has found me out — "will go the stake on the assertion that I wrote 'Adam Bede'" — simply on the evidence of a few extracts. So far as I know, this is the first case of detection on purely internal evidence. But the secret is safe in that quarter.

I hope I shall have the pleasure of seeing you again during some visit that you will pay to town before very long. It would do me good to have you shake me by the hand as the ascertained George Eliot.

May 9. — We had a delicious drive to Dulwich and back by Sydenham. We staid an hour in the gallery at Dulwich, and I satisfied myself that the St. Sebastian is no exception to the usual "petty prettiness" of Guido's conceptions. The Cuyp glowing in the evening sun, the Spanish beggar boys of Murillo, and Gainsborough's portrait of Mrs. Sheridan and her sister, are the gems of the gallery. But better than the pictures was the fresh greenth of the spring, — the chestnuts just on the verge of their flowering beauty, the bright leaves of the limes, the rich yellow-brown of the oaks, the meadows full of

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[1] Madame Bodichon.

buttercups. We saw for the first time Clapham Common, Streatham Common, and Tooting Common, — the two last like parks rather than commons.

May 19. — A letter from Blackwood, in which he proposes to give me another £400 at the end of the year, making in all £1200, as an acknowledgment of "Adam Bede's" success.

Mrs. Congreve is a sweet woman, and I feel that I have acquired a friend in her, — after recently declaring that we would never have any *friends* again, only *acquaintances*.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 19th May, 1859.

Thank you: first, for acting with that fine integrity which makes part of my faith in you; secondly, for the material sign of that integrity. I don't know which of those two things I care for most,—that people should act nobly towards me, or that I should get honest money. I certainly care a great deal for the money, as I suppose all anxious minds do that love independence and have been brought up to think debt and begging the two deepest dishonours short of crime.

Letter to John Blackwood, 21st May, 1859.

I look forward with quite eager expectation to seeing you, — we have so much to say. Pray give us the first day at your command. The excursion, as you may imagine, is not ardently longed for in this weather, but when "merry May" is quite gone, we may surely hope for some sunshine; and then I have a pet project of rambling along by the banks of a river, not without artistic as well as hygienic purposes.

Pray bring me all the Liggins Correspondence. I have an amusing letter or two to show you, — one from a gentleman who has sent me his works;

happily the only instance of the kind. For, as Charles Lamb complains, it is always the people whose books *don't* sell who are anxious to send them to one, with their "foolish autographs" inside.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 21st May, 1859.

We don't think of going to the festival, not for want of power to enjoy Handel, — there are few things that I care for more in the way of music than his choruses, performed by a grand orchestra, — but because we are neither of us fit to encounter the physical exertion and inconveniences. It is a cruel thing the difficulty and dearness of getting any music in England, — concerted music, which is the only music I care for much now. At Dresden we could have thoroughly enjoyable instrumental music every evening for twopence; and I owed so many thoughts and inspirations of feeling to that stimulus.

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May 27. — Blackwood came to dine with us on his arrival in London, and we had much talk. A day or two before he had sent me a letter from Professor Aytoun, saying that he had neglected his work to read the first volume of "Adam Bede;" and he actually sent the other two volumes out of the house to save himself from temptation. Blackwood brought with him a correspondence he has had with various people about Liggins, beginning with Mr. Bracebridge, who will have it that Liggins is the author of "Adam Bede" in spite of all denials.

June 5. — Blackwood came, and we concocted two letters to send to the "Times" in order to put a stop to the Liggins affair.

The "Liggins business" *does* annoy me, because it subjects you and Mr. John Blackwood

to the reception of insulting letters, and the trouble of writing contradictions. Otherwise the whole affair is really a subject for a Molière comedy, — "The Wise Men of Warwickshire," who might supersede "The Wise Men of Gotham."

Letter to Major Blackwood, 6th June, 1859.

The letter you sent me was a very pleasant one from Mrs. Gaskell, saying that since she came up to town she has had the compliment paid her of being suspected to have written "Adam Bede." "I have hitherto denied it; but really, I think that, as you want to keep your real name a secret, it would be very pleasant for me to blush acquiescence. Will you give me leave?"

I hope the inaccuracy with which she writes my name is not characteristic of a genius for fiction, though I once heard a German account for the bad spelling in Goethe's early letters by saying that it was "genial," — their word for whatever is characteristic of genius.

I was glad you wrote to me from Avignon of all the places you have visited, because Avignon is one of my most vivid remembrances from out the dimness of ten years ago. Lucerne would be a strange region to me but for Calame's pictures. Through them I have a vision of it, but of course when I see it 't will be another Luzern. Mr. Lewes obstinately nurses the project of carrying me thither with him, and depositing me within reach of you while he goes to Hofwyl. But at present I say "No." We have been waiting and waiting for the skies to let us take a few days' ramble by the river, but now I fear we must give it up till all the freshness of young summer is gone. July and August are the two months I care least about for leafy scenery.

Letter to Mrs. Congreve, 8th June, 1859.

However, we are kept at home this month partly by pleasures: the Handel Festival, for which we have indulged ourselves with tickets, and the sight of old friends, — Mrs. Bodichon among the rest, and for her we hope to use your kind loan of a bedroom. We are both of us in much better condition than when you said good-bye to us, and I have many other sources of gladness just now, — so I mean to make myself disagreeable no longer by caring about petty troubles. If one could but order cheerfulness from the druggist's! or even a few doses of coldness and distrust, to prevent one from foolish confidence in one's fellow-mortals!

I want to get rid of this house, — cut cables and drift about. I dislike Wandsworth, and should think with unmitigated regret of our coming here if it were not for you. But you are worth paying a price for.

There! I have written about nothing but ourselves this time! *You* do the same, and then I think I will promise . . . not to write again, but to ask you to go on writing to me without an answer.

How cool and idle you are this morning! I am warm and busy, but always at all temperatures — Yours affectionately.

June 20. — We went to the Crystal Palace to hear the "Messiah," and dined afterwards with the Brays and Sara Hennell. I told them I was the author of "Adam Bede" and "Clerical Scenes," and they seemed overwhelmed with surprise. This experience has enlightened me a good deal as to the ignorance in which we all live of each other.

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There is always an after sadness belonging to brief and interrupted intercourse between friends,

— the sadness of feeling that the blundering efforts we have made towards mutual understanding have only made a new veil between us, — still more, the sadness of feeling that some pain may have been given which separation makes a permanent memory. We are quite unable to represent ourselves truly. Why should we complain that our friends see a false image? I say this, because I am feeling painfully this morning, that instead of helping you when you brought before me a matter so deeply interesting to you, I have only blundered, and that I have blundered, as most of us do, from too much egoism and too little sympathy. If my mind had been more open to receive impressions, instead of being in over haste to give them, I should more readily have seen what your object was in giving me that portion of your MS., and we might have gone through the necessary part of it on Tuesday. It seems no use to write this now, and yet I can't help wanting to assure you, that if I am too imperfect to do and feel the right thing at the right moment, I am not without the slower sympathy that becomes all the stronger from a sense of previous mistake.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 24th June, 1859.

I am told peremptorily that I am to go to Switzerland next month, but now I have read your letter, I can't help thinking more of your illness than of the pleasure in prospect, — according to my foolish nature, which is always prone to live in past pain.

Letter to Mrs. Congreve, 27th June, 1859.

We shall not arrive at Lucerne till the 12th, at the earliest, I imagine, so I hope we are secured from the danger of alighting precisely on the days of your absence. That would be cruel, for I shall only be left at Lucerne for three days. You must

positively have nothing more interesting to do than to talk to me and let me look at you. Tell your sister I shall be all ears and eyes and no tongue, so she will find me the most *amiable* of conversers.

I think it must be that the sunshine makes your absence more conspicuous, for this place certainly becomes drearier to me as the summer advances. The dusty roads are all longer, and the shade is farther off. No more now about anything — except that Mr. Lewes commands me to say he has just read the "Roman Empire of the West" with much interest, and is going now to flesh his teeth in the "Politique" (Auguste Comte's).

Letter to the Brays, Monday evening, end of June, 1859.

DEAR FRIENDS, — All three of you, — thanks for your packet of heartfelt kindness. That is the best of your kindness, — there is no sham in it. It was inevitable to me to have that outburst when I saw you for a little while after the long silence, and felt that I must tell you then or be forestalled, and leave you to gather the truth amidst an inextricable mixture of falsehood. But I feel that the influence of talking about my books, even to you and Mrs. Bodichon, has been so bad to me that I should like to be able to keep silence concerning them for evermore. If people were to buzz round me with their remarks, or compliments, I should lose the repose of mind and truthfulness of production, without which no good healthy books can be written. Talking about my books, I find, has much the same malign effect on me as talking of my feelings or my religion.

I should think Sara's version of my brother's words concerning "Adam Bede" is the correct one, — "*that there are things in it about my father*" (*i. e.*, being interpreted, things my father told us

about his early life), not "portrait" of my father. There is not a single portrait in the book, nor will there be in any future book of mine. There are portraits in the "Clerical Scenes;" but that was my first bit of art, and my hand was not well in. I did not know so well how to manipulate my materials. As soon as the Liggins falsehood is annihilated, of course there will be twenty new ones in its place; and one of the first will be that I was not the sole author. The only safe thing for my mind's health is to shut my ears and go on with my work.

Thanks for your letters. They have given me one pleasure, — that of knowing that Mr. Liggins has not been *greatly* culpable, — though Mr. Bracebridge's statement, that only "some small sums" have been collected, does not accord with what has been written to Mr. Blackwood from other counties. But "Oh, I am sick!" Take no more trouble about me, and let every one believe — as they will, in spite of your kind efforts — *what they like to believe.* I can't tell you how much melancholy it causes me that people are, for the most part, so incapable of comprehending the state of mind which cares for that which is essentially human in all forms of belief, and desires to exhibit it under all forms with loving truthfulness. Free-thinkers are scarcely wider than the orthodox in this matter, — they all want to see themselves and their own opinions held up as the true and the lovely. On the same ground that an idle woman, with flirtations and flounces, likes to read a French novel, because she can imagine herself the heroine, grave people, with opinions, like the most admirable character in a novel to be their mouthpiece. If art does not enlarge

Letter to Chas. Bray, 5th July, 1859.

men's sympathies, it does nothing morally. I have had heart-cutting experience that *opinions* are a poor cement between human souls; and the only effect I ardently long to produce by my writings is, that those who read them should be better able to *imagine* and to *feel* the pains and the joys of those who differ from themselves in everything but the broad fact of being struggling, erring, human creatures.

We shall not start till Saturday, and shall not reach Lucerne till the *evening* of the 11th. There is a project of our returning through Holland, but the attractions of Lucerne are sure to keep us there as long as possible. We have given up Zurich in spite of Moleschott and science. The other day I said to Mr. Lewes, "Every now and then it comes across me, like the recollection of some precious little store laid by, that there is Mrs. Congreve in the world." That is how people talk of you in your absence.

Letter to Mrs. Congreve, 6th July, 1859.

July 9. — We started for Switzerland. Spent a delightful day in Paris. To the Louvre first, where we looked chiefly at the "Marriage at Cana," by Paul Veronese. This picture, the greatest I have seen of his, converted me to high admiration of him.

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July 12. — Arrived at Lucerne in the evening. Glad to make a home at the charming Schweizerhof on the banks of the Lake. G. went to call on the Congreves, and in the afternoon Mrs. Congreve came to chat with us. In the evening we had a boat on the Lake.

July 13. — G. set off for Hofwyl at five o'clock, and the three next days were passed by me in quiet chat with the Congreves and quiet resting on my own sofa.

July 19. — Spent the morning in Bâle, chiefly under the chestnut-trees, near the Cathedral, I reading aloud Flourens's sketch of Cuvier's labours. In the afternoon to Paris.

July 21. — Holly Lodge, Wandsworth. Found a charming letter from Dickens, and pleasant letters from Blackwood: nothing to annoy us. Before we set off we had heard the excellent news that the fourth edition of "Adam Bede" (5000) had all been sold in a fortnight. The fifth edition appeared last week.

We reached here last evening, and though I was a good deal over-done in getting to Lucerne, I have borne the equally rapid journey back without headache, — a proof that I am strengthened. I had three quiet days of talk with the Congreves at Lucerne, while Mr. Lewes went to Hofwyl. Mrs. Congreve is one of those women of whom there are few, — rich in intelligence, without pretension, and quivering with sensibility, yet calm and quiet in her manners.

Letter to Mrs. Bray, 23d July, 1859.

I thank you for your offer about the money for "Adam," but I have intentions of stern thrift, and mean to want as little as possible. When "Maggie" is done, and I have a month or two of leisure, I should like to transfer our present house, into which we were driven by haste and economy, to some one who likes houses full of eyes all round him. I long for a house with some shade and grass close round it, — I don't care how rough, — and the sight of Swiss houses has heightened my longing. But at present I say Avaunt to all desires.

Letter to John Blackwood, 23d July, 1859.

While I think of it, let me beg of you to mention to the superintendent of your printing-office, that in case of another reprint of "Adam," I beg the

word "sperrit" (for "spirit") may be particularly attended to. Adam never said "speerit," as he is made to do in the cheaper edition, at least in one place, — his speech at the birthday dinner. This is a small matter; but it is a point I care about.

Words fail me about the not impossible Pug, for some compunction at having mentioned my unreasonable wish will mingle itself paradoxically with the hope that it may be fulfilled.

I hope we shall have other interviews to remember this time next year, and that you will find me without aggravated symptoms of the "author's malady," — a determination to talk of my own books, which I was alarmingly conscious of when you and the Major were here. After all, I fear authors must submit to be something of monsters, — not quite simple, healthy human beings; but I will keep my monstrosity within bounds if possible.

Letter to Mrs. Bray, 26th July, 1859.

The things you tell me are just such as I need to know, — I mean about the help my book is to the people who read it. The weight of my future life — the self-questioning whether my nature will be able to meet the heavy demands upon it, both of personal duty and intellectual production — presses upon me almost continually in a way that prevents me even from tasting the quiet joy I might have in the *work done*. Buoyancy and exultation, I fancy, are out of the question when one has lived so long as I have. But I am the better for every word of encouragement, and am helped over many days by such a note as yours. I often think of my dreams when I was four or five and twenty. I thought then how happy fame would make me. I feel no regret that the

fame, as such, brings no pleasure; but it *is* a grief to me that I do not constantly feel strong in thankfulness that my past life has vindicated its uses, and given me reason for gladness that such an unpromising woman child was born into the world. I ought not to care about small annoyances, and it is chiefly egoism that makes them annoyances. I had quite an *enthusiastic* letter from Herbert Spencer the other day about "Adam Bede." He says he feels the better for reading it, — really words to be treasured up. I can't bear the idea of appearing further in the papers. And there is no one now except people who would not be convinced, though one rose from the dead, to whom any statement *apropos* of Liggins would be otherwise than superfluous. I daresay some "investigator" of the Bracebridge order will arise after I am dead and revive the story, — and perhaps posterity will believe in Liggins. Why not? A man a little while ago wrote a pamphlet to prove that the Waverley novels were chiefly written, not by Walter Scott, but by Thomas Scott and his wife Elizabeth. The main evidence being that several people thought Thomas cleverer than Walter, and that in the list of the Canadian regiment of Scots to which Thomas belonged, many of the *names* of the Waverley novels occurred, — among the rest *Monk*, — and in "Woodstock" there is a *General Monk!* The writer expected to get a great reputation by his pamphlet, and I think it might have suggested to Mr. B. his style of critical and historical inference. I must tell you, *in confidence*, that Dickens has written to me the noblest, most touching words about "Adam," — not hyperbolical compliments, but expressions of deep feeling. He says the reading made an epoch in his life.

Pug is come! — come to fill up the void left by false and narrow-hearted friends. I see already that he is without envy, hatred, or malice, — that he will betray no secrets, and feel neither pain at my success nor pleasure in my chagrin. I hope the photograph does justice to his physiognomy. It is expressive: full of gentleness and affection, and radiant with intelligence when there is a savoury morsel in question, — a hopeful indication of his mental capacity. I distrust all intellectual pretension that announces itself by obtuseness of palate!

Letter to John Blackwood, 30th July, 1859.

I wish you could see him in his best *pose*, — when I have arrested him in a violent career of carpet-scratching, and he looks at me with forelegs very wide apart, trying to penetrate the deep mystery of this arbitrary, not to say capricious, prohibition. He is snoring by my side at this moment, with a serene promise of remaining quiet for any length of time: he could n't behave better if he had been expressly educated for me. I am too lazy a lover of dogs and all earthly things to like them when they give me much trouble, preferring to describe the pleasure other people have in taking trouble.

Alas! the shadow that tracks all earthly good, — the possibility of loss. One may lose one's faculties, which will not always fetch a high price; how much more a *Pug* worth unmentionable sums, — a Pug which some generous-hearted personage in some other corner of Great Britain than Edinburgh may even now be sending emissaries after, being bent on paying the kindest, most delicate attention to a sensitive mortal not sufficiently reticent of wishes.

All I can say of that generous-hearted personage

No. 2 is, that I wish he may get — somebody else's Pug, not mine. And all I will say of the sensitive, insufficiently reticent mortal No. 2 is, that I hope he may be as pleased and as grateful as George Eliot.

I look forward to playing duets with you as one of my future pleasures; and if I am able to go on working, I hope we shall afford to have a fine grand piano. I have none of Mozart's Symphonies, so that you can be guided in your choice of them entirely by your own taste. I know Beethoven's Sonata in E flat well; it is a very charming one, and I shall like to hear you play it. That is one of my luxuries, — to sit still and hear some one playing my favourite music; so that you may be sure you will find willing ears to listen to the fruits of your industrious practising.

Letter to Charles L. Lewes, 30th July, 1859.

There are ladies in the world, not a few, who play the violin, and I wish I were one of them, for then we could play together sonatas for the piano and violin, which make a charming combination. The violin gives that *keen edge* of tone which the piano wants.

I like to know that you were gratified by getting a watch so much sooner than you expected; and it was the greater satisfaction to me to send it you, because you had earned it by making good use of these precious years at Hofwyl. It is a great comfort to your father and me to think of that, for we, with our old grave heads, can't help talking very often of the need our boys will have for all sorts of good qualities and habits in making their way through this difficult life. It is a world, you perceive, in which cross-bows *will* be *launisch* sometimes, and frustrate the skill of excellent marksmen, — how much more of lazy bunglers?

The first volume of the "Physiology of Common Life" is just published, and it is a great pleasure to see so much of your father's hard work successfully finished. He has been giving a great deal of labour to the numbers on the physiology of the nervous system, which are to appear in the course of two or three months, and he has enjoyed the labour in spite of the drawback of imperfect health, which obliges him very often to leave the desk with a hot and aching head. It is quite my worst trouble that he has so much of this discomfort to bear; and we must all try and make everything else as pleasant to him as we can, to make up for it.

Tell Thornton he shall have the book he asks for, if possible, — I mean the book of moths and butterflies; and tell Bertie I expect to hear about the wonderful things he has done with his pocket-knife. Tell him he is equipped well enough to become king of a desert island with that pocket-knife of his; and if, as I think I remember, it has a cork-screw attached, he would certainly have more implements than he would need in that romantic position.

We shall hope to hear a great deal of your journey, with all its haps and mishaps. The mishaps are just as pleasant as the haps when they are past, — that is one comfort for tormented travellers.

You are an excellent correspondent, so I do not fear you will flag in writing to me; and remember, you are always giving a pleasure when you write to me.

Aug. 11. — Received a letter from an American, Mr. J. C. Evans, asking me to write a story for an American periodical. Answered that I could not write one for less than

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£1000, since, in order to do it, I must suspend my actual work.

I do wish much to see more of human life, — how can one see enough in the short years one has to stay in the world? But I meant that at present my mind works with the most freedom and the keenest sense of poetry in my remotest past, and there are many strata to be worked through before I can begin to use, *artistically*, any material I may gather in the present. Curiously enough, *apropos* of your remark about "Adam Bede," there is much less "out of my own life" in that book, — *i. e.*, the materials are much more a combination from imperfectly known and widely sundered elements than the "Clerical Scenes." I 'm so glad you have enjoyed these, — so thankful for the words you write me.

Letter to Madame Bodichon, 11th Aug. 1859.

Aug. 12. — Mr. J. C. Evans wrote again, declaring his willingness to pay the £1000, and asking for an interview to arrange preliminaries.

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Aug. 15. — Declined the American proposition, which was to write a story of twelve parts (weekly parts) in the "New York Century" for £1200.

I have re-read your whole proof, and feel that every serious reader will be impressed with the indications of real truth-seeking and heart-experience in the tone. Beginnings are always troublesome. Even Macaulay's few pages of introduction to his Introduction in the English History are the worst bit of writing in the book. It was no trouble to me to read your proof, so don't talk as if it had been.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 15th Aug. 185[illegible].

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Aug. 17. — Received a letter from Blackwood, with cheque for £200 for second edition of "Clerical Scenes."

Letter to John Blackwood, 17th Aug. 1859.

I 'm glad my story cleaves to you. At present I have no hope that it will affect people as strongly as "Adam" has done. The characters are on a lower level generally, and the environment less romantic. But my stories grow in me like plants, and this is only in the leaf-bud. I have faith that the flower will come. Not enough faith, though, to make me like the idea of beginning to print till the flower is fairly out, — till I know the end as well the beginning.

Pug develops new charms every day. I think, in the prehistoric period of his existence, before he came to me, he had led a sort of Caspar Hauser life, shut up in a kennel in Bethnal Green; and he has had to get over much astonishment at the sight of cows and other rural objects on a large scale, which he marches up to and surveys with the gravity of an "Own Correspondent," whose business it is to observe. He has absolutely no bark; but, *en revanche*, he sneezes powerfully, and has speaking eyes, so the *media* of communication are abundant. He sneezes at the world in general, and he looks affectionately at me.

I envy you the acquaintance of a genuine non-bookish man like Captain Speke. I wonder when men of that sort will take their place as heroes in our literature, instead of the inevitable "genius"?

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Aug. 20. — Letter from the troublesome Mr. Quirk of Attleboro, still wanting satisfaction about Liggins. I did not leave it unanswered, because he is a friend of Chrissey's, but G. wrote for me.

Our great difficulty is *time*. I am little better

than a sick nigger with the lash behind him at present. If we go to Penmaenmawr, we shall travel all through by night, in order not to lose more than one day; and we shall pause at Lichfield on our way back. To pause at Coventry would be a real pleasure to me; but I think, even if we could do it on our way home, it would be better economy to wait until the sense of hurry is past, and make it a little reward for work done. The going to the coast seems to be a wise measure, quite apart from indulgence. We are both so feeble; but otherwise I should have kept my resolution and remained quiet here for the next six months.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 20th Aug. 1859.

Aug. 25. — In the evening of this day we set off on our journey to Penmaenmawr. We reached Conway at half-past three in the morning; and finding that it was hopeless to get a bed anywhere, we walked about the town till the morning began to dawn, and we could see the outline of the fine old castle's battlemented walls. In the morning we went to Llandudno, thinking that might suit us better than Penmaenmawr. We found it ugly and fashionable. Then we went off to Penmaenmawr, which was beautiful to our heart's content, — or rather discontent, — for it would not receive us, being already filled with visitors. Back again in despair to Conway, where we got temporary lodgings at one of the numerous Joneses. This particular Jones happened to be honest and obliging, and we did well enough for a few days in our indoor life, but out of doors there were cold winds and rain. One day we went to Abergele and found a solitary house, called Beach House, which it seemed possible we might have at the end of a few days. But no!

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and the winds were so cold on this northerly coast, that George was not sorry, preferring rather to take flight southward. So we set out again on 31st, and reached Lichfield about half-past five. Here we meant to pass the night, that I might see my nieces,—dear Chrissey's orphan children,—Emily and Kate. I was much comforted by the sight of them, looking happy, and apparently under excellent care in Miss Eborall's school. We slept at the "Swan," where I remember being with my father and mother when I was a little child, and afterwards with my father alone, in our last journey into Derbyshire. The next morning we set off again, and completed our journey to Weymouth. Many delicious walks and happy hours we had in our fortnight there. A letter from Mr. Langford informed us that the subscription for the sixth edition of "Adam Bede" was 1000. Another pleasant incident was a letter from my old friend and schoolfellow, Martha Jackson, asking if the author of "Adam Bede" was *her* Marian Evans.

Sept. 16. — We reached home, and found letters awaiting us, — one from Mr. Quirk, finally renouncing Liggins! — with tracts of an ultra-evangelical kind for me, and the Parish Mag., &c., from the Rev. Erskine Clark of St. Michael's, Derby, who had written to me to ask me to help him in this sort of work.

Letter to Madame Bodichon, 17th Sept. 1859.

I have just been reading, with deep interest and heart-stirring, the article on the Infant Seamstresses in the "Englishwoman's Journal." I am one among the grateful readers of that moving description, — moving because the writer's own soul was moved by love and pity in the writing of it. These are

the papers that will make the "Journal" a true organ with a *function*. I am writing at the end of the day, on the brink of sleep, too tired to think of anything but that picture of the little sleeping slop-worker who had pricked her tiny finger so.

Sept. 18. — A volume of devotional poetry from the authoress of "Visiting my Relations," with an inscription admonishing me not to be beguiled by the love of money. *In much anxiety and doubt about my new novel.*

Journal, 1859.

Oct. 7. — Since the last entry in my Journal various matters of interest have occurred. Certain "new" ideas have occurred to me in relation to my novel, and I am in better hope of it. At Weymouth I had written to Blackwood to ask him about terms, supposing I published in "Maga." His answer determined me to decline. On Monday, the 26th, we set out on a three days' journey to Lincolnshire and back, — very pleasant and successful both as to weather and the object I was in search of. A less pleasant business has been a correspondence with a *crétin*, — a Warwickshire magistrate, who undertakes to declare the process by which I wrote my books; — and who is the chief propagator and maintainer of the story that Liggins is at the bottom of the "Clerical Scenes" and "Adam Bede." It is poor George who has had to conduct the correspondence, making his head hot by it, to the exclusion of more fructifying work. To-day, in answer to a letter from Sara, I have written her an account of my interviews with my Aunt Samuel. This evening comes a letter from Miss Brewster, full of well-meant exhortation.

Journal, 1859-Oct. 7.

The very best bit of news I can tell you to begin

with is that your father's "Physiology of Common Life" is selling remarkably well, being much in request among medical students. You are not to be a medical student, but I hope, nevertheless, you will by-and-by read the work with interest. There is to be a new edition of the "Sea-side Studies" at Christmas, or soon after, — a proof that this book also meets with a good number of readers. I wish you could have seen to-day, as I did, the delicate spinal cord of a dragon-fly, — like a tiny thread with tiny beads on it, — which your father had just dissected! He is so wonderfully clever now at the dissection of these delicate things, and has attained this cleverness entirely by devoted practice during the last three years. I hope *you* have some of his resolution and persistent regularity in work. I think you have, if I may judge from your application to music, which I am always glad to read of in your letters. I was a very idle practiser, and I often regret now that when I had abundant time and opportunity for hours of piano playing, I used them so little. I have about eighteen Sonatas and Symphonies of Beethoven, I think, but I shall be delighted to find that you can play them better than I can. I am very sensitive to blunders and wrong notes, and instruments out of tune; but I have never played much from ear, though I used to play from memory a great deal. The other evening Mr. Pigott, whom you remember, Mr. Redford, another friend of your father's, and Mr. Wilkie Collins, dined with us, and we had a charming musical evening: Mr. Pigott has a delicious tenor voice, and Mr. Redford a fine baritone. The latter sings "Adelaide," that exquisite song of Beethoven's, which I should like you to learn.

Letter to Charles L. Lewes, 7th Oct. 1859.

Schubert's songs, too, I especially delight in; but, as you say, they are difficult.

It is pleasant to have to tell you that Mr. Bracebridge has been at last awakened to do the right thing. This morning came a letter enclosing the following to me: —

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 10th Oct. 1859.

"Madame, I have much pleasure on receiving your declaration that, '&c. &c.,' in replying that I frankly accept your declaration as the truth, and I shall repeat it, if the contrary is again asserted to me."

This is the first symptom we have had from him of common-sense. I am very thankful, — for it ends transactions with him.

Mr. Lewes is of so sensitive a temperament, and so used to feeling more angry and more glad on my behalf than his own, that he has been made, several mornings, quite unable to go on with his work by this irritating correspondence. It is all my fault, for if he did n't see in the first instance that I am completely upset by anything that arouses unloving emotions, he would never feel as he does about outer sayings and doings. No one is more indifferent than he is to what is said about himself. No more about my business, let us hope, for a long while to come!

The Congreves are settled at home again now, — blessing us with the sight of kind faces, — Mr. Congreve beginning his medical course.

Delicious confusion of ideas! Mr. Lewes, walking in Wandsworth, saw a good woman cross over the street to speak to a blind man. She accosted him with, "Well, *I* knew you, *though you are dark!*"

I wish you had read the letter you enclosed to me; it is really curious. The writer, an educated

person, asks me to perfect and extend the benefit "Adam Bede" has "conferred on society" by writing a *sequel* to it, in which I am to tell all about Hetty after her reprieve: "Arthur's efforts to obtain the reprieve, and his desperate ride after obtaining it, — Dinah on board the convict ship, — Dinah's letters to Hetty, — and whatever the author might choose to reveal concerning Hetty's years of banishment. Minor instances of the incompleteness which induces an unsatisfactory feeling may be alleged in the disposal of the *locket and ear-rings*, — which everybody expects to reappear, — and in the incident of the pink silk neckerchief, of which all would like to hear a little more"!!

Letter to John Blackwood, 16th Oct. 1859.

I do feel more than I ought about outside sayings and doings, and I constantly rebuke myself for all that part of my susceptibility, which I know to be weak and egoistic; still what is said about one's art is not merely a personal matter, — it touches the very highest things one lives for. *Truth* in art is so startling that no one can believe in it as art, and the specific forms of religious life which have made some of the grandest elements in human history are looked down upon as if they were not within the artist's sympathy and veneration and intensely dramatic reproduction. "I do well to be angry" on that ground, don't I? The simple fact is, that I never saw anything of my aunt's writing, and Dinah's words came from me "as the tears come because our heart is full, and we can't help them."

If you were living in London instead of at Edinburgh, I should ask you to read the first volume of "Sister Maggie" at once, for the sake of having your impression, but it is inconvenient to me

to part with the MS. The great success of "Adam" makes my writing a matter of more anxiety than ever. I suppose there is a little sense of responsibility mixed up with a great deal of pride. And I think I should worry myself still more if I began to print before the thing is essentially complete. So on all grounds it is better to wait. How clever and picturesque the "Horse-dealer in Syria" is! I read him with keen interest, only wishing that he saw the seamy side of things rather less habitually. Excellent Captain Speke can't write so well, but one follows him out of grave sympathy. That a man should live through such things as that beetle in his ear! Such papers as that make the *specialité* of "Blackwood," — one sees them nowhere else.

Oct. 16. — Yesterday came a pleasant packet of letters: one from Blackwood saying that they are printing a seventh edition of "Adam Bede" (of 2000), and that "Clerical Scenes" will soon be exhausted. I have finished the first volume of my new novel, "Sister Maggie;" have got my legal questions answered satisfactorily, and when my headache has cleared off, must go at it full speed.

Journal, 1859.

Does it ever happen to you now to think of a certain Englishwoman, *née* Marian Evans? She seems perhaps to deserve that you should forget her, seeing that she has let years pass without any sign of her existence. But in reality she is not so blameworthy. When more than two years ago I wrote to you that we were going to the coast, I could not give you our permanent address, not knowing what it would be; and it did not occur to me to mention any other address. Having made this omission, I could not

Letter to M. D'Albert, 18th Oct. 1859.

hear from you again; and I had not the courage to write myself again, not feeling that I had anything to tell you that would be worth sending over the Jura.

But in these last three years a great change has come over my life, — a change in which I cannot help believing that both you and Madame D'Albert will rejoice. Under the influences of the intense happiness I have enjoyed from thorough moral and intellectual sympathy, I have at last found out my true vocation, after which my nature had always been feeling and striving uneasily without finding it. What do you think that vocation is? I pause for you to guess.

I have turned out to be an artist, — not as you are, with the pencil and the palette, but with words. I have written a novel which people say has stirred them very deeply; and *not* a *few* people, but almost all reading England. It was published in February last, and already 14,000 copies have been sold. The title is "Adam Bede;" and "George Eliot," the name on the titlepage, is my *nom de plume*. I had previously written another work of fiction, called "Scenes of Clerical Life," which had a great *literary* success, but not a great *popular* success, such as "Adam Bede" has had. Both are now published by Tauchnitz in his series of English novels.

I think you will believe that I do not write you word of this out of any small vanity. My books are deeply serious things to me, and come out of all the painful discipline, all the most hardly learnt lessons of my past life. I write you word of it, because I believe that both your kind heart and Madame D'Albert's too will be touched with real joy that one whom you knew when she was not

very happy, and when her life seemed to serve no purpose of much worth, has been at last blessed with the sense that she has done something worth living and suffering for. And I write also because I want to give both you and her a proof that I still think of you with grateful affectionate recollection.

My books are such close and detailed pictures of English life, that I hardly know whether they will affect foreign readers as strongly. Yet I cannot help wishing that Madame D'Albert could read them, for I think the views with which they are written would excite her sympathy.

I am very much changed from the " Minie " of old days: the years have altered me as much inwardly as outwardly. In some things, however, I am just the same, — in some of my failings, I fear; but it is not a failing to retain a vivid remembrance of past scenes, and to feel warmly towards friends whose kindness lies far back in the distance, and in these things I am the same as when I used to walk on La Treille with you or Madame D'Albert.

Do I deserve that you should write me some word about your lives? Everything you could tell on that subject would be interesting. Alphonse and Charles are now bearded men, — are they not? I remember them with the more interest, because Mr. Lewes has three boys, the youngest of whom is about the age your Charles had reached when I was at Geneva. Our boys are all three at Hofwyl under Dr. Müller, who has revived Fellenberg's institute there. They went soon after I wrote to you on the subject of a foreign school, the Hofwyl school appearing to suit Mr. Lewes's views better than that of the Genevese gentleman whom you kindly mentioned to me. I almost fear to send my

letter after the long lapse of time in which I have known nothing of you. What sad things may have happened! Yet I will hope that such fear is groundless, and that you and Madame D'Albert are leading the same peaceful pleasant life as ever, with excellent friends around you. How I should love to see Geneva again! But that, too, is greatly changed, is it not?

We were in Switzerland in the summer, but had not time to go so far south as Geneva. Another time when we go into Italy, I hope to revisit the dear old scene, and to show it to my husband.

Farewell, dear friend. Ask Madame D'Albert to accept my affectionate regards.

Journal, 1859.

Oct. 25. — The day before yesterday Herbert Spencer dined with us. We have just finished reading aloud "Père Goriot," — a hateful book. I have been reading lately and have nearly finished Comte's "Catechism."

Oct. 28. — Received from Blackwood a cheque for £400, the last payment for "Adam Bede" in the terms of the agreement. But in consequence of the great success, he proposes to pay me £800 more at the beginning of next year. Yesterday Smith, the publisher, called to make propositions to G. about writing in the "Cornhill Magazine."

Letter to John Blackwood, 28th Oct. 1859.

I beg that you and Major Blackwood will accept my thanks for your proposal to give me a further share in the success of "Adam Bede," beyond the terms of our agreement, which are fulfilled by the second cheque for £400, received this morning. Neither you nor I ever calculated on half such a success, thinking that the book was too quiet, and too unflattering to dominant fashion, ever to be very

popular. I hope that opinion of ours is a guarantee that there is nothing hollow or transient in the reception "Adam" has met with. Sometimes when I read a book which has had a great success, and am unable to see any valid merits of an artistic kind to account for it, I am visited with a horrible alarm lest "Adam," too, should ultimately sink into the same class of outworn admirations. But I always fall back on the fact that no shibboleth and no vanity is flattered by it, and that there is no novelty of mere form in it which can have delighted simply by startling.

Journal, 1859.

Nov. 10. — Dickens dined with us to-day, for the first time, and after he left I went to the Congreves', where George joined me, and we had much chat — about George Stephenson, religion, &c.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 11th Nov. 1859.

A very beautiful letter — beautiful in feeling — that I have received from Mrs. Gaskell to-day, prompts me to write to you and let you know how entirely she has freed herself from any imputation of being unwilling to accept the truth when it has once clearly presented itself as truth. Since she has known "on authority" that the two books are mine, she has re-read them, and has written to me, apparently on the prompting they gave in that second reading, — very sweet and noble words they are that she has written to me. Yesterday Dickens dined with us, on *his* return from the country. That was a great pleasure to me: he is a man one can thoroughly enjoy talking to, — there is a strain of real seriousness along with his keenness and humour.

The Liggins affair is concluded so far as any *action* of ours is concerned, since Mr. Quirk (the

inmost citadel, I presume) has surrendered by writing an apology to Blackwood, saying he now believes he was imposed on by Mr. Liggins. As to Miss Martineau, I respect her so much as an authoress, and have so pleasant a recollection of her as a hostess for three days, that I wish that distant impression from herself and her writings to be disturbed as little as possible by mere personal details. Anything she may do, or say, or feel concerning me personally, is a matter of entire indifference: I share her bitterness with a large number of far more blameless people than myself. It can be of no possible benefit to me, or any one else, that I should know more of those things, either past, present, or to come. "I do owe no man anything," except to write honestly and religiously what comes from my inward promptings; and the freer I am kept of all knowledge of that comparatively small circle who mingle personal regards or hatred with their judgment or reception of my writings, the easier it will be to keep my motives free from all indirectness and write truly.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 14th Nov. 1859.

Nov. 18. — On Monday Dickens wrote asking me to give him, after I have finished my present novel, a story to be printed in "All the Year Round," — to begin four months after next Easter, and assuring me of my own terms. The next day G. had an interview by appointment with Evans (of Bradbury & Evans), and Lucas, the editor of "Once a Week," who, after preliminary pressing of G. himself to contribute, put forward their wish that I should give them a novel for their Magazine. They were to write and make an offer, but have not yet done so. We have written to Dickens saying that *time*

Journal, 1859.

is an insurmountable obstacle to his proposition, as he puts it.

I am reading Thomas à Kempis.

Nov. 19. — Mr. Lockhart Clarke and Mr. Herbert Spencer dined with us.

Nov. 22. — We have been much annoyed lately by Newby's advertisement of a book called "Adam Bede, Junior," a sequel; and to-day Dickens has written to mention a story of the tricks which are being used to push the book under the pretence of its being mine. One librarian has been forced to order the book against his will, because the public have demanded it! Dickens is going to put an article on the subject in "Household Words," in order to scarify the rascally bookseller.

Nov. 23. — We began Darwin's book on "The Origin of Species" to-night. Though full of interesting matter, it is not impressive, from want of luminous and orderly presentation.

Nov. 24. — This morning I wrote the scene between Mrs. Tulliver and Wakem. G. went into town and saw young Evans (of Bradbury & Evans), who agreed that it would be well to have an article in "Punch" on this scoundrelly business of "Adam Bede, Junior." A divine day. I walked out, and Mrs. Congreve joined me. Then music, "Arabian Nights," and Darwin.

Nov. 25. — I am reading old Bunyan again after the long lapse of years, and am profoundly struck with the true genius manifested in the simple, vigorous, rhythmic style.

Thanks for "Bentley." Some one said the writer of the article on "Adam Bede" was a Mr. Mozley, a clergyman, and a writer in the "Times;" but these reports about authorship are as often false as true.

Letter to the Brays, 25th Nov. 1859.

I think it is, on the whole, the best review we have seen, unless we must except the one in the "Revue des Deux Mondes," by Émile Montégut. I don't mean to read *any* reviews of my next book; so far as they would produce any effect, they would be confusing. Everybody admires something that somebody else finds fault with; and the miller with his donkey was in a clear and decided state of mind compared with the unfortunate writer who should set himself to please all the world of review writers. I am compelled, in spite of myself, to be annoyed with this business of "Adam Bede, Junior." You see I am well provided with thorns in the flesh, lest I should be exalted beyond measure. To part with the copyright of a book which sells 16,000 in one year — to have a Liggins and an unknown writer of one's "Sequel" all to one's self — is excellent discipline.

We are reading Darwin's book on Species, just come out after long expectation. It is an elaborate exposition of the evidence in favour of the Development Theory, and so makes an epoch. Do you see how the publishing world is going mad on periodicals? If I could be seduced by such offers, I might have written three poor novels, and made my fortune in one year. Happily, I have no need to exert myself when I say "Avaunt thee, Satan!" Satan, in the form of bad writing and good pay, is not seductive to me.

Journal, 1859.

Nov. 26. — Letter from Lucas, editor of "Once a Week," anxious to come to terms about my writing for said periodical.

Letter to Charles L. Lewes, 26th Nov. 1859.

It was very pretty and generous of you to send me a nice long letter out of your turn, and I think I shall give you, as a reward, other opportunities of being gen-

erous in the same way for the next few months, for I am likely to be a poor correspondent, having my head and hands full.

We have the whole of Vilmar's "Literatur Geschichte," but not the remainder of the "Deutsche Humoristik." I agree with you in liking the history of German literature, especially the earlier ages — the birth-time of the legendary poetry. Have you read the "Nibelungenlied" yet?

Whereabouts are you in Algebra? It would be very pleasant to study it with you, if I could possibly find time to rub up my knowledge. It is now a good while since I looked into Algebra, but I was very fond of it in old days, though I daresay I never went so far as you have now gone. Tell me your latitude and longitude.

I have no memory of an autumn so disappointing as this. It is my favourite season. I delight especially in the golden and red tints under the purple clouds. But this year the trees were almost stripped of their leaves before they had changed colour, — dashed off by the winds and rain. We have had *no* autumnal beauty.

I am writing at night, — very tired, — so you must not wonder if I have left out words, or been otherwise incoherent.

Nov. 29. — Wrote a letter to the "Times," and to Delane about Newby. Journal, 1859.

I took no notice of the extract you sent me from a letter of Mrs. Gaskell's, being determined not to engage in any writing on the topic of my authorship, except such as was absolutely demanded of us. But since then I have had a very beautiful letter from Mrs. Gaskell, and I will quote some of her words, because they do her honour, and will incline you to Letter to Madame Bodichon, 5th Dec. 1859.

think more highly of her. She begins in this way: "Since I heard, on authority, that you were the author of 'Scenes of Clerical Life' and 'Adam Bede,' I have read them again, and I must once more tell you how earnestly, fully, and *humbly* I admire them. I never read anything so complete and beautiful in fiction in my life before." Very sweet and noble of her, was it not? She went on to speak of her having held to the notion of Liggins, but she adds, "I was never such a goose as to believe that books like yours were a mosaic of real and ideal." The "Seth Bede" and "Adam Bede, Junior," are speculations of those who are always ready to fasten themselves like leeches on a popular fame. Such things must be endured: they are the shadow to the bright fact of selling 16,000 in one year. As to the silly falsehoods and empty opinions afloat in some petty circles, I have quite conquered my temporary irritation about them, — indeed, I feel all the more serene now for that very irritation. It has impressed on me more deeply how entirely the rewards of the artist lie apart from everything that is narrow and personal: there is no peace until that lesson is thoroughly learned. I shall go on writing from my inward promptings, — writing what I love and believe, what I feel to be true and good, if I can only render it worthily, — and then leave all the rest to take its chance: "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be" with those who are to produce any art that will lastingly touch the generations of men. We have been reading Darwin's book on the "Origin of Species" just now: it makes an epoch, as the expression of his thorough adhesion, after long years of study, to the Doctrine of Development — and not the adhesion of an anonym

like the author of the "Vestiges," but of a long-celebrated naturalist. The book is sadly wanting in illustrative facts, — of which he has collected a vast number, but reserves them for a future book, of which this smaller one is the *avant coureur*. This will prevent the work from becoming popular as the "Vestiges" did, but it will have a great effect in the scientific world, causing a thorough and open discussion of a question about which people have hitherto felt timid. So the world gets on step by step towards brave clearness and honesty! But to me the Development Theory, and all other explanations of processes by which things came to be, produce a feeble impression compared with the mystery that lies under the processes. It is nice to think of you reading our great, great favourite Molière, while, for the present, we are not taking him down from the shelves, — only talking about him, as we do very often. I get a good deal of pleasure out of the sense that some one I love is reading and enjoying my best-loved writers. I think the "Misanthrope" the finest, most complete production *of its kind* in the world. I know you enjoy the "sonnet" scene, and the one between Arsinoé and Célimène.

In opposition to most people, who love to *read* Shakspeare, I like to see his plays acted better than any others: his great tragedies thrill me, let them be acted how they may. I think it is something like what I used to experience in old days in listening to uncultured preachers, — the emotions lay hold of one too strongly for one to care about the medium. Before all other plays I find myself cold and critical, seeing nothing but actors and "properties." I like going to those little provincial theatres. One's

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, Monday evening, 5th Dec. 1859.

heart streams out to the poor devils of actors who get so little clapping, and will go home to so poor a supper. One of my pleasures lately has been hearing repeatedly from my Genevese friends M. and Mme. D'Albert, who were so good to me during my residence with them. M. D'Albert had read the "Scenes of Clerical Life" before he knew they were mine, and had been so much struck with them that he had wanted to translate them. One likes to feel old ties strengthened by fresh sympathies. The "Cornhill Magazine" is going to lead off with great spirit, and promises to eclipse all the other new-born periodicals. Mr. Lewes is writing a series of papers for it, — "Studies in Animal Life," — which are to be subsequently published in a book. It is quite as well that your book should not be ready for publication just yet. February is a much better time than Christmas. I shall be one of your most eager readers, — for every book that comes from the heart of hearts does me good, and I quite share your faith that what you yourself feel so deeply, and find so precious, will find a home in some other minds. Do not suspect that I impose on you the task of writing letters to answer my *dilettante* questions. "Am I on a bed of roses?" I have four children to correspond with, — the three boys in Switzerland, and Emily at Lichfield.

Letter to M. D'Albert, 6th Dec. 1859.

Before your last letter came, I was thinking of writing to you again, to tell you of my real pleasure in once more knowing something of the way in which you and Madame D'Albert are passing your time, and in being assured by you that you both remember me with kind feeling. I had so vivid a recollection of poor Madame Chaponnière — of her fair face and

gentle manners, and of the affectionate relation there was between her and Madame D'Albert — that I did read your account of her trial and death with keen, sad interest. And now the husband, who, I used to think, had so many channels for the enjoyment of life, is gone too! I can enter thoroughly into the sensitive state Madame D'Albert must be thrown into, by going through so much experience of a kind to stir her deepest sympathies. I wish it might be anything like a ray of sunlight — a happy thought to her — to know how I cherish the memory of her goodness to me, and all the words, tones, and looks which were the interpreters of her character. The years deepen the value of our past to us, and of our friends who were part of that past.

I can understand that there are many pages in "Adam Bede" in which you do not recognise the "Marian" or "Minie" of old Geneva days. We knew each other too short a time, and I was under too partial and transient a phase of my mental history for me to pour out to you much of my earlier experience. I think I hardly ever spoke to you of the strong hold evangelical Christianity had on me from the age of fifteen to two-and-twenty, and of the abundant intercourse I had had with earnest people of various religious sects. When I was at Geneva, I had not yet lost the attitude of antagonism which belongs to the renunciation of *any* belief; also, I was very unhappy, and in a state of discord and rebellion towards my own lot. Ten years of experience have wrought great changes in that inward self. I have no longer any antagonism towards any faith in which human sorrow and human longing for purity have expressed themselves; on the contrary, I have a sympathy

with it that predominates over all argumentative tendencies. I have not returned to dogmatic Christianity, — to the acceptance of any set of doctrines as a creed, — a superhuman revelation of the unseen, — but I see in it the highest expression of the religious sentiment that has yet found its place in the history of mankind, and I have the profoundest interest in the inward life of sincere Christians in all ages. Many things that I should have argued against ten years ago, I now feel myself too ignorant, and too limited in moral sensibility, to speak of with confident disapprobation. On that question of our future existence to which you allude, I have undergone the sort of change I have just indicated, although my most rooted conviction is that the immediate object and the proper sphere of all our highest emotions are our struggling fellow-men in this earthly existence.

So much, in reply to your questions on those matters. I hope I shall not have made myself more obscure by my explanations.

We are very anxious to get an accomplished translator for "Adam Bede," and a little while ago Mr. Lewes wrote to Émile Montégut, whose answer we are expecting on the subject. Hitherto I have rejected propositions of translation, from the dread of having one's sentences metamorphosed into an expression of somebody else's meaning instead of one's own. I particularly wish my books to be well translated into French, because the French read so little English; and if there is any healthy truth in my art, surely they need it to purify their literary air!

I should love to go to Geneva again, and walk about the old spots with you, and introduce Mr. Lewes to you. He is already strongly interested

in you, not only through my conversation about you, but through your letters, and rejoices to present his compliments to you and Madame D'Albert. He is a person of the readiest and most facile intercourse, — thoroughly acquainted with French literature, and of the most varied tastes. His great passion is now biological science, and he is publishing a work entitled " The Physiology of Common Life," in which he has compressed in a popular form much hard study and independent research. But he is a very airy, bright, versatile creature, — not at all a formidable personage.

I am writing a new work, which will not be published till next Easter, so that just now my hands and brain are full. At Easter our eldest boy will come home from school, and that will make a new epoch in my domestic life, for hitherto we have lived alone. I hope my heart will be large enough for all the love that is required of me.

I have written to you an unconscionably long letter about myself, but it is not out of pure egoism. I feel with you under the recent trying scenes you have gone through. Perhaps these details, which carry you away for a little while from painful associations, may not be without some service to you.

At least, let them assure you and Madame D'Albert that the thought of you is one over which I instinctively linger, and that I like to find myself talking with you in imagination. I will not suppose that this assurance can be indifferent to you: it can never be indifferent to loving-hearted people to know that they are the means of creating some addition to the sum of happy thought and feeling in the world.

Dec. 15. — Blackwood proposes to give me for "The Mill on the Floss" £2000 for 4000 copies of an edition at 31*s.* 6*d.*, and after the same rate for any more that may be printed at the same price: £150 for 1000 at 12*s.*; and £60 for 1000 at 6*s.* I have accepted.

Journal, 1859.

Dec. 25. — Christmas Day. We all, including Pug, dined with Mr. and Mrs. Congreve, and had a delightful day. Mr. Bridges was there too.

I don't like Christmas to go by without sending you a greeting, though I have really nothing to say beyond that. We spent our Christmas Day with the Congreves, shutting up our house, and taking our servant and Pug with us. And so we ate our turkey and plum-pudding in very social, joyous fashion with those charming friends. Mr. Bridges was there too.

Letter to Mrs. Bray, 30th Dec. 1859.

We are meditating flight to Italy when my present work is done, as our last bit of vagrancy for a long, long while. We shall only stay two months, doing nothing but absorb.

I don't think I have anything else to tell, except that we, being very happy, wish all mortals to be in like condition, and especially the mortals we know in the flesh. Human happiness is a web with many threads of pain in it, — that is always *sub auditum*, — "Twist ye, twine ye, even so," &c. &c.

I never before had so pleasant a New Year's greeting as your letter containing a cheque for £800, for which I have to thank you to-day. On every ground — including considerations that are not at all of a monetary kind — I am deeply obliged to you and to Major Blackwood for your liberal conduct in relation to "Adam Bede."

Letter to John Blackwood, 3d Jan. 1860.

As, owing to your generous concession of the

copyright of "Adam Bede," the three books will be henceforth on the same footing, we shall be delivered from further discussion as to terms.

We are demurring about the title. Mr. Lewes is beginning to prefer *The House of Tulliver; or, Life on the Floss,* to our old notion of "Sister Maggie." *The Tullivers; or, Life on the Floss,* has the advantage of slipping easily off the lazy English tongue, but it is after too common a fashion ("The Newcomes," "The Bertrams," &c., &c.). Then there is *The Tulliver Family; or, Life on the Floss.* Pray meditate and give us your opinion.

I am very anxious that the "Scenes of Clerical Life" should have every chance of impressing the public with its existence: first, because I think it of importance to the estimate of me as a writer that "Adam Bede" should not be counted as my only book; and secondly, because there are ideas presented in these stories about which I care a good deal, and am not sure that I can ever embody again. This latter reason is my private affair; but the other reason, if valid, is yours also. I must tell you that I had another cheering letter to-day besides yours: one from a person of mark in your Edinburgh University,[1] full of the very strongest words of sympathy and encouragement, hoping that my life may long be spared "to give pictures of the deeper life of this age." So I sat down to my desk with a delicious confidence that my audience is not made up of reviewers and literary clubs. If there is any truth in me that the world wants, nothing will hinder the world from drinking what it is athirst for. And if there is no needful truth in me, let me, howl as I may in the process, be

[1] Professor Blackie.

hurled into the Domdaniel, where I wish all other futile writers to sink.

Your description of the "curling" made me envy you the sight.

The sun is shining with us too, and your pleasant letter made it seem to shine more brightly. I am not going to be expansive in this appendix to your father's chapter of love and news, for my head is tired with writing this morning, — it is not so young as yours, you know, and, besides, is a feminine head, supported by weaker muscles, and a weaker digestive apparatus than that of a young gentleman with a broad chest and hopeful whiskers. I don't wonder at your being more conscious of your attachment to Hofwyl now the time of leaving is so near. I fear you will miss a great many things in exchanging Hofwyl, with its snowy mountains and glorious spaces, for a very moderate home in the neighbourhood of London. You will have a less various, more arduous life; but the time of *Entbehrung* or *Entsagung* must begin, you know, for every mortal of us. And let us hope that we shall all — father and mother and sons — help one another with love.

Letter to Charles L. Lewes, 4th Jan. 1860.

What jolly times you have had lately! It did us good to read of your merrymaking.

"The Mill on the Floss" be it then! The only objections are, that the mill is not *strictly* on the Floss, being on its small tributary, and that the title is of rather laborious utterance. But I think these objections do not deprive it of its advantage over "The Tullivers; or, Life on the Floss," — the only alternative, so far as we can see. Pray give the casting-vote.

Letter to John Blackwood, 6th Jan. 1860.

Easter Monday, I see, is on the 8th April, and I wish to be out by the middle or end of March. Illness apart, I intend to have finished Vol. III. by the beginning of that month, and I hope no obstacle will impede the rapidity of the printing.

Jan. 11. — I have had a very delightful letter of sympathy from Professor Blackie of Edinburgh, which came to me on New Year's morning, and a proposal from Blackwood to publish a third edition of "Clerical Scenes" at 12*s.* George's article in the "Cornhill Magazine" — the first of a series of "Studies in Animal Life" — is much admired, and in other ways our New Year opens with happy omens.

Journal, 1860.

Thank you for letting me see the specimen advertisements; they have helped us to come to a decision, — namely, for "The Mill on the Floss."

Letter to John Blackwood, 12th Jan. 1860.

I agree with you that it will be well not to promise the book in March, — not because I do not desire and hope to be ready, but because I set my face against all pledges that I am not *sure* of being able to fulfil. The third volume is, I fancy, always more rapidly written than the rest. The third volume of "Adam Bede" was written in six weeks, even with headaching interruptions, because it was written under a stress of emotion, which first volumes cannot be. I will send you the first volume of "The Mill" at once. The second is ready, but I would rather keep it as long as I can. Besides the advantage to the book of being out by Easter, I have another reason for wishing to have done in time for that. We want to get away for two months to Italy, if possible, to feed my mind with fresh thoughts, and to assure ourselves of that fructifying holiday before the boys are about us,

making it difficult for us to leave home. But you may rely on it that no amount of horse-power would make me *hurry* over my book, so as not to do my best. If it is written fast, it will be because I can't help writing it fast.

Journal, 1860.

Jan. 16. — Finished my second volume this morning, and am going to send off the MS. of the first volume to-morrow. We have decided that the title shall be "The Mill on the Floss." We have been reading "Humphrey Clinker" in the evenings, and have been much disappointed in it, after the praise of Thackeray and Dickens.

Jan. 26. — Mr. Pigott, Mr. Redford, and Mr. F. Chapman dined with us, and we had a musical evening, — Mrs. Congreve and Miss Bury[1] joining us after dinner.

Letter to John Blackwood, 28th Jan. 1860.

Thanks for your letter of yesterday, with the Genevese enclosure. No promise, alas! of smallest watch expressing largest admiration, but a desire for "permission to translate."

I have been invalided for the last week, and, of course, am a prisoner in the castle of Giant Despair, who growls in my ear that "The Mill on the Floss" is detestable, and that the last volume will be the climax of that general detestableness. Such is the elation attendant on what a self-elected lady correspondent of mine from Scotland calls my "exciting career"!

I have had a great pleasure this week. Dr. Inman of Liverpool has dedicated a new book ("Foundation for a New Theory and Practice of Medicine") "to G. H. Lewes, as an acknowledgment of benefit received from noticing his close ob-

[1] Mrs. Congreve's sister.

servation and clear inductive reasoning in ' Seaside Studies ' and the ' Physiology of Common Life.' "

That is really gratifying, coming from a *physician* of some scientific mark, who is *not* a personal friend.

Feb. 4. — Came this morning a letter from Blackwood announcing the despatch of the first eight sheets of proof of " The Mill on the Floss," and expressing his delight in it. To-night G. has read them, and says, " *Ganz famos!* " Ebenezer! Journal, 1860.

I must be satisfied to send a very brief answer to your kind letter received this morning, that I may lose no time in giving you the authorisation which I enclose. Letter to M. D'Albert, 7th Feb. 1860.

I am deeply gratified by your consent to undertake the labour of translation, and I have more than a literary satisfaction in it. I have an affectionate pleasure in the thought that you and Madame D'Albert will talk over some of my pages together.

Mr. Lewes shares my feeling and my gratification as an author, that I can have so much confidence in my translator. In spite of your disbelief in the veracity of my descriptions, I shall persist in thinking he will not be disappointed if ever we have the pleasure of conversing in a quartet at Geneva. Your letters have already introduced you to him, apart from my descriptions. We are quite of your opinion as to the dialect in " Adam Bede." As simple, *Biblical* French as possible will be the best vehicle. And I think Mrs. Poyser's epigrams will wed themselves very felicitously to the most epigrammatic of languages.

Mr. Lewes begs me to express the pleasure he

feels in the revival of my correspondence with such valuable friends.

Journal, 1860.

Feb. 23. — Sir Edward Lytton called on us. Guy Darrell *in propriâ personâ.*

Sir Edward Lytton called on us yesterday. The conversation lapsed chiefly into monologue, from the difficulty I found in making him hear, but under all disadvantages I had an agreeable impression of his kindness and sincerity. He thinks the two defects of "Adam Bede" are the dialect and Adam's marriage with Dinah; but, of course, I would have my teeth drawn rather than give up either.

Letter to John Blackwood, 23d Feb. 1860.

Jacobi told Jean Paul that unless he altered the *dénouement* of his Titan, he would withdraw his friendship from him; and I am preparing myself for your lasting enmity on the ground of the tragedy in my third volume. But an unfortunate duck can only lay blue eggs, however much white ones may be in demand.

Feb. 29. — G. has been in the town to-day, and has agreed for £300 for "The Mill on the Floss" from Harpers of New York. This evening, too, has come a letter from Williams & Norgate, saying that Tauchnitz will give £100 for the German reprint; also, that "Bede Adam" is translated into Hungarian.

Journal, 1860.

March 5. — Yesterday Mr. Lawrence, the portrait painter, lunched with us, and expressed to G. his wish to take my portrait.

March 9. — Yesterday a letter from Blackwood, expressing his strong delight in my third volume, which he had read to the beginning of "Borne along by the Tide." To-day young Blackwood called, and told us, among other things, that the last copies of "Clerical Scenes" had gone to-day,

— twelve for export. Letter came from Germany, announcing a translation of G.'s "Biographical History of Philosophy."

March 11. — To-day the first volume of the German translation of "Adam Bede" came. It is done by Dr. Frese, the same man who translated the "Life of Goethe."

March 20. — Professor Owen sent me his "Palæontology" to-day. Have missed two days of work from headache, and so have not yet finished my book.

March 21. — Finished this morning "The Mill on the Floss," writing from the moment when Maggie, carried out on the water, thinks of her mother and brother. We hope to start for Rome on Saturday, 24th.

Magnificat anima mea!

The manuscript of "The Mill on the Floss" bears the following inscription: —

"To my beloved husband, George Henry Lewes, I give this MS. of my third book, written in the sixth year of our life together, at Holly Lodge, South Field, Wandsworth, and finished 21st March, 1860."

Letter to John Blackwood, 22d March, 1860.

Your letter yesterday morning helped to inspire me for the last eleven pages, if they have any inspiration in them. They were written in a *furor*, but I daresay there is not a word different from what it would have been if I had written them at the slowest pace.

We expect to start on Saturday morning, and to be in Rome by Palm Sunday, or else by the following Tuesday. Of course we shall write to you when we know what will be our address in Rome. In the meantime news will gather.

I don't mean to send "The Mill on the Floss" to any one, except to Dickens, who has behaved with a delicate kindness in a recent matter, which I wish to acknowledge.

I am grateful and yet rather sad to have finished, — sad that I shall live with my people on the banks of the Floss no longer. But it is time that I should go and absorb some new life, and gather fresh ideas.

SUMMARY OF CHAPTER IX

JANUARY, 1859, TO MARCH, 1860

Looking for cases of *inundation* in "Annual Register" — New House — Holly Lodge, Wandsworth — Letter to John Blackwood — George Eliot fears she has not characteristics of "the popular author" — Subscription to "Adam Bede" 730 copies — Appreciation by a cabinet-maker — Dr. John Brown sends "Rab and his Friends" with an inscription — Letter to Blackwood thereon — Tries to be hopeful — Letters to Miss Hennell — Description of Holly Lodge — Miss Nightingale — Thoughts on death — Scott — Mrs. Clarke writes — Mr. and Mrs. Congreve — Letter to Mrs. Bray on effects of anxiety — Mrs. Clarke dying — Letter to John Blackwood — Wishes Carlyle to read "Adam Bede" — "Life of Frederic" painful — Susceptibility to newspaper criticism — Edinburgh more encouraging than London — Letter to Blackwood to stop puffing notices — Letter from E. Hall, working-man, asking for cheap editions — Sale of "Adam Bede" — Death of Mrs. Clarke — 1800 copies of "Adam Bede" sold — Letter to Blackwood — Awakening to fame — Letter to Froude — Mrs. Poyser quoted in House of Commons by Mr. Charles Buxton — Opinions of Charles Reade, Shirley Brooks, and John Murray — Letter to John Blackwood — Warwickshire correspondent insists that Liggins is author of "Adam Bede" — Not flushed with success — Visit to Isle of Wight — Letter to Miss Hennell on rewriting, and pleasure in Mr. and Mrs. Congreve — Letter to "Times" denying that Liggins is the author — Letter to Blackwood — The Liggins myth — Letter from Bulwer — Finished "The Lifted Veil" — Writing "The Tullivers" — Mrs. Congreve — Letter to Mrs. Congreve — Faith in her — Letter from Madame Bodichon — Reply breathing joy in sympathy — Letter to Major Blackwood — Mr. Anders's apology for the Liggins business — "Adam Bede" worth writing — Dulwich gallery — Blackwood gives £400 more in acknowledgment of "Adam Bede's" success — Letter to Miss Hennell on Mrs. Congreve — On difficulty of getting cheap music in England — Professor Aytoun on "Adam Bede" — Letter to Major Blackwood — Liggins — Mrs. Gaskell — Letter to Mrs. Congreve — Dislike of Wandsworth — To Crystal Palace to hear "Messiah," and reveals herself to Brays as author of "Adam Bede" — Letter to Brays — Bad effect of talking of her books — Letter to Charles Bray — Melancholy that her writing does not produce effect intended — Letter to Mrs. Congreve — To Switzerland by Paris — At Schweizerhof, Lucerne, with Congreves — Mr. Lewes goes to Hofwyl — Return to Richmond by Bâle and Paris — Fourth edition of "Adam Bede" (5000) sold in a fortnight — Letter to Mrs. Bray on Mrs. Congreve — On the effect of her books and fame — Herbert Spencer on "Adam Bede" — Pamphlet to prove that Scott's novels were written by Thomas Scott — Letter from Dickens on "Adam Bede" referred to — Letter to John Blackwood on "Pug" — Letter to Charles Lewes — "The Physiology of Common Life" — American proposition for a story for £1200 — Letter to Mme. Bodichon — Distance from experience artistically necessary — Letter to John Blackwood — Development of stories — Visit to

Penmaenmawr — Return by Lichfield to Weymouth — Sixth edition of "Adam Bede" — Back to Richmond — Anxiety about new novel — Journey to Gainsboro', Lincolnshire — Letter to Miss Hennell — End of Liggins business — Letter to John Blackwood — A correspondent suggests a sequel to "Adam Bede" — Susceptibility to outside opinion — Seventh edition of "Adam Bede" — Letter to M. D'Albert on her great success — Blackwood proposes to pay £800 beyond the bargain for success of "Adam Bede" — Dickens dines at Holly Lodge — Letter to Miss Hennell — Quotes letter from Mrs. Gaskell — Miss Martineau — Dickens asks for story for "All the Year Round" — "Adam Bede, Junior" — Reading Darwin on "Origin of Species" — Bunyan — Letter to Mr. Bray — Article on "Adam Bede" in "Bentley" — In "Revue des Deux Mondes," by Émile Montégut — Reviews generally — 16,000 of "Adam Bede" sold in year — Darwin's book — Letter to Charles Lewes — Mentions fondness of algebra — Letter to Mme. Bodichon quoting Mrs. Gaskell's letter — Rewards of the artist lie apart from everything personal — Darwin's book — Molière — Letter to Miss Hennell — Likes to see Shakspeare acted — Hears from M. and Mme. D'Albert — "Cornhill Magazine" — Letter to M. D'Albert — Blackwood's terms for "Mill on the Floss" — Christmas Day with Congreves — Letter of sympathy from Professor Blackie — Third edition of "Clerical Scenes" — Letters to Blackwood — Thanks for concession of copyright of "Adam Bede" — Title of new novel considered — Suggestion of the "Mill on the Floss" accepted — The third volume of "Adam Bede" written in six weeks — Depression with the "Mill" — Letter to M. D'Albert — Sir Edward Lytton — "Adam Bede" translated into Hungarian and German — "Mill on the Floss" finished — Letter to Blackwood — Sad at finishing — Start for Italy.

CHAPTER X

WE have finished our journey to Italy, — the journey I had looked forward to for years, rather with the hope of the new elements it would bring to my culture, than with the hope of immediate pleasure. Travelling can hardly be without a continual current of disappointment if the main object is not the enlargement of one's general life, so as to make even weariness and annoyances enter into the sum of benefit. One great deduction to me from the delight of seeing world-famous objects is the frequent double consciousness which tells me that I am not enjoying the actual vision enough, and that when higher enjoyment comes with the reproduction of the scenes in my imagination, I shall have lost some of the details, which impress me too feebly in the present because the faculties are not wrought up into energetic action.

Italy, 1860.

I have no other journal than the briefest record of what we did each day; so I shall put down my recollections whenever I happen to have leisure and inclination, — just for the sake of making clear to myself the impressions I have brought away from our three months' travel.

The first striking moment in our journey was when we arrived, I think about eleven o'clock at night, at the point in the ascent of the Mont Cenis where we were to quit the diligences and take to the sledges. After a hasty drink of hot coffee in the roadside inn, our large party — the inmates of three diligences — turned out into the starlight

to await the signal for getting into the sledges. That signal seemed to be considerably on in the future, — to be arrived at through much confusion of luggage lifting, voices, and leading about of mules. The human bustle and confusion made a poetic contrast with the sublime stillness of the star-lit heavens spread over the snowy table-land and surrounding heights. The keenness of the air contributed strongly to the sense of novelty: we had left our every-day conventional world quite behind us, and were on a visit to Nature in her private home.

Once closely packed in our sledge, congratulating ourselves that after all we were no more squeezed than in our diligence, I gave myself up to as many naps as chose to take possession of me, and actually slept without very considerable interruption till we were near the summit of the mighty pass. Already there was a faint hint of the morning in the starlight which showed us the vast sloping snow-fields as we commenced the descent. I got a few glimpses of the pure far-stretching whiteness before the sharpening edge of cold forced us to close the window. Then there was no more to be seen till it was time to get out of the sledge and ascend the diligence once more: not, however, without a preliminary struggle with the wind, which fairly blew me down on my slippery standing-ground. The rest of our descent showed us fine varied scenes of mountain and ravine till we got down at Susa, where breakfast and the railway came as a desirable variety after our long mountain journey and long fast. One of our companions had been a gigantic French soldier, who had in charge a bag of Government money. He was my *vis-à-vis* for some time, and cramped my poor

legs not a little with his precious bag, which he would by no means part from.

The approach to Turin by the railway gave us a grand view of snowy mountains surrounding the city on three sides. A few hours of rest spent there could leave no very vivid impression. A handsome street well broken by architectural details, with a glimpse of snowy mountains at the end of the vista, colonnades on each side, and flags waving their bright colours in sign of political joy, — is the image that usually rises before me at the mention of Turin. I fancy the said street is the principal one, but in our walk about the town we saw everywhere a similar character of prosperous well-lodged town existence, — only without the colonnades and without the balconies and other details, which make the principal street picturesque. This is the place that Alfieri lived in through many of his young follies, getting tired of it at last for the Piedmontese pettiness of which it was the centre. And now, eighty years later, it is the centre of a widening life which may at last become the life of resuscitated Italy. At the railway station, as we waited to take our departure for Genoa, we had a sight of the man whose name will always be connected with the story of that widening life, — Count Cavour, — "*imitant son portrait*," which we had seen in the shops, with unusual closeness. A man pleasant to look upon, with a smile half kind, half caustic; giving you altogether the impression that he thinks of "many matters," but thanks heaven and makes no boast of them. He was there to meet the Prince de Carignan, who was going to Genoa on his way towards Florence by the same train as ourselves. The Prince is a notability with a thick waist, bound

in by a gold belt, and with a fat face, predominated over by a large moustache, — "*Non ragioniam di lui.*" The railway journey from Turin was chiefly distinguished by dust; but I slept through the latter half, without prejudice, however, to the satisfaction with which I lay down in a comfortable bedroom in the Hotel Feder.

In Genoa again on a bright, warm, spring morning! I was here eleven years ago, and the image that visit had left in my mind was surprisingly faithful, though fragmentary. The outlook from our hotel was nearly the same as before, — over a low building with a colonnade, at the masts of the abundant shipping. But there was a striking change in the interior of the hotel. It was, like the other, a palace adapted to the purposes of an inn, — but be-carpeted and be-furnished with an exaggeration of English fashion.

We lost no time in turning out after breakfast into the morning sunshine. George was enchanted with the aspect of the place, as we drove or walked along the streets. It was his first vision of anything corresponding to his preconception of Italy. After the Adlergasse in Nürnberg, surely no streets can be more impressive than the Strada Nuova and Strada Nuovissima at Genoa. In street architecture I can rise to the highest point of the admiration given to the Palladian style. And here in these chief streets of Genoa the palaces have two advantages over those of Florence: they form a series, creating a general impression of grandeur of which each particular palace gets the benefit; and they have the open gateway, showing the *cortile* within, — sometimes containing grand stone staircases. And all this architectural splendour is accompanied with the signs of actual

prosperity. Genova la Superba is not a name of the past merely.

We ascended the tower of S. Maria di Carignano to get a panoramic view of the city with its embosoming hills and bay, — saw the Cathedral with its banded black-and-white marble, — the Churches of the Annunziata and Sant' Ambrogio, with their wealth of gilding and rich pink-brown marbles, — the Palazzo Rosso, with its collection of eminently forgettable pictures, — and the pretty gardens of the Palazzo Doria, with their flourishing green close against the sea.

A drive in the direction of the Campo Santo along the dry pebbly bed of the river showed us the terraced hills planted with olives, and many picturesque groups of the common people with mules or on carts; not to mention what gives beauty to every corner of the inhabited world, — the groups of children squatting against walls or trotting about by the side of their elders, or grinning together over their play.

One of the personages we were pleased to encounter in the streets here was a quack, — a Dulcamara, — mounted on his carriage and holding forth with much *brio* before proceeding to take out the tooth of a negro, already seated in preparation.

We left Genoa on the second evening, — unhappily a little too long after sundown, so that we did not get a perfect view of the grand city from the sea. The pale starlight could bring out no colour. We had a prosperous passage to Leghorn.

Leghorn on a brilliant warm morning, with five or six hours before us to fill as agreeably as possible! Of course the first thought was to go to Pisa, but the train would not start till eleven; so

in the meantime we took a drive about the prosperous-looking town, and saw the great reservoir which receives the water brought from the distant mountains: a beautiful and interesting sight, — to look into the glassy depth and see columns and grand arches reflected as if in mockery and frustration of one's desire to see the bottom. But in one corner the light fell so as to reveal that reality instead of the beautiful illusion. On our way back we passed the Hebrew synagogue, and were glad of our coachman's suggestion that we should enter, seeing it was the Jews' Sabbath.

At Pisa we took a carriage and drove at once to the cathedral, seeing as we went the well-looking lines of building on each side of the Arno.

A wonderful sight is that first glimpse of the cathedral, with the leaning campanile on one side and the baptistery on the other, green turf below and a clear blue sky above! The structure of the campanile is exquisitely light and graceful, — tier above tier of small circular arches, supported by delicate round pillars narrowing gradually in circumference, but very slightly, so that there is no striking difference of size between the base and summit. The campanile is all of white marble, but the cathedral has the bands of black and white, softened in effect by the yellowing which time has given to the white. There is a family likeness among all these structures: they all have the delicate little colonnades and circular arches. But the baptistery has stronger traits of the Gothic style in the pinnacles that crown the encircling colonnade.

After some dusty delay outside the railway station, we set off back again to Livorno, and forthwith got on board our steamboat again, — to

awake next morning (being Palm Sunday) at Civita Vecchia. Much waiting before we were allowed to land; and again much waiting for the clumsy process of "visiting" our luggage. I was amused while sitting at the *Dogana*, where almost every one was cross and busy, to see a dog making his way quietly out with a bone in his mouth.

Getting into our railway carriage, our *vis-à-vis* — a stout, amiable, intelligent Livornian, with his wife and son, named Dubreux — exclaimed, "C'en est fini d'un peuple qui n'est pas capable de changer une bêtise comme ça!" George got into pleasant talk with him, and his son, about Edinburgh and the scientific men there, — the son having been there for some time in order to go through a course of practical science. The father was a naturalist, — an entomologist, I think.

It was an interesting journey from Civita Vecchia to Rome: at first a scene of rough, hilly character, then a vast plain, frequently marshy, crowded with asphodels, inhabited by buffaloes; here and there a falcon or other slow large-winged bird floating and alighting.

At last we came in sight of Rome, but there was nothing imposing to be seen. The chief object was what I afterwards knew to be one of the aqueducts, but which I then, in the vagueness of my conceptions, guessed to be the ruins of baths. The railway station where we alighted looked remote and countrified: only the omnibuses and one family carriage were waiting, so that we were obliged to take our chance in one of the omnibuses, — that is, the chance of finding no place left for us in the hotels. And so it was. Every one wanted to go to the Hôtel d'Angleterre, and every one was disappointed. We, at last, by help of some fellow-

travellers, got a small room *au troisième* at the Hôtel d'Amérique; and as soon as that business was settled, we walked out to look at Rome, — not without a rather heavy load of disappointment on our minds from the vision we had of it from the omnibus windows. A weary length of dirty, uninteresting streets had brought us within sight of the dome of St. Peter's, which was not impressive, seen in a peeping, makeshift manner, just rising above the houses; and the Castle of St. Angelo seemed but a shabby likeness of the engravings. Not one iota had I seen that corresponded with my preconceptions.

Our hotel was in the Strada Babuino, which leads directly from the Piazza del Popolo to the Piazza di Spagna. We went to the latter for our first walk, and, arriving opposite the high broad flights of stone steps which lead up to the Trinità di Monte, stopped for the first time with a sense that here was something not quite common and ugly. But I think we got hardly any farther, that evening, than the tall column at the end of the Piazza, which celebrates the final settlement by Pius IX. of the Virgin's Immaculate Conception. Oh, yes; I think we wandered farther among narrow and ugly streets, and came into our hotel again still with some dejection at the probable relation our "Rome visited" was to bear to our "Rome unvisited."

Discontented with our little room at an extravagant height of stairs and price, we found and took lodgings the next day in the Corso opposite San Carlo, with a well-mannered Frenchman named Peureux and his little dark Italian wife, — and so felt ourselves settled for a month. By this time we were in better spirits; for in the morning we had been to the Capitol (Campidoglio, the modern

variant for Capitolium), had ascended the tower, and had driven to the Coliseum. The scene, looking along the Forum to the Arch of Titus, resembled strongly that mixture of ruined grandeur with modern life which I had always had in my imagination at the mention of Rome. The approach to the Capitol from the opposite side is also impressive: on the right hand the broad steep flight of steps leading up to the Church and Monastery of Ara Cœli, placed, some say, on the site of the Arx; in the front a less steep flight of steps *à cordon* leading to that lower, flatter portion of the hill which was called the *Intermontium*, and which now forms a sort of piazza, with the equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius in the centre, and on three sides buildings designed, or rather modified, by Michael Angelo, — on the left the Museum, on the right the Museo dei Conservatori, and, on the side opposite the steps, the building devoted to public offices (Palazzo dei Senatori), in the centre of which stands the tower. On each hand at the summit of the steps are the two Colossi, less celebrated but hardly less imposing in their calm grandeur than the Colossi of the Quirinal. They are strangely streaked and disfigured by the blackening weather; but their large-eyed, mild might gives one a thrill of awe, half like what might have been felt by the men of old who saw the divine twins watering their steeds when they brought the news of victory.

Perhaps the world can hardly offer a more interesting outlook than that from the tower of the Capitol. The eye leaps first to the mountains that bound the Campagna, — the Sabine and Alban hills and the solitary Soracte farther on to the left. Then wandering back across the Campagna, it

searches for the Sister hills, hardly distinguishable now as hills. The Palatine is conspicuous enough, marked by the ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars, and rising up beyond the extremity of the Forum. And now, once resting on the Forum, the eye will not readily quit the long area that begins with the Clivus Capitolinus and extends to the Coliseum, — an area that was once the very focus of the world. The Campo Vaccino, the site probably of the Comitium, was this first morning covered with carts and animals, mingling a simple form of actual life with those signs of the highly artificial life that had been crowded here in ages gone by: the three Corinthian pillars at the extremity of the Forum, said to have belonged to the Temple of Jupiter Stator; the grand temple of Antoninus and Faustina; the white Arch of Titus; the Basilica of Constantine; the temple built by Adrian, with its great broken granite columns scattered around on the green rising ground; the huge arc of the Coliseum and the Arch of Constantine.

The scene of these great relics remained our favourite haunt during our stay at Rome; and one day near the end of it we entered the enclosure of the Clivus Capitolinus and the excavated space of the Forum. The ruins on the Clivus — the façade of massive columns on the right, called the Temple of Vespasian; the two Corinthian columns, called the Temple of Saturn, in the centre, and the Arch of Septimius Severus on the left — have their rich colour set off by the luxuriant green, clothing the lower masonry, which formed the foundations of the crowded buildings on this narrow space, and as a background to them all, the rough solidity of the ancient wall forming the back of the central building on the Intermontium, and regarded as

one of the few remains of Republican constructions. On either hand, at another angle from the arch, the ancient road forming the double ascent of the Clivus is seen firm and level with its great blocks of pavement. The Arch of Septimius Severus is particularly rich in colour; and the poorly executed bas-reliefs of military groups still look out in grotesque completeness of attitude and expression, even on the sides exposed to the weather. From the Clivus, a passage, underneath the present road, leads into the Forum, whose immense, pinkish granite columns lie on the weather-worn white marble pavement. The Column of Phocas, with its base no longer "buried," stands at the extreme corner nearest the Clivus; and the three elegant columns of the Temple (say some) of Jupiter Stator mark the opposite extremity: between lie traces, utterly confused to all but erudite eyes, of marble steps and of pedestals stripped of their marble.

Let me see what I most delighted in, in Rome. Certainly this drive from the Clivus to the Coliseum was, from first to last, one of the chief things; but there are many objects and many impressions of various kinds which I can reckon up as of almost equal interest: the Coliseum itself, with the view from it; the drive along the Appian Way to the tomb of Cecilia Metella, and the view from thence of the Campagna bridged by the aqueduct: the Baths of Titus, with the remnants of their arabesques, seen by the light of torches, in the now damp and gloomy spaces; the glimpse of the Tarpeian rock, with its growth of cactus and rough herbage; the grand bare arch brickwork of the Palace of the Cæsars rising in huge masses on the Palatine; the Theatre of Marcellus bursting suddenly into view from among the crowded mean

houses of the modern city, and still more the Temple of Minerva and Temple of Nerva, also set in the crowded city of the present; and the exterior of the Pantheon, if it were not marred by the Papal belfries, — these are the traces of ancient Rome that have left the strongest image of themselves in my mind. I ought not to leave out Trajan's Column, and the forum in which it stands; though the severe cold tint of the grey granite columns, or fragments of columns, gave this forum rather a dreary effect to me. For vastness there is perhaps nothing more impressive in Rome than the Baths of Caracalla, except the Coliseum; and I remember that it was amongst them that I first noticed the lovely effect of the giant fennel, luxuriant among the crumbling brickwork.

Among the ancient sculptures, I think I must place on a level the Apollo, the Dying Gladiator, and the Lateran Antinous: they affected me equally in different ways. After these I delighted in the Venus of the Capitol, and the Kissing Children in the same room; the Sophocles at the Lateran Museum; the Nile; the black laughing Centaur at the Capitol; the Laughing Faun in the Vatican; and the *Sauroktonos*, or Boy with the Lizard, and the sitting statue called Menander. The Faun of Praxiteles, and the old Faun with the infant Bacchus, I had already seen at Munich, else I should have mentioned them among my first favourites. Perhaps the greatest treat we had at the Vatican was the sight of a few statues, including the Apollo, by torchlight, — all the more impressive because it was our first sight of the Vatican. Even the mere hurrying along the vast halls, with the fitful torchlight falling on the innumerable statues and busts and bas-reliefs and sar-

cophagi, would have left a sense of awe at these crowded silent forms which have the solemnity of suddenly arrested life. Wonderfully grand these halls of the Vatican are; and there is but one complaint to be made against the home provided for this richest collection of antiquities, — it is, that there is no historical arrangement of them, and no catalogue. The system of classification is based on the history of their collection by the different Popes, so that for every other purpose but that of securing to each Pope his share of glory, it is a system of helter-skelter.

Of Christian Rome, St. Peter's is, of course, the supreme wonder. The piazza, with Bernini's colonnades, and the gradual slope upward to the mighty temple, gave me always a sense of having entered some millennial new Jerusalem, where all small and shabby things were unknown. But the exterior of the cathedral itself is even ugly; it causes a constant irritation by its partial concealment of the dome. The first impression from the interior was perhaps at a higher pitch than any subsequent impression either of its beauty or vastness; but then, on later visits, the lovely marble, which has a tone at once subdued and warm, was half covered with hideous red drapery. There is hardly any detail one cares to dwell on in St. Peter's. It is interesting, for once, to look at the mosaic altarpieces, some of which render with marvellous success such famous pictures as the Transfiguration, the Communion of St. Jerome, and the Entombment or Disentombment of St. Petronilla. And some of the monuments are worth looking at more than once, the chief glory of that kind being Canova's Lions. I was pleased one day to watch a group of poor people looking with an

admiration that had a half-childish terror in it at the sleeping lion, and with a sort of daring air thrusting their fingers against the teeth of the waking "mane-bearer."

We ascended the dome near the end of our stay, but the cloudy horizon was not friendly to our distant view, and Rome itself is ugly to a bird's-eye contemplation. The chief interest of the ascent was the vivid realisation it gave of the building's enormous size, and after that the sight of the inner courts and garden of the Vatican.

Our most beautiful view of Rome and the Campagna was one we had much earlier in our stay, before the snow had vanished from the mountains; it was from the terrace of the Villa Pamfili Doria.

Of smaller churches, I remember especially Santa Maria degli Angeli, a church formed by Michael Angelo, by additions to the grand hall in the Baths of Diocletian, — the only remaining hall of ancient Rome; and the Church of San Clemente, where there is a chapel painted by Masaccio, as well as a perfect specimen of the ancient enclosure near the tribune, called the presbytery, with the *ambones* or pulpits from which the lessons and gospel were read. Santa Maria Maggiore is an exquisitely beautiful basilica, rich in marbles from a pagan temple; and the reconstructed San Paolo fuori le Mura is a wonder of wealth and beauty, with its lines of white marble columns, — if one could possibly look with pleasure at such a perverted appliance of money and labour as a church built in an unhealthy solitude. After St. Peter's, however, the next great monument of Christian art is the Sistine Chapel; but since I care for the chapel solely for the sake of its ceiling, I ought rather to number it among my favourite

paintings than among the most memorable buildings. Certainly this ceiling of Michael Angelo's is the most wonderful fresco in the world. After it come Raphael's " School of Athens " and " Triumph of Galatea," so far as Rome is concerned. Among oil-paintings there, I like best the Madonna di Foligno, for the sake of the cherub who is standing and looking upward; the Perugino also, in the Vatican, and the pretty Sassoferrato, with the clouds budding angels; at the Barberini Palace, Beatrice Cenci, and Una Schiava, by Titian; at the Sciarra Palace, the Joueur de Violon, by Raphael, another of Titian's golden-haired women, and a sweet Madonna and Child with a bird, by Fra Bartolomeo; at the Borghese Palace, Domenichino's Chase, the Entombment, by Raphael, and the Three Ages, — a copy of Titian, by Sassoferrato.

We should have regretted entirely our efforts to get to Rome during the Holy Week, instead of making Florence our first resting-place, if we had not had the compensation for wearisome, empty ceremonies and closed museums in the wonderful spectacle of the illumination of St. Peter's. That, really, is a thing so wondrous, so magically beautiful, that one can't find in one's heart to say it is not worth doing. I remember well the first glimpse we had, as we drove out towards it, of the outline of the dome like a new constellation on the black sky. I thought *that* was the final illumination, and was regretting our tardy arrival from the *détour* we had to make, when, as our carriage stopped in front of the cathedral, the great bell sounded, and in an instant the grand illumination flashed out and turned the outline of stars into a palace of gold. Venus looked on palely.

One of the finest positions in Rome is the Monte Cavallo (the Quirinal), the site of the Pope's palace and of the fountain against which are placed the two Colossi, — the Castor and Pollux, ascribed, after a lax method of affiliation, to Phidias and Praxiteles. Standing near this fountain, one has a real sense of being on a hill, — city and distant ridge stretching below. Close by is the Palazzo Rospigliosi, where we went to see Guido's Aurora.

Another spot where I was struck with the view of modern Rome (and *that* happened rarely) was at San Pietro in Vincoli, on the Esquiline, where we went to see Michael Angelo's Moses. Turning round before one enters the church, a palm-tree in the high foreground relieves very picturesquely the view of the lower distance. The Moses did not affect me agreeably: both the attitude and the expression of the face seemed to me, in that one visit, to have an exaggeration that strained after effect without reaching it. The failure seemed to me of this kind: Moses was an angry man trying to frighten the people by his mien, instead of being rapt by his anger, and terrible without self-consciousness. To look at the statue of Christ, after the other works of Michael Angelo at Rome, was a surprise; in this the fault seems to incline slightly to the namby-pamby. The Pietà in St. Peter's has real tenderness in it.

The visit to the Farnesina was one of the most interesting among our visits to Roman palaces. It is here that Raphael painted the "Triumph of Galatea," and here this wonderful fresco is still bright upon the wall. In the same room is a colossal head, drawn by Michael Angelo with a bit of charcoal, by way of *carte-de-visite*, one day that he called on Daniele di Volterra, who was painting

detestably in this room, and happened to be absent. In the entrance-hall, preceding the Galatea room, are the frescos by Raphael representing the story of Cupid and Psyche; but we did not linger long to look at them, as they disappointed us.

We visited only four artists' studios in Rome: Gibson's, the sculptor; Frey's, the landscape painter; Riedel's, genre painter; and Overbeck's. Gibson's was entirely disappointing to me, so far as his own sculptures are concerned: except the Cacciatore, which he sent to the Great Exhibition, I could see nothing but feeble imitations of the antique, — no spontaneity and no vigour. Miss Hosmer's Beatrice Cenci is a pleasing and new conception; and her little Puck, a bit of humour that one would like to have if one were a grand seigneur.

Frey is a very meritorious landscape painter, — finished in execution and poetic in feeling. His Egyptian scenes — the Simoom, the Pair in the Light of Sunset, and the Island of Philæ — are memorable pictures; so is the View of Athens, with its blue island-studded sea. Riedel interested us greatly with his account of the coincidence between the views of light and colours at which he had arrived through his artistic experience, and Goethe's theory of colours, with which he became acquainted only after he had thought of putting his own ideas into shape for publication. He says the majority of painters continue their work when the sun shines from the north, — they paint with *blue* light.

But it was our visit to Overbeck that we were most pleased not to have missed. The man himself is more interesting than his pictures: a benevolent, calm, and quiet conviction breathes from his

person and manners. He has a thin, rather high-nosed face, with long grey hair, set off by a maroon velvet cap, and a grey scarf over his shoulders. Some of his cartoons pleased me: one large one of our Saviour passing from the midst of the throng, who were going to cast Him from the brow of the hill at Nazareth, — one foot resting on a cloud borne up by cherubs; and some smaller round cartoons representing the Parable of the Ten Virgins, and applying it to the function of the artist.

We drove about a great deal in Rome, but were rather afflicted in our drives by the unending walls that enclose everything like a garden, even outside the city gates. First among our charming drives was that to the Villa Pamfili Doria, — a place which has the beauties of an English park and gardens, with views such as no English park can show; not to speak of the Columbarium or ancient Roman burying-place, which has been disinterred in the grounds. The compactest of all burying-places must these Columbaria be: little pigeon-holes, tier above tier, for the small urns containing the ashes of the dead. In this one, traces of peacocks and other figures in fresco, ornamenting the divisions between the rows, are still visible. We sat down in the sunshine by the side of the water, which is made to fall in a cascade in the grounds fronting the house, and then spreads out into a considerable breadth of mirror for the plantation on the slope which runs along one side of it. On the opposite side is a broad grassy walk, and here we sat on some blocks of stone, watching the little green lizards. Then we walked on up the slope on the other side, and through a grove of weird ilexes, and across a plantation of tall pines, where he saw the

mountains in the far distance. A beautiful spot! We ought to have gone there again.

Another drive was to the Villa Albani, where, again, the view is grand. The precious sculptures once there are all at Munich now; and the most remarkable remnants of the collection are the bas-relief of Antinous, and the Æsop. The Antinous is the least beautiful of all the representations of that sad loveliness that I have seen, — be it said in spite of Winckelmann: attitude and face are strongly Egyptian. In an outside pavilion in the garden were some interesting examples of Greek masks.

Our journey to Frascati by railway was fortunate. The day was fine, except, indeed, for the half-hour that we were on the heights of Tusculum, and longed for a clear horizon. But the weather was so generally gloomy during our stay in Rome, that we were "thankful for small mercies" in the way of sunshine. I enjoyed greatly our excursion up the hill on donkey-back to the ruins of Tusculum — in spite of our loquacious guide, who exasperated George. The sight of the Campagna on one side, and of Mount Algidus, with its snow-capped fellows, and Mount Albano, with Rocca di Papa on its side, and Castel Gandolfo below on the other side, was worth the trouble; to say nothing of the little theatre, which was the most perfect example of an ancient theatre I had then seen in that pre-Pompeian period of my travels. After lunching at Frascati, we strolled out to the Villa Aldobrandini, and enjoyed a brighter view of the Campagna in the afternoon sunlight. Then we lingered in a little croft enclosed by plantations, and enjoyed this familiar-looking bit of grass with wild-flowers perhaps more, even, than the greatest

novelties. There are fine plantations on the hill behind the villa, and there we wandered till it was time to go back to the railway. A literally grotesque thing in these plantations is the opening of a grotto in the hillside, cut in the form of a huge Greek comic mask. It was a lovely walk from the town downward to the railway station, — between the olive-clad slopes looking toward the illimitable plain. Our best view of the aqueducts was on this journey, but it was the tantalising sort of view one gets from a railway carriage.

Our excursion to Tivoli, reserved till nearly the end of our stay, happened on one of those cruel seductive days that smile upon you at five o'clock in the morning, to become cold and cloudy at eight, and resolutely rainy at ten. And so we ascended the hill through the vast venerable olive grove, thinking what would be the effect of sunshine among those grey fantastically twisted trunks and boughs; and paddled along the wet streets under umbrellas to look at the Temple of the Sibyl, and to descend the ravine of the waterfalls. Yet it was enjoyable; for the rain was not dense enough to shroud the near view of rock and foliage. We looked for the first time at a rock of travertine, with its curious petrified vegetable forms; and lower down at a mighty cavern, under which the smaller cascade rushes, — an awful hollow in the midst of huge rocky masses. But — rain, rain, rain! No possibility of seeing the Villa of Hadrian, chief wonder of Tivoli: and so we had our carriage covered up, and turned homeward in despair.

The last week of our stay we went for the first time to the picture-gallery of the Capitol, where we saw the famous Guercino, — the "Entomb-

ment of Petronilla " — which we had already seen in mosaic at St. Peter's. It is a stupendous piece of painting, about which one's only feeling is, that it might as well have been left undone. More interesting is the portrait of Michael Angelo by himself, — a deeply melancholy face. And there is also a picture of a Bishop by Giovanni Bellini, which arrested us a long while. After these, I remember most distinctly Veronese's Europa, superior to that we afterwards saw at Venice; a delicious mythological Poussin, all light and joy; and a Sebastian by Guido, exceptionally beautiful among the many detestable things of his in this gallery.

The Lateran Museum, also, was a sight we had neglected till this last week, though it turned out to be one of the most memorable. In the classical museum are the great Antinous, a Bacchus, and the Sophocles; besides a number of other remains of high interest, especially in the department of architectural decoration. In the museum of Christian antiquities, there are, besides sculptures, copies of the frescos in the Catacombs, — invaluable as a record of those perishable remains. If we ever go to Rome again, the Lateran Museum will be one of the first places I shall wish to revisit.

We saw the Catacombs of St. Calixtus on the Appian Way, — the long dark passages, with great oblong hollows in the rock for the bodies long since crumbled, and the one or two openings out of the passages into a rather wider space, called chapels, but no indication of paintings or other detail, — our monkish guide being an old man, who spoke with an indistinct grunt that would not have enlightened us if we had asked any questions. In the church through which we entered there is a

strangely barbarous reclining statue of St. Sebastian, with arrows sticking all over it.

A spot that touched me deeply was Shelley's grave. The English cemetery in which he lies is the most attractive burying-place I have seen. It lies against the old city walls, close to the Porta San Paolo and the pyramid of Caius Cestius, — one of the quietest spots of old Rome. And there, under the shadow of the old walls on one side, and cypresses on the other, lies the *Cor cordium*, forever at rest from the unloving cavillers of this world, whether or not he may have entered on other purifying struggles in some world unseen by us. The grave of Keats lies far off from Shelley's, unshaded by wall or trees. It is painful to look upon, because of the inscription on the stone, which seems to make him still speak in bitterness from his grave.[1]

Letter to Mrs. Congreve, 4th April, 1860.

A wet day for the first time since we left Paris! That assists our consciences considerably in urging us to write our letters on this fourth day at Rome, for I will not pretend that writing a letter, even to you, can be anything more alluring than a duty when there is a blue sky over the Coliseum and the Arch of Constantine, and all the other marvels of this marvellous place. Since our arrival in the middle of Sunday, I have been gradually rising from the depth of disappointment to an intoxication of delight; and that makes me wish to do for you what no one ever did for me, — warn you that you must expect no grand impression on your first entrance into Rome, at least if you enter it from Civita Vecchia. My heart sank, as it would if you behaved shabbily to me, when I looked through the windows of the omnibus as it passed through street

[1] "Here lies one whose name was writ in water."

after street of ugly modern Rome, and in that mood the dome of St. Peter's and the Castle of St. Angelo — the only grand objects on our way — could only look disappointing to me. I believe the impression on entering from the Naples side is quite different: there, one must get a glimpse of the broken grandeur and Renaissance splendour that one associates with the word "Rome." So keep up your spirits in the omnibus when your turn comes, and believe that you will mount the Capitol the next morning, as we did, and look out on the Forum and the Coliseum, far on to the Alban mountains, with snowy Apennines behind them, and feel — what I leave you to imagine, because the rain has left off, and my husband commands me to put on my bonnet. (Two hours later.) Can you believe that I have not had a headache since we set out? But I would willingly have endured more than one to be less anxious than I am about Mr. Lewes's health. Now that we are just come in from our walk to the Pantheon, he is obliged to lie down with terrible oppression of the head; and since we have been in Rome he has been nearly deaf on one side. That is the dark "crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air" just now: everything else in our circumstances here is perfect. We are glad to have been driven into apartments, instead of remaining at the hotel as we had intended; for we enjoy the abundance of room and the quiet that belong to this mode of life, and we get our cooking and all other comforts in perfection at little more than a third of the hotel prices. Most of the visitors to Rome this season seem to come only for a short stay, and as apartments can't be taken for less than a month, the hotels are full and the lodgings are empty. Ex-

tremely unpleasant for the people who have lodgings to let, but very convenient for us, since we get excellent rooms in a good situation for a moderate price. We have a good little landlady, who can speak nothing but Italian, so that she serves as a *parlatrice* for us, and awakens our memory of Italian dialogue, — a memory which consists chiefly of recollecting Italian words without knowing their meaning, and English words without knowing the Italian for them.

I shall tell you nothing of what we have seen. Have you not a husband who has seen it all, and can tell you much better? Except, perhaps, one sight which might have had some interest for him, namely, Count Cavour, who was waiting with other eminences at the Turin station to receive the Prince de Carignan, the new Viceroy of Tuscany. A really pleasant sight, — not the Prince, who is a large stout "moustache," squeezed in at the waist with a gold belt, looking like one of those dressed-up personages who are among the chessmen that the Cavours of the world play their game with. The pleasant sight was Count Cavour in plainest dress, with a head full of power, mingled with *bonhomie*. We had several fellow-travellers who belonged to Savoy, and were full of chagrin at the prospect of the French annexation. Our most agreeable companion was a Baron de Magliano, a Neapolitan who has married a French wife with a large fortune, and has been living in France for years, but has now left his wife and children behind for the sake of entering the Sardinian army, and, if possible, helping to turn out the Neapolitan Bourbons. I feel some stirrings of the insurrectionary spirit myself when I see the red pantaloons at every turn in the streets of Rome. I suppose

Mrs. Browning could explain to me that this is part of the great idea nourished in the soul of the modern saviour Louis Napoleon, and that for the French to impose a hateful government on the Romans is the only proper sequence to the story of the French Revolution.

Oh, the beautiful men and women and children here! Such wonderful babies with wise eyes! — such grand-featured mothers nursing them! As one drives along the streets sometimes, one sees a madonna and child at every third or fourth upper window; and on Monday a little crippled girl seated at the door of a church looked up at us with a face full of such pathetic sweetness and beauty, that I think it can hardly leave me again. Yesterday we went to see dear Shelley's tomb, and it was like a personal consolation to me to see that simple outward sign that he is at rest, where no hatred can ever reach him again. Poor Keats's tombstone, with that despairing bitter inscription, is almost as painful to think of as Swift's.

And what have you been doing, being, or suffering in these long twelve days? While we were standing with weary impatience in the custom-house at Civita Vecchia, Mr. Congreve was delivering his third lecture, and you were listening. And what else? *Friday.* Since I wrote my letter we have not been able to get near the post-office. Yesterday was taken up with seeing ceremonies, or rather with waiting for them. I knelt down to receive the Pope's blessing, remembering what Pius VII. said to the soldier, — that he would never be the worse for the blessing of an old man. But altogether, these ceremonies are a melancholy, hollow business, and we regret bitterly that the Holy Week has taken up our time from better

things. I have a cold and headache this morning, and in other ways am not conscious of improvement from the Pope's blessing. I may comfort myself with thinking that the King of Sardinia is none the worse for the Pope's curse. It is farcical enough that the excommunication is posted up at the Church of St. John Lateran, out of everybody's way, and yet there are police to guard it.

Letter to M. D'Albert 17th April, 1860.

I think you have made rapid progress with the translation, seeing that you can only use fringes of time for it. It is a very sweet thought to me that the work may be a source of some pleasure to you and Maman (I am very glad to be assured that I may still say "Maman," for that is the name by which she has always gone in my silent memory). It will interest you, perhaps, to know that it (*i. e.*, "Adam Bede") is translated into Hungarian, and the first volume is fairly rendered into German, — possibly the second also by this time.

You see I am counting on your and Maman's interest in everything that belongs to me. I do not write about Rome: you have read much better things on that subject than I can tell you. But no one can tell you about myself, unless *I* take upon me that agreeable labour.

What a delight it would be to take the old walks in Geneva once more! But I fear there are many changes that would check the current of my memory. And the change from the old to the new is always painful to us who are getting old and living more and more in the past. Tell Maman I enter now into her conservative feelings, which I used inwardly to disapprove in my revolutionary mood, — the mood I was in when you knew me.

You will forgive me for writing hastily and

briefly, and will understand that temporary preoccupation with the wonderful place I am in is not *indifference* to other things. With affectionate regards to Maman, I am always yours, with sincere and faithful friendship.

How much more I have to write about Rome! How I should like to linger over every particular object that has left an image in my memory! But here I am only to give a hasty sketch of what we saw and did at each place at which we paused in our three months' life in Italy. Italy, 1860.

It was on the 29th of April that we left Rome, and on the morning of the 30th we arrived at Naples, — under a rainy sky, alas! but not so rainy as to prevent our feeling the beauty of the city and bay, and declaring it to surpass all places we had seen before. The weather cleared up soon after our arrival at the Hôtel des Étrangers, and after a few days it became brilliant, showing us the blue sea, the purple mountains, and bright city, in which we had almost disbelieved as we saw them in the pictures. Hardly anything can be more lovely than Naples seen from Posilipo under a blue sky, — the irregular outline with which the town meets the sea, jutting out in picturesque masses, then lifted on high on a basis of rock, with the grand castle of St. Elmo and the monastery on the central height crowning all the rest; the graceful outline of purple Vesuvius rising beyond the Molo, and the line of deeply indented mountains carrying the eye along to the Cape of Sorrento; and last of all, Capri sleeping between sea and sky in the distance. Crossing the promontory of Posilipo, another wonderful scene presents itself: white Nisida on its island rock; the sweep of bay towards Pozzuoli; beyond that,

in fainter colours of farther distance, the Cape of Miseno, and the peaks of Ischia.

Our first expedition was to Pozzuoli and Miseno, on a bright warm day, with a slip-shod Neapolitan driver whom I christened Baboon, and who acted as our charioteer throughout our stay at Naples. Beyond picturesque Pozzuoli, jutting out with precipitous piles of building into the sea, lies Baiæ. Here we halted to look at a great circular temple, where there was a wonderful echo that made whispers circulate and become loud on the opposite side to that on which they were uttered. Here, for our amusement, a young maiden and a little old man danced to the sound of a tambourine and fife. On our way to Baiæ we had stopped to see the Lake Avernus, no longer terrible to behold, and the amphitheatre of Cumæ, now grown over with greensward, and fringed with garden stuff.

From Baiæ we went to Miseno, — the Misenum where Pliny was stationed with the fleet, — and looked out from the promontory on the lovely isles of Ischia and Procida. On the approach to this promontory lies the Piscina Mirabilis, one of the most striking remains of Roman building. It is a great reservoir, into which one may now descend dry-shod and look up at the lofty arches festooned with delicate plants, while the sunlight shoots aslant through the openings above. It was on this drive coming back towards Pozzuoli that we saw the Mesembryanthemum in its greatest luxuriance, — a star of amethyst with its golden tassel in the centre. The amphitheatre at Pozzuoli is the most interesting in Italy after the Coliseum. The seats are in excellent preservation, and the subterranean structures for water and for the introduction of wild beasts are unique. The temple of Jupiter

Serapis is another remarkable ruin, made more peculiar by the intrusion of the water, which makes the central structure, with its great columns, an island to be approached by a plank bridge.

In the views from Capo di Monte — the king's summer residence — and from St. Elmo, one enjoys not only the view towards the sea, but the wide green plain sprinkled with houses and studded with small towns or villages, bounded on the one hand by Vesuvius, and shut in, in every other direction, by the nearer heights close upon Naples, or by the sublimer heights of the distant Apennines. We had the view from St. Elmo on a clear, breezy afternoon, in company with a Frenchman and his wife, come from Rome with his family after a two years' residence there, — worth remembering for the pretty bondage the brusque, stern, thin father was under to the tiny, sickly-looking boy.

It was a grand drive up to Capo di Monte, — between rich plantations, with glimpses, as we went up, of the city lying in picturesque irregularity below; and as we went down in the other direction, views of distant mountain rising above some pretty accident of roof or groups of trees in the foreground.

One day we went, from this drive, along the Poggio Reale to the cemetery, — the most ambitious burying-place I ever saw, with building after building of elaborate architecture, serving as tombs to various *Arci-confraternità*, as well as to private families, all set in the midst of well-kept gardens. The humblest kind of tombs there, were long niches for coffins in a wall bordering the carriage-road, which are simply built up when the coffin is once in, — the inscription being added on this final bit of masonry. The lines of lofty sepulchres sug-

gested to one very vividly the probable appearance of the Appian Way when the old Roman tombs were in all their glory.

Our first visit to the Museo Borbonico was devoted to the sculpture, of which there is a precious collection. Of the famous Balbi family found at Herculaneum, the mother, in grand drapery, wound round her head and body, is the most unforgettable, — a really grand woman of fifty, with firm mouth and knitted brow, yet not unbenignant. Farther on in this transverse hall is a Young Faun with the infant Bacchus, — a different conception altogether from the fine Munich statue, but delicious for humour and geniality. Then there is the Aristides, — more real and speaking and easy in attitude even than the Sophocles at Rome. Opposite is a lovely Antinous, in no mythological character, but in simple, melancholy beauty. In the centre of the deep recess, in front of which these statues are placed, is the colossal Flora, who holds up her thin dress in too finicking a style for a colossal goddess; and on the floor — to be seen by ascending a platform — is the precious, great mosaic representing the Battle of the Issus, found at Pompeii. It is full of spirit; the *ordonnance* of the figures is very much after the same style as in the ancient bas-reliefs, and the colours are still vivid enough for us to have a just idea of the effect. In the halls on each side of this central one there are various Bacchuses and Apollos, Atlas groaning under the weight of the Globe, the Farnese Hercules, the Toro Farnese, and amongst other things less memorable, a glorious Head of Jupiter.

The bronzes here are even more interesting than the marbles. Among them there is Mercury Rest-

ing, the Sleeping Faun, the little Dancing Faun, and the Drunken Faun snapping his fingers, of which there is a marble copy at Munich, with the two remarkable Heads of Plato and Seneca.

But our greatest treat at the Museo Borbonico could only be enjoyed after our visit to Pompeii, where we went, unhappily, in the company of some Russians whose acquaintance G. had made at the *table d'hôte*. I hope I shall never forget the solemnity of our first entrance into that silent city, and the walk along the street of tombs. After seeing the principal houses, we went, as a proper climax, to the Forum, where, amongst the lines of pedestals and the ruins of temples and tribunal, we could see Vesuvius overlooking us; then to the two theatres, and finally to the amphitheatre.

This visit prepared us to enjoy the collection of *piccoli bronzi*, of paintings and mosaics, at the Museo. Several of the paintings have considerable positive merit. I remember particularly a large one of Orestes and Pylades, which in composition and general conception might have been a picture of yesterday. But the most impressive collection of remains found at Pompeii and Herculaneum is that of the ornaments, articles of food and domestic utensils, pieces of bread, loaves with the bakers' names on them, fruits, corn, various seeds, paste in the vessel, imperfectly mixed, linen just wrung in washing, eggs, oil consolidated in a glass bottle, wine mixed with the lava, and a piece of asbestos; gold lace, a lens, a lanthorn with sides of talc, gold ornaments of Etruscan character, patty-pans (!), moulds for cakes; ingenious portable cooking apparatus, urn for hot water, portable candelabrum, to be raised or lowered at will, bells, dice, theatre-checks, and endless objects that tell

of our close kinship with those old Pompeians. In one of the rooms of this collection there are the Farnese cameos and engraved gems, some of them — especially of the latter — marvellously beautiful, complicated, and exquisitely minute in workmanship. I remember particularly one splendid yellow stone engraved with an elaborate composition of Apollo and his chariot and horses, — a masterpiece of delicate form.

We left Rome a week ago, almost longing, at last, to come southward in search of sunshine. Every one likes to boast of peculiar experience, and we can boast of having gone to Rome in the very worst spring that has been known for the last twenty years. Here, at Naples, we have had some brilliant days, though the wind is still cold, and rain has often fallen heavily in the night. It is the very best change for us after Rome: there is comparatively little art to see, and there is nature in transcendent beauty. We both think it the most beautiful place in the world, and are sceptical about Constantinople, which has not had the advantage of having been seen by us. That is the fashion of travellers, as you know; for you must have been bored many times in your life by people who have insisted on it that you *must* go and see the thing *they* have seen, — there is nothing like it. We shall bore you in that way, I daresay, — so prepare yourself. Our plan at present is to spend the next week in seeing Pæstum, Amalfi, Castellamare, and Sorrento, and drinking in as much of this Southern beauty, in a quiet way, as our souls are capable of absorbing.

Letter to Mrs. Congreve, 5th May, 1860.

The calm blue sea, and the mountains sleeping in the afternoon light, as we have seen them to-day

from the height of St. Elmo, make one feel very passive and contemplative, and disinclined to bustle about in search of meaner sights. Yet I confess Pompeii, and the remains of Pompeian art and life in the Museum, have been impressive enough to rival the sea and sky. It is a thing never to be forgotten, — that walk through the silent city of the past, and then the sight of utensils, and eatables, and ornaments, and half-washed linen, and hundreds of other traces of life so startlingly like our own in its minutest details, suddenly arrested by the fiery deluge. All that you will see some day, and with the advantage of younger eyes than mine.

We expect to reach Florence (by steamboat, alas!) on the 17th, so that if you have the charity to write to me again, address to me there.

We thought the advance to eighteen in the number of hearers was very satisfactory, and rejoiced over it. The most solid comfort one can fall back upon is the thought that the business of one's life — the work at home after the holiday is done — is to help in some small nibbling way to reduce the sum of ignorance, degradation, and misery on the face of this beautiful earth. I am writing at night, — Mr. Lewes is already asleep, else he would say, "Send my kind regards to them all." We have often talked of you, and the thought of seeing you again makes the South Fields look brighter in our imagination than they could have looked from the dreariest part of the world if you had not been living in them.

The pictures at Naples are worth little: the Marriage of St. Catherine, a small picture by Correggio; a Holy Family by Raphael, with a singularly fine St. Ann, and

Italy, 1860.

Titian's Paul the Third, are the only paintings I have registered very distinctly in all the large collection. The much praised frescos of the dome in a chapel of the Cathedral, and the oil-paintings over the altars, by Domenichino and Spagnoletto, produced no effect on me. Worth more than all these, are Giotto's frescos in the choir of the little old Church of l'Incoronata, though these are not, I think, in Giotto's ripest manner, for they are inferior to his frescos in the Santa Croce at Florence, — more uniform in the type of face.

We went to a Sunday morning service at the Cathedral, and saw a detachment of silver busts of saints ranged around the tribune, — Naples being famous for gold and silver sanctities.

When we had been a week at Naples, we set off in our carriage with Baboon on an expedition to Pæstum, arriving the first evening at Salerno, — beautiful Salerno, with a bay as lovely, though in a different way, as the bay of Naples. It has a larger sweep, grander piles of rocky mountain on the north and northeast, — then a stretch of low plain, the mountains receding, — and finally, on the south, another line of mountain coast extending to the promontory of Licosa.

From Salerno we started early in the morning for Pæstum, with no alloy to the pleasure of the journey but the dust, which was capable of making a simoom under a high wind. For a long way we passed through a well-cultivated plain, the mountains on our left, and the sea on our right; but farther on came a swampy unenclosed space of great extent, inhabited by buffaloes, who lay in groups, comfortably wallowing in the muddy water, with their grand stupid heads protruding horizontally.

On approaching Pæstum, the first thing one catches sight of is the Temple of Vesta, which is not beautiful either for form or colour, so that we began to tremble lest disappointment were to be the harvest of our dusty journey. But the fear was soon displaced by almost rapturous admiration at the sight of the great Temple of Neptune, — the finest thing, I verily believe, that we had yet seen in Italy. It has all the requisites to make a building impressive. First, *form*. What perfect satisfaction and repose for the eye in the calm repetition of those columns, — in the proportions of height and length, of front and sides: the right thing is *found*, — it is not being sought after in uneasy labour of detail or exaggeration. Next, *colour*. It is built of travertine, like the other two temples; but while they have remained, for the most part, a cold grey, this Temple of Neptune has a rich, warm, pinkish brown, that seems to glow and deepen under one's eyes. Lastly, *position*. It stands on the rich plain, covered with long grass and flowers, in sight of the sea on one hand, and the sublime blue mountains on the other. Many plants caress the ruins: the acanthus is there, and I saw it in green life for the first time; but the majority of the plants on the floor, or bossing the architrave, are familiar to me as home flowers, — purple mallows, snapdragons, pink hawkweeds, &c. On our way back we saw a herd of buffaloes clustered near a pond, and one of them was rolling himself in the water like a gentleman enjoying his bath.

The next day we went in the morning from Salerno to Amalfi. It is an unspeakably grand drive round the mighty rocks with the sea below; and Amalfi itself surpasses all imagination of a

romantic site for a city that once made itself famous in the world. We stupidly neglected seeing the Cathedral, but we saw a macaroni mill and a paper mill from among the many that are turned by the rushing stream, which, with its precipitous course down the ravine, creates an immense water power; and we climbed up endless steps to the Capuchin Monastery, to see nothing but a cavern where there are barbarous images, and a small cloister with double Gothic arches.

Our way back to La Cava gave us a repetition of the grand drive we had had in the morning by the coast, and beyond that an inland drive of much loveliness, through Claudè-like scenes of mountain, trees, and meadows, with picturesque accidents of building, such as single, round towers on the heights. The valley beyond La Cava, in which our hotel lay, is of quite paradisaic beauty: a rich cultivated spot, with mountains behind and before, — those in front varied by ancient buildings that a painter would have chosen to place there; and one of pyramidal shape, steep as an obelisk, is crowned by a monastery, famous for its library of precious MSS. and its archives. We arrived too late for everything except to see the shroud of mist gather and gradually envelop the mountains.

In the morning we set off, again in brightest weather, to Sorrento, coasting the opposite side of the promontory to that which we had passed along the day before, and having on our right hand Naples and the distant Posilipo. The coast on this side is less grand than on the Amalfi side; but it is more friendly as a place for residence. The most charming spot on the way to Sorrento, to my thinking, is Vico, which I should even prefer to Sorrento, because there is no town to be traversed

before entering the ravine and climbing the mountain in the background. But I will not undervalue Sorrento, with its orange groves embalming the air, its glorious sunsets over the sea, setting the grey olives aglow on the hills above us, its walks among the groves and vineyards out to the solitary coast. One day of our stay there we took donkeys and crossed the mountains to the opposite side of the promontory, and saw the Syren Isles, — very palpable unmysterious bits of barren rock now. A great delight to me in all the excursions round about Naples was the high cultivation of the soil, and the sight of the vines, trained from elm to elm, above some other precious crop, carpeting the ground below. On our way back to Naples we visited the silent Pompeii again. That place had such a peculiar influence over me, that I could not even look toward the point where it lay on the plain below Vesuvius without a certain thrill.

Amidst much dust we arrived at Naples again on Sunday morning, to start by the steamboat for Leghorn on the following Tuesday. But before I quit Naples, I must remember the Grotto of Posilipo, a wonderful monument of ancient labour; Virgil's tomb, which repaid us for a steep ascent only by the view of the city and bay; and a villa on the way to Posilipo, with gardens gradually descending to the margin of the sea, where there is a collection of animals both stuffed and alive. It was there we saw the flying fish with their lovely blue fins.

One day and night voyage to Civita Vecchia, and another day and night to Leghorn, — wearisome to the flesh that suffers from nausea even on the summer sea! We had another look at dear Pisa under the blue sky, and then on to Florence,

which, unlike Rome, looks inviting as one catches sight from the railway of its cupolas and towers and its embosoming hills, — the greenest of hills, sprinkled everywhere with white villas. We took up our quarters at the Pension Suisse, and on the first evening we took the most agreeable drive to be had round Florence, — the drive to Fiesole. It is in this view that the eye takes in the greatest extent of green billowy hills, besprinkled with white houses looking almost like flocks of sheep: the great silent uninhabited mountains lie chiefly behind; the plain of the Arno stretches far to the right. I think the view from Fiesole the most beautiful of all; but that from San Miniato, where we went the next evening, has an interest of another kind, because here Florence lies much nearer below, and one can distinguish the various buildings more completely. It is the same with Bellosguardo in a still more marked degree. What a relief to the eye and the thought among the huddled roofs of a distant town to see towers and cupolas rising in abundant variety as they do at Florence! There is Brunelleschi's mighty dome, and close by it, with its lovely colours not entirely absorbed by distance, Giotto's incomparable campanile, beautiful as a jewel. Farther on, to the right, is the majestic tower of the Palazzo Vecchio, with the flag waving above it; then the elegant Badia and the Bargello close by; nearer to us the grand campanile of Santo Spirito, and that of Santa Croce; far away on the left, the cupola of San Lorenzo, and the tower of Santa Maria Novella; and scattered far and near other cupolas and campaniles of more insignificant shape and history.

Even apart from its venerable historical glory, the exterior of the Duomo is pleasant to behold

when the wretched unfinished *façade* is quite hidden. The soaring pinnacles over the doors are exquisite: so are the forms of the windows in the great semi-circle of the apsis: and on the side where Giotto's campanile is placed, especially, the white marble has taken on so rich and deep a yellow that the black bands cease to be felt as a fault. The entire view on this side, closed in by Giotto's tower, with its delicate pinkish marble, its delicate Gothic windows with twisted columns, and its tall lightness carrying the eye upward, in contrast with the mighty breadth of the dome, is a thing not easily to be forgotten. The Baptistery, with its paradisaic gates, is close by; but except in those gates, it has no exterior beauty. The interior is almost awful with its great dome covered with gigantic early mosaics, — the pale large-eyed Christ surrounded by images of Paradise and Perdition. The interior of the Cathedral is comparatively poor and bare; but it has one great beauty, — its coloured lanceolate windows. Behind the high altar is a piece of sculpture, — the last under Michael Angelo's hand, intended for his own tomb, and left unfinished. It represents Joseph of Arimathea holding the body of Jesus, with Mary, his mother, on one side, and an apparently angelic form on the other. Joseph is a striking and real figure, with a hood over the head.

For external architecture it is the palaces, the old palaces of the fifteenth century, that one must look at in the streets of Florence. One of the finest was just opposite our hotel, — the Palazzo Strozzi, built by Cronaca; perfect in its massiveness, with its iron cressets and rings, as if it had been built only last year. This is the palace that the Pitti was built to outvie (so tradition falsely

pretends), and to have an inner court that would contain it. A wonderful union is that Pitti Palace, of cyclopean massiveness, with stately regularity. Next to the Pitti, I think, comes the Palazzo Riccardi — the house of the Medici — for size and splendour. Then that unique Laurentian Library, designed by Michael Angelo: the books ranged on desks in front of seats, so that the appearance of the library resembles that of a chapel with open pews of dark wood. The precious books are all chained to the desk; and here we saw old manuscripts of exquisite neatness, culminating in the Virgil of the fourth century and the Pandects, said to have been recovered from oblivion at Amalfi, but falsely so said, according to those who are more learned than tradition. Here, too, is a little chapel covered with remarkable frescos by Benozzo Gozzoli.

Grander still, in another style, is the Palazzo Vecchio, with its unique *cortile*, where the pillars are embossed with arabesque and floral tracery, making a contrast in elaborate ornament with the large simplicity of the exterior building. Here there are precious little works in ivory by Benvenuto Cellini, and other small treasures of art and jewellery, preserved in cabinets in one of the great upper chambers, which are painted all over with frescos, and have curious inlaid doors showing buildings or figures in wooden mosaic, such as is often seen in great beauty in the stalls of the churches. The great Council Chamber is ugly in its ornaments, — frescos and statues in bad taste all round it.

Orcagna's Loggia de' Lanzi is disappointing at the first glance, from its sombre, dirty colour; but its beauty grew upon me with longer contempla-

tion. The pillars and groins are very graceful and chaste in ornamentation. Among the statues that are placed under it there is not one I could admire, unless it were the dead body of Ajax with the Greek soldier supporting it. Cellini's Perseus is fantastic. The Bargello, where we went to see Giotto's frescos (in lamentable condition), was under repair, but I got glimpses of a wonderful inner court, with heraldic carvings and stone stairs and gallery.

Most of the churches in Florence are hideous on the outside, — piles of ribbed brickwork awaiting a coat of stone or stucco, — looking like skinned animals. The most remarkable exception is Santa Maria Novella, which has an elaborate facing of black and white marble. Both this church and San Lorenzo were under repair in the interior, unfortunately for us; but we could enter Santa Maria so far as to see Orcagna's frescos of Paradise and Hell. The Hell has been repainted, but the Paradise has not been maltreated in this way; and it is a splendid example of Orcagna's powers, — far superior to his frescos in the Campo Santo at Pisa. Some of the female forms on the lowest range are of exquisite grace. The splendid chapel in San Lorenzo, containing the tombs of the Medici, is ugly and heavy with all its precious marbles; and the world-famous statues of Michael Angelo on the tombs in another smaller chapel — the Notte, the Giorno, and the Crepuscolo — remained to us as affected and exaggerated in the original as in copies and casts.

The two churches we frequented most in Florence were Santa Croce and the Carmine. In this last are the great frescos of Masaccio, — chief among them the "Raising of the Dead Youth." In

the other are Giotto's frescos revealed from under the whitewash by which they were long covered, like those in the Bargello. Of these the best are the "Challenge to pass through the Fire" in the series representing the history of St. Francis, and the rising of some saint (unknown to me) from his tomb, while Christ extends His arms to receive him above, and wondering venerators look on, on each side. There are large frescos here of Taddeo Gaddi's also, but they are not good: one sees in him a pupil of Giotto, and nothing more. Besides the frescos, Santa Croce has its tombs to attract a repeated visit: the tombs of Michael Angelo, Dante, Alfieri, and Macchiavelli. Even those tombs of the unknown dead under our feet, with their effigies quite worn down to a mere outline, were not without their interest. I used to feel my heart swell a little at the sight of the inscription on Dante's tomb, — "*Onorate l'altissimo poeta.*"

In the Church of the Trinità also there are valuable frescos by the excellent Domenico Ghirlandajo, the master of Michael Angelo. They represent the history of St. Francis, and happily the best of them is in the best light: it is the death of St. Francis, and is full of natural feeling, with well-marked gradations from deepest sorrow to indifferent spectatorship.

The frescos I cared for most in all Florence were the few of Fra Angelico's that a *donna* was allowed to see in the Convent of San Marco. In the Chapter-house, now used as a guard-room, is a large Crucifixion, with the inimitable group of the fainting mother, upheld by St. John and the younger Mary, and clasped round by the kneeling Magdalene. The group of adoring, sorrowing

saints on the right hand are admirable for earnest truthfulness of representation. The Christ in this fresco is not good, but there is a deeply impressive original crucified Christ outside in the cloisters: St. Dominic is clasping the cross, and looking upward at the agonised Saviour, whose real, pale, calmly enduring face is quite unlike any other Christ I have seen.

I forgot to mention, at Santa Maria Novella, the chapel, which is painted with very remarkable frescos by Simone Memmi and Taddeo Gaddi. The best of these frescos is the one in which the Dominicans are represented by black and white dogs, — *Domini canes*. The human groups have high merit for conception and lifelikeness; and they are admirable studies of costume. At this church, too, in the sacristy, is the " Madonna della Stella," [1] with an altar-step by Fra Angelico, — specimens of his minuter painting in oil. The inner part of the frame is surrouded with his lovely angels, with their seraphic joy and flower-garden colouring.

Last of all the churches, we visited San Michele, which had been one of the most familiar to us on the outside, with its statues in niches, and its elaborate Gothic windows, designed by the genius of Orcagna. The great wonder of the interior is the shrine of white marble made to receive the miracle-working image which first caused the consecration of this mundane building, originally a corn-market. Surely this shrine is the most wonderful of all Orcagna's productions: for the beauty of the reliefs he deserves to be placed along with Nicolo Pisano, and for the exquisite Gothic design of the whole he is a compeer of Giotto.

[1] Now in cell No. 33 in the Museo di San Marco.

For variety of treasures the Uffizi Gallery is pre-eminent among all public sights in Florence; but the variety is in some degree a cause of comparative unimpressiveness, pictures and statues being crowded together and destroying each other's effect. In statuary, it has the great Niobe group; the Venus de Medici; the Wrestlers; the admirable statue of the Knife-Sharpener, supposed to represent the flayer of Marsyas; the Apollino, and the Boy taking a Thorn out of his Foot; with numerous less remarkable antiques. And besides these, it has what the Vatican has not, — a collection of early Italian sculpture, supreme among which is Giovanni di Bologna's Mercury.[1] Then there is a collection of precious drawings; and there is the cabinet of gems, quite alone in its fantastic, elaborate minuteness of workmanship in rarest materials; and there is another cabinet containing ivory sculptures, cameos, intaglios, and a superlatively fine Niello, as well as Raffaelle porcelain. The pictures here are multitudinous, and among them there is a generous proportion of utterly bad ones. In the entrance gallery, where the early paintings are, is a great Fra Angelico, — a Madonna and Child, — a triptych, the two side compartments containing very fine figures of saints, and the inner part of the central frame a series of unspeakably lovely angels.[2] Here I always paused with longing, trying to believe that a copyist there could make an imitation angel good enough to be worth buying. Among the other paintings that remain with me, after my visit to the Uffizi, are the portrait of Leonardo da Vinci, by himself; the portrait of Dante, by Filippino

[1] Now in the Museo Nazionale.

[2] Now in Sala Lorenzo Monaco, Uffizi.

Lippi;[1] the Herodias of Luini; Titian's Venus, in the Tribune; Raphael's Madonna and Child with the Bird; and the portrait falsely called the Fornarina; the two remarkable pictures by Ridolfo Ghirlandajo, and the Salutation by Albertinelli, which hangs opposite; the little prince in pink dress, with two recent teeth, in the next room, by Angelo Bronzino (No. 1155); the small picture of Christ in the Garden, by Lorenzo Credi; Titian's Woman with the Golden Hair, in the Venetian room; Leonardo's Medusa head; and Michael Angelo's ugly Holy Family, — these, at least, rise up on a rapid retrospect. Others are in the background; for example, Correggio's Madonna adoring the infant Christ in the Tribune.

For pictures, however, the Pitti Palace surpasses the Uffizi. Here the paintings are more choice and not less numerous. The "Madonna della Sedia" leaves me, with all its beauty, impressed only by the grave gaze of the Infant; but besides this there is another Madonna of Raphael, — perhaps the most beautiful of all his earlier ones, — the "Madonna del Granduca," which has the sweet grace and gentleness of its sisters without their sheep-like look. Andrea del Sarto is seen here in his highest glory of oil-painting. There are numerous large pictures of his, — Assumptions and the like, — of great technical merit; but better than all these I remember a Holy Family with a very fine St. Ann, and the portraits of himself and his fatal auburn-haired wife. Of Fra Bartolommeo there is a Pietà of memorable expression,[2] a

[1] The only portraits of Dante in the Uffizi are No. 1207, in the room opening out of the Tribune, — by an unknown painter (Scuola Toscana); and No. 553, in the passage to the Pitti, — also by an unknown painter.

[2] No. 81. Pitti Gallery.

Madonna enthroned with saints, and his great St. Mark. Of Titian, a Marriage of St. Catherine of supreme beauty; a Magdalen, failing in expression; and an exquisite portrait of the same woman, who is represented as Venus at the Uffizi. There is a remarkable group of portraits by Rubens, — himself, his brother, Lipsius, and Grotius, — and a large landscape by him. The only picture of Veronese's that I remember here is a portrait of his wife when her beauty was gone. There is a remarkably fine sea piece by Salvator Rosa; a striking portrait of Aretino, and a portrait of Vesalius, by Titian; one of Inghirami by Raphael; a delicious rosy baby, — future cardinal, — lying in a silken bed;[1] a placid, contemplative young woman, with her finger between the leaves of a book, by Leonardo da Vinci;[2] a memorable portrait of Philip II. by Titian; a splendid Judith by Bronzino; a portrait of Rembrandt by himself, &c., &c.

Andrea del Sarto is seen to advantage at the Pitti Palace; but his *chef-d'œuvre* is a fresco, unhappily much worn, — the " Madonna del Sacco," — in the cloister of the Annunziata.

For early Florentine paintings, the most interesting collection is that of the Accademia. Here we saw a Cimabue, which gave us the best idea of his superiority over the painters who went before him: it is a colossal Madonna enthroned. And on the same wall there is a colossal Madonna by Giotto, which is not only a demonstration that he surpassed his master, but that he had a clear vision of the noble in art. A delightful picture — very much restored, I fear — of the Adoration of the

[1] No. 49, by Tiberio Titti. Pitti Gallery.

[2] No. 140. Pitti Gallery.

Magi made me acquainted with Gentile da Fabriano. The head of Joseph in this picture is masterly in the delicate rendering of the expression; the three kings are very beautiful in conception; and the attendant group, or rather crowd, shows a remarkable combination of realism with love of the beautiful and splendid.

There is a fine Domenico Ghirlandajo, — the "Adoration of the Shepherds;" a fine Lippo Lippi; and an Assumption by Perugino, which I like well for its cherubs and angels, and for some of the adoring figures below. In the smaller room there is a lovely Pietà by Fra Angelico; and there is a portrait of Fra Angelico himself by another artist.

One of our drives at Florence, which I have not mentioned, was that to Galileo's Tower, which stands conspicuous on one of the hills close about the town. We ascended it for the sake of looking out over the plain from the same spot as the great man looked from, more than two centuries ago. His portrait is in the Pitti Palace, — a grave man with an abbreviated nose, not unlike Mr. Thomas Adolphus Trollope.

One fine day near the end of our stay we made an expedition to Siena, — that fine old town built on an abrupt height overlooking a wide, wide plain. We drove about a couple of hours or more, and saw well the exterior of the place, — the peculiar piazza or campo in the shape of a scallop-shell, with its large old Palazzo *publico*, the Porta Ovile and Porta Romana, the archbishop's palace, and the cemetery. Of the churches we saw only the Cathedral, the Chapel of John the Baptist, and San Domenico. The cathedral has a highly elaborate Gothic façade, but the details of the upper part are

unsatisfactory, — a square window in the centre shocks the eye, and the gables are not slim and aspiring enough. The interior is full of interest: there is the unique pavement in a sort of marble Niello, presenting Raffaelesque designs by Beccafumi, carrying out the example of the older portions, which are very quaint in their drawing; there is a picture of high interest in the history of early art, — a picture by Guido of Siena, who was rather earlier than Cimabue; fine carved stalls and screens in dark wood; and in an adjoining chapel a series of frescos by Pinturicchio, to which Raphael is said to have contributed designs and workmanship, and wonderfully illuminated old choir-books. The Chapel of St. John the Baptist has a remarkable Gothic façade, and a baptismal font inside, with reliefs wrought by Ghiberti and another Florentine artist. To San Domenico we went for the sake of seeing the famous Madonna by Guido da Siena: I think we held it superior to any Cimabue we had seen. There is a considerable collection of the Siennese artists at the Accademia, but the school had no great genius equal to Giotto to lead it. The Three Graces — an antique to which Canova's modern triad bears a strong resemblance in attitude and style — are also at the Accademia.

An interesting visit we made at Florence was to Michael Angelo's house, — Casa Buonarotti, — in the Via Ghibellina. This street is striking and characteristic: the houses are all old, with broad eaves, and in some cases with an open upper story, so that the roof forms a sort of pavilion supported on pillars. This is a feature one sees in many parts of Florence. Michael Angelo's house is preserved with great care by his descendants, — only one could wish their care had not been shown in giving

it entirely new furniture. However, the rooms are the same as those he occupied, and there are many relics of his presence there, — his stick, his sword, and many of his drawings. In one room there is a very fine Titian of small size, — the principal figure a woman fainting.

The Last Supper — a fresco believed to be by Raphael — is in a room at the Egyptian Museum.[1] The figure of Peter — of which, apparently, there exist various sketches by Raphael's hand — is memorable.

Things really look so threatening in the Neapolitan kingdom, that we begin to think ourselves fortunate in having got our visit done. Tuscany is in the highest political spirits for the moment, and of course Victor Emanuel stares at us at every turn here, with the most loyal exaggeration of moustache and intelligent meaning. But we are selfishly careless about dynasties just now, caring more for the doings of Giotto and Brunelleschi than for those of Count Cavour. On a first journey to the greatest centres of art, one must be excused for letting one's public spirit go to sleep a little. As for me, I am thrown into a state of humiliating passivity by the sight of the great things done in the far past: it seems as if life were not long enough to learn, and as if my own activity were so completely dwarfed by comparison that I should never have courage for more creation of my own. There is only one thing that has an opposite and stimulating effect: it is the comparative rarity, even here, of great and truthful art, and the abundance of wretched imitation and falsity. Every hand is wanted in the world that can do a little genuine sincere work.

Letter to John Blackwood, 18th May, 1860.

[1] No. 56 Via de Faenza, Capella di Foligno.

We are at the quietest hotel in Florence, having sought it out for the sake of getting clear of the stream of English and Americans, in which one finds one's self in all the main tracks of travel, so that one seems at last to be in a perpetual noisy picnic, obliged to be civil, though with a strong inclination to be sullen. My philanthropy rises several degrees as soon as we are alone.

Letter to Major Blackwood, 27th May, 1860.

I am much obliged to you for writing at once, and so scattering some clouds which had gathered over my mind in consequence of an indication or two in Mr. John Blackwood's previous letter. The "Times" article arrived on Sunday. It is written in a generous spirit, and with so high a degree of intelligence that I am rather alarmed lest the misapprehensions it exhibits should be due to my defective presentation rather than to any failure on the part of the critic. I have certainly fulfilled my intention very badly if I have made the Dodson honesty appear "mean and uninteresting," or made the payment of one's debts appear a contemptible virtue in comparison with any sort of "Bohemian" qualities. So far as my own feeling and intention are concerned, no one class of persons or form of character is held up to reprobation or to exclusive admiration. Tom is painted with as much love and pity as Maggie; and I am so far from hating the Dodsons myself that I am rather aghast to find them ticketed with such very ugly adjectives. We intend to leave this place on Friday (3d), and in four days after that we shall be at Venice, — in a few days from that time at Milan, — and then, by a route at present uncertain, at Berne, where we take up Mr. Lewes's eldest boy, to bring him home with us.

We are particularly happy in our weather, which

is unvaryingly fine without excessive heat. There has been a crescendo of enjoyment in our travels; for Florence, from its relation to the history of Modern Art, has roused a keener interest in us even than Rome, and has stimulated me to entertain rather an ambitious project, which I mean to be a secret from every one but you and Mr. John Blackwood.

Any news of "Clerical Scenes" in its third edition? Or has its appearance been deferred? The smallest details are acceptable to ignorant travellers. We are wondering what was the last good article in "Blackwood," and whether Thackeray has gathered up his slack reins in the "Cornhill." Literature travels slowly even to this Italian Athens. Hawthorne's book is not to be found here yet in the Tauchnitz edition.

We left Florence on the evening of the first of June, by diligence, travelling all night and until eleven the next morning to get to Bologna. I wish we could have made that journey across the Apennines by daylight, though in that case I should have missed certain grand startling effects that came to me in my occasional wakings. Wonderful heights and depths I saw on each side of us by the fading light of the evening. Then in the middle of the night, while the lightning was flashing and the sky was heavy with threatening storm-clouds, I waked to find the six horses resolutely refusing or unable to move the diligence, — till at last two meek oxen were tied to the axle, and their added strength dragged us up the hill. But one of the strangest effects I ever saw was just before dawn, when we seemed to be high up on mighty mountains, which fell precipitously and showed us the awful pale horizon, far, far below.

Italy, 1860.

The first thing we did at Bologna was to go to the Accademia, where I confirmed myself in my utter dislike of the Bolognese school, — the Caraccis and Domenichino *et id genus omne*, — and felt some disappointment in Raphael's St. Cecilia. The pictures of Francia here, to which I had looked forward as likely to give me a fuller and higher idea of him, were less pleasing to me than the smaller specimens of him that I had seen in the Dresden and other galleries. He seems to me to be more limited even than Perugino: but he is a faithful, painstaking painter, with a religious spirit. Agostino Caracci's Communion of St. Jerome is a remarkable picture, with real feeling in it, — an exception among all the great pieces of canvas that hang beside it. Domenichino's figure of St. Jerome is a direct plagiarism from that of Agostino: but in other points the two pictures are quite diverse.

The following morning we took a carriage, and were diligent in visiting the churches. San Petronio has the melancholy distinction of an exquisite Gothic façade, which is carried up only a little way above the arches of the doorways: the sculptures on these arches are of wonderful beauty. The interior is of lofty, airy, simple Gothic, and it contains some curious old paintings in the various side-chapels, — pre-eminent among which are the great frescos by the so-called Buffalmacco. The Paradise is distinguished in my memory by the fact that the blessed are ranged in seats like the benches of a church or chapel. At Santa Cecilia — now used as a barrack or guard-room — there are two frescos by Francia, the Marriage and Burial of St. Cecilia, characteristic but miserably injured. At the great Church of San Domenico the object of chief interest is the tomb of the said saint by the

ever-to-be-honoured Niccolò Pisano. I believe this tomb was his first great work, and very remarkable it is; but there is nothing on it equal to the Nativity on the pulpit at Pisa. On this tomb stands a lovely angel by Michael Angelo. It is small in size, holding a small candlestick, and is a work of his youth: it shows clearly enough how the feeling for grace and beauty was strong in him, only not strong enough to wrestle with his love of the grandiose and powerful.

The ugly, painful, leaning towers of Bologna made me desire not to look at them a second time; but there are fine bits of massive palatial building here and there in the colonnaded streets. We trod the court of the once famous university, where the arms of the various scholars ornament the walls above and below an interior gallery. This building is now, as far as I could understand, a communal school, and the university is transported to another part of the town.

We left Bologna in the afternoon, rested at Ferrara for the night, and passed the Euganean Mountains on our left hand as we approached Padua in the middle of the next day.

After dinner and rest from our dusty journeying, we took a carriage and went out to see the town, desiring most of all to see Giotto's Chapel. We paused first, however, at the great Church of Sant' Antonio, which is remarkable both externally and internally. There are two side chapels opposite each other, which are quite unique for contrasted effect. On the one hand is a chapel of oblong form, covered entirely with white marble *relievi*, golden lamps hanging from the roof; while opposite is a chapel of the same form, covered with frescos by Avanzi, the artist who seems to have

been the link of genius between Giotto and Masaccio. Close by, in a separate building, is the Capella di San Giorgo, also covered with Avanzi's frescos; and here one may study him more completely, because the light is better than in the church. He has quite a Veronese power of combining his human groups with splendid architecture.

The Arena Chapel stands apart, and is approached at present through a pretty garden. Here one is uninterruptedly with Giotto. The whole chapel was designed and painted by himself alone; and it is said that while he was at work on it, Dante lodged with him at Padua. The nave of the chapel is in tolerably good preservation, but the apsis has suffered severely from damp. It is in this apsis that the lovely Madonna, with the Infant at her breast, is painted in a niche, now quite hidden by some altar-piece or woodwork, which one has to push by in order to see the tenderest bit of Giotto's painting. This chapel must have been a blessed vision when it was fresh from Giotto's hand, — the blue vaulted roof; the exquisite bands of which he was so fond, representing inlaid marble, uniting roof and walls and forming the divisions between the various frescos which cover the upper part of the wall. The glory of Paradise at one end, and the histories of Mary and Jesus on the two sides; and the subdued effect of the series of monochromes representing the Virtues and Vices below.

There is a piazza with a plantation and circular public walk, with wildly affected statues of small and great notorieties, which remains with one as a peculiarity of Padua. In general the town is merely old and shabbily Italian, without anything very specific in its aspect.

From Padua to Venice!

It was about ten o'clock on a moonlight night — the 4th of June — that we found ourselves apparently on a railway in the midst of the sea: we were on the bridge across the Lagoon. Soon we were in a gondola on the Grand Canal, looking out at the moonlit buildings and water. What stillness! What beauty! Looking out from the high window of our hotel on the Grand Canal, I felt that it was a pity to go to bed. Venice was more beautiful than romances had feigned.

And that was the impression that remained, and even deepened, during our stay of eight days. That quiet which seems the deeper because one hears the delicious dip of the oar (when not disturbed by clamorous church bells), leaves the eye in full liberty and strength to take in the exhaustless loveliness of colour and form.

We were in our gondola by nine o'clock the next morning, and of course the first point we sought was the Piazza di San Marco. I am glad to find Ruskin calling the Palace of the Doges one of the two most perfect buildings in the world: its only defects, to my feeling, are the feebleness or triviality of the frieze or cornice, and the want of length in the Gothic windows with which the upper wall is pierced. This spot is a focus of architectural wonders; but the palace is the crown of them all. The double tier of columns and arches, with the rich sombreness of their finely outlined shadows, contrast satisfactorily with the warmth and light and more continuous surface of the upper part. Even landing on the Piazzetta, one has a sense, not only of being in an entirely novel scene, but one where the ideas of a foreign race have poured themselves in without yet mingling indistinguishably

with the pre-existent Italian life. But this is felt yet more strongly when one has passed along the Piazzetta and arrived in front of San Marco, with its low arches and domes and minarets. But perhaps the most striking point to take one's stand on is just in front of the white marble guard-house flanking the great tower, — the guard-house with Sansovino's iron gates before it. On the left is San Marco, with the two square pillars from St. Jean d'Acre, standing as isolated trophies; on the right the Piazzetta extends between the Doge's Palace and the Palazzo Reale to the tall columns from Constantinople; and in front is the elaborate gateway leading to the white marble Scala dei Giganti, in the courtyard of the Doge's Palace. Passing through this gateway and up this staircase, we entered the gallery which surrounds the court on three sides, and looked down at the fine sculptured vase-like wells below. Then into the great Sala, surrounded with the portraits of the Doges: the largest oil-painting here — or perhaps anywhere else — is the " Gloria del Paradiso " by Tintoretto, now dark and unlovely. But on the ceiling is a great Paul Veronese, — the " Apotheosis of Venice," — which looks as fresh as if it were painted yesterday, and is a miracle of colour and composition, — a picture full of glory and joy of an earthly, fleshly kind, but without any touch of coarseness or vulgarity. Below the radiant Venice on her clouds is a balcony filled with upward-looking spectators; and below this gallery is a group of human figures with horses. Next to this Apotheosis, I admire another Coronation of Venice on the ceiling of another Sala, where Venice is sitting enthroned above the globe with her lovely face in half shadow, — a creature born with an imperial

attitude. There are other Tintorettos, Veroneses, and Palmas in the great halls of this palace; but they left me quite indifferent, and have become vague in my memory. From the splendours of the palace we crossed the Bridge of Sighs to the prisons, and saw the horrible dark damp cells that would make the saddest life in the free light and air seem bright and desirable.

The interior of St. Mark's is full of interest, but not of beauty: it is dark and heavy, and ill-suited to the Catholic worship, for the massive piers that obstruct the view everywhere shut out the sight of ceremony and procession, as we witnessed at our leisure on the day of the great procession of Corpus Christi. But everywhere there are relics of gone-by art to be studied, from mosaics of the Greeks to mosaics of later artists than the Zuccati; old marble statues, embrowned like a meerschaum pipe; amazing sculptures in wood; Sansovino doors, ambitious to rival Ghiberti's; transparent alabaster columns; an ancient Madonna, hung with jewels, transported from St. Sophia, in Constantinople; and everywhere the venerable pavement, once beautiful with its starry patterns in rich marble, now deadened and sunk to unevenness, like the mud floor of a cabin.

Then outside, on the archway of the principal door, there are sculptures of a variety that makes one renounce the study of them in despair at the shortness of one's time, — blended fruits and foliage, and human groups and animal forms of all kinds. On our first morning we ascended the great tower, and looked around on the island-city and the distant mountains and the distant Adriatic. And on the same day we went to see the Pisani Palace, — one of the grand old palaces that are

going to decay. An Italian artist who resides in one part of this palace interested us by his frank manner, and the glimpse we had of his domesticity with his pretty wife and children. After this we saw the Church of San Sebastiano, where Paul Veronese is buried, with his own paintings around, mingling their colour with the light that falls on his tombstone. There is one remarkably fine painting of his here: it represents, I think, some Saints going to Martyrdom, but apart from that explanation, is a composition full of vigorous, spirited figures, in which the central ones are two young men leaving some splendid dwelling, on the steps of which stands the mother, pleading and remonstrating, — a marvellous figure of an old woman with a bare neck.

But supreme among the pictures at Venice is the "Death of Peter the Martyr," [1] now happily removed from its original position as an altar-piece and placed in a good light in the sacristy of San Giovanni and Paolo (or San Zani Polo, as the Venetians conveniently abbreviate it). In this picture, as in that of the Tribute-money at Dresden, Titian seems to have surpassed himself, and to have reached as high a point in expression as in colour. In the same sacristy there was a Crucifixion by Tintoretto, and a remarkable Madonna with Saints by Giovanni Bellini; but we were unable to look long away from the Titian to these, although we paid it five visits during our stay. It is near this church that the famous equestrian statue stands by Verocchio.

Santa Maria della Salute, built as an *ex voto* by the Republic on the cessation of the plague, is one of the most conspicuous churches in Venice, lifting

[1] Since burnt.

its white cupolas close on the Grand Canal, where it widens out towards the Giudecca.

Here there are various Tintorettos; but the only one which is not blackened so as to be unintelligible is the *Cena*, which is represented as a bustling supper-party, with attendants and sideboard accessories, in thoroughly Dutch fashion! The great scene of Tintoretto's greatness is held to be the Scuola di San Rocco, of which he had the painting entirely to himself, with his pupils; and here one must admire the vigour and freshness of his conceptions, though I saw nothing that delighted me in expression, and much that was preposterous and ugly. The Crucifixion here is certainly a grand work, to which he seems to have given his best powers; and among the smaller designs, in the two larger halls, there were several of thorough originality, — for example, the Annunciation, where Mary is seated in a poor house, with a carpenter's shop adjoining, the Nativity in the upper story of a stable, of which a section is made so as to show the beasts below, and the Flight into Egypt, with a very charming (European) landscape. In this same building of San Rocco there are some exquisite iron gates, a present from Florence, and some singularly painstaking woodcarving, representing, in one compartment of wainscot above the seats that surrounded the upper hall, a bookcase filled with old books, an inkstand and pen set in front of one shelf *à s'y méprendre*.

But of all Tintoretto's paintings, the best preserved, and perhaps the most complete in execution, is the Miracle of St. Mark at the Accademia. We saw it the oftener because we were attracted to the Accademia again and again by Titian's

Assumption, which we placed next to Peter the Martyr among the pictures at Venice.

For a thoroughly rapt expression I never saw anything equal to the Virgin in this picture, and the expression is the more remarkable because it is not assisted by the usual devices to express spiritual ecstasy, such as delicacy of feature and temperament or pale meagreness. Then what cherubs and angelic heads bathed in light! The lower part of the picture has no interest; the attitudes are theatrical; and the Almighty above is as unbeseeming as painted Almighties usually are: but the middle group falls short only of the Sistine Madonna.

Among the Venetian painters Giovanni Bellini shines with a mild, serious light that gives one an affectionate respect towards him. In the Church of the Scalzi there is an exquisite Madonna by him, probably his *chef-d'œuvre*, — comparable to Raphael's for sweetness.

And Palma Vecchio, too, must be held in grateful reverence for his Santa Barbara, standing in calm, grand beauty above an altar in the Church of Santa Maria Formosa. It is an almost unique presentation of a hero-woman, standing in calm preparation for martyrdom, without the slightest air of pietism, yet with the expression of a mind filled with serious conviction.

We made the journey to Chioggia, but with small pleasure, on account of my illness, which continued all day. Otherwise that long floating over the water, with the forts and mountains looking as if they were suspended in the air, would have been very enjoyable. Of all dreamy delights, that of floating in a gondola along the canals and out on the Lagoon is surely the greatest. We were out one night on the Lagoon when the sun was setting,

and the wide waters were flushed with the reddened light. I should have liked it to last for hours: it is the sort of scene in which I could most readily forget my own existence, and feel melted into the general life.

Another charm of evening time was to walk up and down the Piazza of San Marco as the stars were brightening and look at the grand dim buildings, and the flocks of pigeons flitting about them; or to walk on to the Bridge of La Paglia and look along the dark canal that runs under the Bridge of Sighs, — its blackness lit up by a gaslight here and there, and the plash of the oar of blackest gondola slowly advancing.

One of our latest visits was to the Palazzo Mamfrini, where there are still the remains of a magnificent collection of pictures, — remains still on sale.

The young proprietor was walking about transacting business in the rooms as we passed through them, — a handsome, refined-looking man. The chief treasure left — the Entombment, by Titian — is perhaps a superior duplicate of the one in the Louvre. After this we went to a private house (once the house of Bianca Capello), to see a picture which the joint proprietors are anxious to prove to be a Leonardo da Vinci. It is a remarkable — an unforgettable — picture. The subject is the Supper at Emmaus; and the Christ, with open, almost tearful eyes, with loving sadness spread over the regular beauty of his features, is a masterpiece. This head is *not* like the Leonardo sketch at Milan; and the rest of the picture impressed me strongly with the idea that it is of German, not Italian, origin. Again, the head is not like that of Leonardo's Christ in the National Gallery — it is far finer, to my thinking.

Farewell, lovely Venice! and away to Verona, across the green plains of Lombardy, which can hardly look tempting to an eye still filled with the dreamy beauty it has left behind. Yet I liked our short stay at Verona extremely. The Amphitheatre had the disadvantage of coming after the Coliseum and the Pozzuoli Amphitheatre, and would bear comparison with neither; but the Church of San Zenone was equal in interest to almost any of the churches we had seen in Italy. It is a beautiful specimen of Lombard architecture, undisguised by any modern barbarisms in the interior; and on the walls — now that they have been freed from their coat of whitewash — there are early frescos of high historical value, some of them — apparently of the Giotto school — showing a remarkable striving after human expression. More than this, there is in one case an under layer of yet older frescos, partly laid bare, and showing the lower part of figures in mummy-like degradation of drawing; while above these are the upper portion of the later figures in striking juxtaposition with the dead art from which they had sprung with the vitality of a hidden germ. There is a very fine crypt to the church, where the fragments of some ancient [statue] are built in wrong way upwards.

This was the only church we entered at Verona; for we contented ourselves with a general view of the town, driving about to get *coups d'œil* of the fine old walls, the river, the bridges, and surrounding hills, and mounting up to a high terrace for the sake of a bird's-eye view: this, with a passing sight of the famous tombs of the Scaligers, was all gathered in our four or five hours at Verona.

Heavy rain came on our way to Milan, putting

an end to the brilliant weather we had enjoyed ever since our arrival at Naples. The line of road lies through a luxuriant country, and I remember the picturesque appearance of Bergamo, — half of it on the level, half of it lifted up on the green hill.

In this second visit of mine to Milan, my greatest pleasures were the Brera Gallery and the Ambrosian Library, neither of which I had seen before. The Cathedral no longer satisfied my eye in its exterior; and though the interior has very grand effects, there are still disturbing elements.

At the Ambrosian Library we saw MSS. surpassing in interest any even of those we had seen in the Laurentian Library at Florence, — illuminated books, sacred and secular, — a little Koran, rolled up something after the fashion of a measuring-tape, — private letters of Tasso, Galileo, Lucrezia Borgia, &c., — and a book full of Leonardo da Vinci's engineering designs. Then upstairs, in the picture-gallery, we saw a delicious Holy Family by Luini, of marvellous perfection in its execution, the Cartoon for Raphael's "School of Athens," and a precious collection of drawings by Leonardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo. Among Leonardo's are amazingly grotesque faces, full of humour; among Michael Angelo's is the sketch of the unfortunate Biagio, who figures with asses' ears in the lower corner of the "Last Judgment."

At the Brera, among a host of pictures to which I was indifferent, there were several things that delighted me, — some of Luini's frescos, especially the burial or transportation of the body of St. Catherine by angels; some single figures of young cherubs, and Joseph and Mary going to their Marriage; the drawing in pastel by Leonardo of the Christ's head, supposed to be a study for the *Cena;*

the Luini Madonna among trellises, — an exquisite oil-painting; Gentile Bellini's picture of St. Mark preaching at Alexandria; and the Sposalizio by Raphael.

At the Church of San Maurizio Maggiore we saw Luini's power tested by an abundant opportunity. The walls are almost covered with frescos by him; but the only remarkable felicity he has is his female figures, which are eminently graceful. He has not power enough for a composition of any high character.

We visited, too, the interesting old Church of Sant' Ambrogio, with its court surrounded by cloisters, its old sculptured pulpit, chair of St. Ambrose, and illuminated choir-books; and we drove to look at the line of old Roman columns, which are almost the solitary remnant of antiquity left in this ancient city, — ancient, at least, in its name and site.

We left Milan for Como on a fine Sunday morning, and arrived at beautiful Bellagio by steamer in the evening. Here we spent a delicious day, — going to the Villa Somma Riva in the morning, and in the evening to the Serbellone Gardens, from the heights of which we saw the mountain peaks reddened with the last rays of the sun. The next day we reached lovely Chiavenna, at the foot of the Splügen Pass, and spent the evening in company with a glorious mountain torrent, mountain peaks, huge boulders, with rippling miniature torrents and lovely young flowers among them, and grassy heights with rich Spanish chestnuts shadowing them. Then, the next morning, we set off by post and climbed the almost perpendicular heights of the Pass, — chiefly in heavy rain that would hardly let us discern the patches of snow when we

reached the tableland of the summit. About five o'clock we reached grassy Splügen, and felt that we had left Italy behind us. Already our driver had been German for the last long post, and now we had come to an hotel where host and waiters were German. Swiss houses of dark wood, outside staircases and broad eaves, stood on the steep, green, and flowery slope that led up to the waterfall; and the hotel and other buildings of masonry were thoroughly German in their aspect. In the evening we enjoyed a walk between the mountains, whose lower sides down to the torrent bed were set with tall dark pines. But the climax of grand — nay, terrible — scenery came the next day as we traversed the Via Mala.

After this came open green valleys, with dotted white churches and homesteads. We were in Switzerland, and the mighty wall of the Valtelline Alps shut us out from Italy on the 21st of June.

Your letter to Florence reached me duly, and I feel as if I had been rather unconscionable in asking for another before our return; but to us who have been seeing new things every day, a month seems so long a space of time that we can't help fancying there must be a great accumulation of news for us at the end of it.

Letter to John Blackwood, 23d June, 1860, from Berne.

We had hoped to be at home by the 25th; but we were so enchanted with Venice that we were seduced into staying there a whole week instead of three or four days, and now we must not rob the boys of their two days' holiday with us.

We have had a wonderful journey. From Florence we went to Bologna, Ferrara, and Padua on our way to Venice; and from Venice we have come by Verona, Milan, and Como, and across the

Splügen to Zurich, where we spent yesterday chiefly in the company of Moleschott the physiologist, — an interview that has helped to sharpen Mr. Lewes's appetite for a return to his microscope and dissecting-table. We ought to be for ever ashamed of ourselves if we don't work the better for this great holiday. We both feel immensely enriched with new ideas and new veins of interest.

I don't think I can venture to tell you what my great project is by letter, for I am anxious to keep it a secret. It will require a great deal of study and labour, and I am athirst to begin.

As for "The Mill," I am in repose about it, now I know it has found its way to the great public. Its comparative rank can only be decided after some years have passed, when the judgment upon it is no longer influenced by the recent enthusiasm about "Adam," and by the fact that it has the misfortune to be written by me instead of by Mr. Liggins. I shall like to see Bulwer's criticism, if you will be kind enough to send it me; but I particularly wish *not* to see any of the newspaper articles.

SUMMARY OF CHAPTER X

MARCH TO JUNE, 1860. — FIRST JOURNEY TO ITALY

Crossing Mont Cenis by night in diligence — Turin — Sees Count Cavour — Genoa — Leghorn — Pisa — Civita Vecchia — Disappointment with first sight of Rome — Better spirits after visit to Capitol — View from Capitol — Points most struck with in Rome — Sculpture at Capitol — Sculpture at Vatican first seen by torchlight — St. Peter's — Other churches — Sistine Chapel — Paintings — Illumination of St. Peter's — Disappointment with Michael Angelo's Moses — Visits to artists' studios — Riedel and Overbeck — Pamfili Doria Gardens — Frascati — Tivoli — Pictures at Capitol — Lateran Museum — Shelley's and Keats's graves — Letter to Mrs. Congreve — Pope's blessing — Easter ceremonies — Letter to M. D'Albert — From Rome to Naples — Description — Museo Borbonico — Visit to Pompeii — Solemnity of street of tombs — Letter to Mrs. Congreve — From Naples to Salerno and Pæstum — Temple of Vesta — Temple of Neptune fulfils expectations — Amalfi — Drive to Sorrento — Back to Naples — By steamer to Leghorn — To Florence — Views from Fiesole and Bellosguardo — The Duomo — Baptistery — Palaces — Churches — Dante's tomb — Frescos — Pictures at the Uffizi — Pictures at the Pitti — Pictures at the Accademia — Expedition to Siena — Back to Florence — Michael Angelo's house — Letter to Blackwood — Dwarfing effect of the past — Letter to Major Blackwood on "Times" criticism of "The Mill on the Floss," and first mention of an Italian novel — Leave Florence for Bologna — Churches and pictures — To Padua by Ferrara — The Arena Chapel — Venice by moonlight — Doge's Palace — St. Mark's — Pictures — Scuola di San Rocco — Accademia — Gondola to Chioggia — From Venice to Verona — Milan — Brera Gallery and Ambrosian Library — Disappointment with Cathedral — Bellagio — Over Splügen to Switzerland — Letter to Blackwood — Saw Moleschott at Zurich — Home by Berne and Geneva.

CHAPTER XI

JULY 1. — We found ourselves at home again, after three months of delightful travel. From Berne we brought our eldest boy Charles, to begin a new period in his life, after four years at Hofwyl. During our absence "The Mill on the Floss" came out (April 4), and achieved a greater success than I had ever hoped for it. The subscription was 3600 (the number originally printed was 4000); and shortly after its appearance, Mudie having demanded a second thousand, Blackwood commenced striking off 2000 more, making 6000. While we were at Florence I had the news that these 6000 were all sold, and that 500 more were being prepared. From all we can gather, the votes are rather on the side of "The Mill" as a better book than "Adam."

Journal, 1860.

We reached home by starlight at one o'clock this morning; and I write in haste, fear, and trembling lest you should already be gone to Surrey. You know what I should like, — that you and your husband should come to us the first day possible, naming any hour and conditions. We would arrange meals and everything else as would best suit you. Of course I would willingly go to London to see *you*, if you could not come to me. But I fear lest neither plan should be practicable, and lest this letter should have to be sent after you. It is from your note only that I have learned your loss.[1] It

Letter to Madame Bodichon, 1st July, 1860.

[1] Death of Madame Bodichon's father.

has made me think of you with the sense that there is more than ever a common fund of experience between us. But I will write nothing more now. I am almost ill with fatigue, and have only courage to write at all, because of my anxiety not to miss you.

Affectionate regards from both of *us* to both of *you*.

I opened your letters and parcel a little after one o'clock on Sunday morning, for that was the unseasonable hour of our return from our long, long journey. Yesterday was almost entirely employed in feeling very weary indeed, but this morning we are attacking the heap of small duties that always lie before one after a long absence.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 2d July, 1860.

It is pleasant to see your book[1] fairly finished after all delays and anxieties; but I will say nothing to you about *that* until I have read it. I shall read it the first thing before plunging into a course of study which will take me into a different region of thought.

We have had an unspeakably delightful journey, — one of those journeys that seem to divide one's life in two, by the new ideas they suggest and the new veins of interest they open. We went to Geneva, and spent two days with my old kind friends the D'Alberts, — a real pleasure to me, especially as Mr. Lewes was delighted with "Maman," as I used to call Madame D'Albert. She is as bright and upright as ever; the ten years have only whitened her hair, — a change which makes her face all the softer in colouring.

We did not reach home till past midnight on Saturday, when you, I suppose, had already be-

[1] "Thoughts in Aid of Faith."

come used to the comfort of having fairly got through your London season. Self-interest, rightly understood of course, prompts us to a few virtuous actions in the way of letter-writing to let the few people we care to hear from know at once of our whereabouts; and you are one of the first among the few.

Letter to John Blackwood, 3d July, 1860.

At Berne Mr. Lewes supped with Professors Valentin and Schiff, two highly distinguished physiologists, and I was much delighted to find how much attention and interest they had given to his views in the "Physiology of Common Life."

A French translation of "Adam Bede," by a Genevese gentleman[1] well known to me, is now in the press; and the same translator has undertaken "The Mill on the Floss." He appears to have rendered "Adam" with the most scrupulous care. I think these are all the incidents we gathered on our homeward journey that are likely to interest you.

Here, then, is the lock of hair which, now it is severed from its companions, may be mistaken for a lock from some youthful head, full of brightest hopes. My hopes, you know, were never very bright, even in my youthful days, and it was always my *fears* that painted my future for me. That has, at least, saved me from some disappointment and has brought me some unexpected joys in life. For instance, I had never ventured to hope that you would bear me so tenderly in your mind through long years, and gladden my heart by such strong sympathy as your eyes and voice assured me of during our short stay with you.

Letter to Madame D'Albert, 3d July, 1860.

[1] M. D'Albert.

Very few things have happened to me, apart from my domestic life, that have cheered me more than the feeling that you and M. D'Albert are woven into my outward practical existence, no longer as mere memories, however cherished, but as actual breathing friends, ready to share my thoughts and help me with your encouraging words. I will say nothing to you on the subject of Mr. Lewes's letter to M. D'Albert, because I am sure you know all the feeling that is implied in the wish he has expressed on behalf of us both. I am rather weighed down with anxiety now, dear Maman, and find life, even in the middle of my many blessings, still a difficult and sometimes a toilsome journey. I have always to struggle against a selfish longing for repose.

You will write to me, I know, and tell me now and then how it fares with you. It is doubly pleasant to read details about a friend's life when we know just how she looks, and where she sits through long, quiet days.

I fear I gave very feeble signs of the gratitude I felt towards you for your affectionate reception of me and mine, and all the delicate attentions you showed us. All speech was difficult to me just then, and especially on matters of feeling. Nevertheless, I have confidence that you interpreted me more kindly than any even of my unexpressed feelings deserved, and that you believe in me as your always true and grateful.

I have finished my first rather rapid reading of your book, and now I thank you for it: not merely for the special gift of the volume and inscription, but for that of which many others will share the benefit with me, — the " thoughts " themselves.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 7th July, 1860.

So far as my reading in English books of similar character extends, yours seems to me quite unparalleled in the largeness and insight with which it estimates Christianity as an "organised experience," — a grand advance in the moral development of the race.

I especially delight in the passage, p. 105, beginning, "And how can it be otherwise," and ending with, "formal rejection of it." [1] On this and other supremely interesting matters of thought, — perhaps I should rather say of experience, — your book has shown me that we are much nearer to each other than I had supposed. At p. 174, again, there is a passage beginning, "These sentiments," and ending with "heroes," [2] which, for

[1] "And how can it be otherwise than real to us, this belief that has nourished the souls of us all, and seems to have moulded actually anew their internal constitution, as well as stored them up with its infinite variety of external interests and associations! What other than a very real thing has it been in the life of the world, — sprung out of, and again causing to spring forth, such volumes of human emotion, — making a current, as it were, of feeling, that has drawn within its own sphere all the moral vitality of so many ages! In all this reality of influence there is indeed the testimony of Christianity having truly formed an integral portion of the organic life of humanity. The regarding it as a mere excrescence, the product of morbid fanatical humours, is a reaction of judgment, that, it is to be hoped, will soon be seen on all hands to be in no way implied of necessity in the formal rejection of it." — "Thoughts in Aid of Faith," p. 105.

[2] "These sentiments, which are born within us, slumbering as it were in our nature, ready to be awakened into action immediately they are roused by hint of corresponding circumstances, are drawn out of the whole of previous human existence. They constitute our treasured inheritance out of all the life that has been lived before us, to which no age, no human being who has trod the earth and laid himself to rest, with all his mortal burden, upon her maternal bosom, has failed to add his contribution. No generation has had its engrossing conflict, sorely battling out the triumphs of mind over material force, and through forms of monstrous abortions concurrent with its birth, too hideous for us now to bear in contemplation, moulding the early intelligence by every struggle, and winning its gradual powers, — no single soul has borne itself through its personal trial, — without bequeathing to us of its fruit. There is not a religious thought that we take to ourselves for secret comfort in our time of grief, that has not been distilled out of the multiplicity of the hallowed tears of mankind; not an animating idea is there for our fainting courage that has not gathered its inspiration from the bravery of the myriad armies of the world's heroes." — "Thoughts in Aid of Faith," p. 174.

me, expresses the one-half of true human piety. That thought is one of my favourite altars where I oftenest go to contemplate, and to seek for invigorating motive.

Of the work as a whole I am quite incompetent to judge on a single cursory reading. I admire — I respect — the breadth and industry of mind it exhibits; and I should be obliged to give it a more thorough study than I can afford at present before I should feel warranted to urge, in the light of a criticism, my failure to perceive the logical consistency of your language in some parts with the position you have adopted in others. In many instances your meaning is obscure to me, or at least lies wrapped up in more folds of abstract phraseology than I have the courage or the industry to open for myself. I think you told me that some one had found your treatment of great questions "cold-blooded." I am all the more delighted to find, for my own part, an unusual fulness of sympathy and heart experience breathing throughout your book. The ground for that epithet perhaps lay in a certain professorial tone which could hardly be avoided, in a work filled with criticism of other people's theories, except by the adoption of a simply personal style of presentation, in which you would have seemed to be looking up at the oracles, and trying to reconcile their doctrines for your own behoof, instead of appearing to be seated in a chair above them. But you considered your own plan more thoroughly than any one else can have considered it for you; and I have no doubt you had good reasons for preferring the more impersonal style.

Mr. Lewes sends his kind regards, and when Du Bois Reymond's book on Johannes Müller, with

other preoccupations of a like thrilling kind, no longer stand in the way, he will open *his* copy of the "Thoughts in Aid of Faith." He has felt a new interest aroused towards it since he has learned something about it from me and the reviewer in the "Westminster."

Madame Bodichon, who was here the other day, told me that Miss Nightingale and Miss Julia Smith had mentioned their pleasure in your book; but you will hear further news of all that from themselves.

I return Sir Edward Lytton's critical letter, which I have read with much interest. On two points I recognise the justice of his criticism. First, that Maggie is made to appear too passive in the scene of quarrel in the Red Deeps. If my book were still in MS., I should — now that the defect is suggested to me — alter, or rather expand, that scene. Secondly, that the tragedy is not adequately prepared. This is a defect which I felt even while writing the third volume, and have felt ever since the MS. left me. The *Epische Breite* into which I was beguiled by love of my subject in the two first volumes, caused a want of proportionate fulness in the treatment of the third, which I shall always regret.

Letter to John Blackwood, 9th July, 1860.

The other chief point of criticism — Maggie's position towards Stephen — is too vital a part of my whole conception and purpose for me to be converted to the condemnation of it. If I am wrong there, — if I did not really know what my heroine would feel and do under the circumstances in which I deliberately placed her, — I ought not to have written this book at all, but quite a different book, if any. If the ethics of art do not admit

the truthful presentation of a character essentially noble, but liable to great error, — error that is anguish to its own nobleness, — then, it seems to me, the ethics of art are too narrow, and must be widened to correspond with a widening psychology.

But it is good for me to know how my tendencies as a writer clash with the conclusions of a highly accomplished mind, that I may be warned into examining well whether my discordance with those conclusions may not arise rather from an idiosyncrasy of mine than from a conviction which is argumentatively justifiable.

I hope you will thank Sir Edward on my behalf for the trouble he has taken to put his criticism into a form specific enough to be useful. I feel his taking such trouble to be at once a tribute and a kindness. If printed criticisms were usually written with only half the same warrant of knowledge, and with an equal sincerity of intention, I should read them without fear of fruitless annoyance.

The little envelope with its address of " Marian " was very welcome, and as Mr. Lewes is sending what a Malapropian friend once called a " missile " to Sara, I feel inclined to slip in a word of gratitude, — less for the present than for the past goodness, which came back to me with keener remembrance than ever when we were at Genoa and at Como, — the places I first saw with you. How wretched I was then, — how peevish, how utterly morbid! And how kind and forbearing you were under the oppression of my company! I should like you now and then to feel happy in the thought that you were always perfectly good to me. That I was not good to

Letter to Mrs. Bray, 10th July, 1860.

you, is my own disagreeable affair: the bitter taste of that fact is mine, not yours.

Don't you remember Bellagio? It is hardly altered much except in the hotels, which the eleven years have wondrously multiplied and bedizened for the accommodation of the English. But if I begin to recall the things we saw in Italy, I shall write as long a letter as Mr. Lewes's, which, by-the-bye, now I have read it, seems to be something of a "missile" in another sense than the Malapropian. But Sara is one of the few people to whom candour is acceptable as the highest tribute. And private criticism has more chance of being faithful than public. We must have mercy on critics who are obliged to make a figure in printed pages. They must by all means say striking things. Either we should not read printed criticisms at all (*I don't*), or we should read them with the constant remembrance that they are a fugitive kind of work which, in the present stage of human nature, can rarely engage a very high grade of conscience or ability. The fate of a book, which is not entirely ephemeral, is never decided by journalists or reviewers of any but an exceptional kind. Tell Sara her damnation — if it ever comes to pass — will be quite independent of Nationals and Westminsters. Let half-a-dozen competent people read her book, and an opinion of it will spread quite apart from either praise or blame in reviews and newspapers.

Letter to Mrs. Bray, Tuesday evening, July, 1860.

Our big boy is a great delight to us, and makes our home doubly cheery. It is very sweet as one gets old to have some young life about one. He is quite a passionate musician, and we play Beethoven duets with increasing appetite every evening. The opportunity

of hearing some inspiring music is one of the chief benefits we hope for to counterbalance our loss of the wide common and the fields.

We shall certainly read the parts you suggest in the "Education of the Feelings," [1] and I daresay I shall read a good deal more of it, liking to turn over the leaves of a book which I read first in our old drawing-room at Foleshill, and then lent to my sister, who, with a little air of maternal experience, pronounced it "very sensible."

Letter to Mrs. Bray, 14th July, 1860.

There is so much that I want to do every day, — I had need cut myself into four women. We have a great extra interest and occupation just now in our big boy Charley, who is looking forward to a Government examination, and wants much help and sympathy in music and graver things. I think we are quite peculiarly blest in the fact that this eldest lad seems the most entirely lovable human animal of seventeen and a half that I ever met with or heard of: he has a sweetness of disposition which is saved from weakness by a remarkable sense of duty.

We are going to let our present house, if possible, — that is, get rid of it altogether on account of its inconvenient situation: other projects are still in a floating, unfixed condition. The water did not look quite so green at Como, — perhaps, as your remark suggests, because there was a less vivid green to be reflected from my personality as I looked down on it. I am eleven years nearer to the sere and yellow leaf, and my feelings are even more autumnal than my years. I have read no reviews of the "Mill on the Floss" except that in the "Times," which Blackwood

[1] "Education of the Feelings." By Charles Bray. Published 1839.

sent me to Florence. I abstain not from superciliousness, but on a calm consideration of the probable proportion of benefit on the one hand, and waste of thought on the other. It was certain that in the notices of my first book, after the removal of my *incognito*, there would be much *ex post facto* wisdom, which could hardly profit me since *I* certainly knew who I was beforehand, and knew also that no one else knew who had not been told.

Letter to Chas. Bray, 18th July, 1860.

We are quite uncertain about our plans at present. Our second boy, Thornie, is going to leave Hofwyl, and to be placed in some more expensive position, in order to the carrying on of his education in a more complete way, so that we are thinking of avoiding for the present any final establishment of ourselves, which would necessarily be attended with additional outlay. Besides, these material cares draw rather too severely on my strength and spirits. But until Charlie's career has taken shape we frame no definite projects.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 6th Aug. 1860.

If Cara values the article on Strikes in the "Westminster Review," she will be interested to know — if she has not heard it already — that the writer is *blind*. I dined with him the other week, and could hardly keep the tears back as I sat at table with him. Yet he is cheerful and animated, accepting with graceful quietness all the minute attentions to his wants that his blindness calls forth. His name is Fawcett, and he is a Fellow of Trinity Hall, Cambridge. I am sitting for my portrait — for the last time, I hope — to Lawrence, the artist who drew that chalk-head of Thackeray, which is familiar to you.

I know you will rejoice with us that Charley has won his place at the Post Office, having been at the head of the list in the examination. The dear lad is fairly launched in life now.

Letter to Madame Bodichon, Friday, Aug. 1860.

I am thoroughly vexed that we did n't go to Lawrence's to-day. We made an effort, but it was raining too hard at the only time that would serve us to reach the train. That comes of our inconvenient situation, so far off the railway; and alas! no one comes to take our house off our hands. We may be forced to stay here after all.

Letter to Madame Bodichon, Saturday evening, Aug. 1860.

One of the things I shall count upon, if we are able to get nearer London, is to see more of your schools and other good works. That would help me to do without the fields for many months of the year.

I am very sorry that anything I have written should have pained you. *That*, certainly, is the result I should seek most to avoid in the very slight communication which we are able to keep up, — necessarily under extremely imperfect acquaintance with each other's present self.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 27th Aug. 1860.

My first letter to you about your book, after having read it through, was as simple and sincere a statement of the main impressions it had produced on me, as I knew how to write in few words. My second letter, in which I unhappily used a formula in order to express to you, in briefest phrase, my difficulty in discerning the justice of your *analogical* argument, *as I understood it*, was written from no other impulse than the desire to show you that I did not neglect your abstract just sent to me. The said formula was entirely deprived of its

application by the statement in your next letter, that you used the word "essence" in another sense than the one hitherto received in philosophical writing, on the question as to the nature of our knowledge; and the explanation given of your meaning in your last letter shows me — unless I am plunging into further mistake — that you mean nothing but what I fully believe. My offensive formula was written under the supposition that your conclusion meant something which it apparently did *not* mean. It is probable enough that I was stupid; but I should be distressed to think that the discipline of life had been of so little use to me as to leave me with a tendency to leap at once to the attitude of a critic, instead of trying first to be a learner from every book written with sincere labour.

Will you tell Mr. Bray that we are quitting our present house in order to be *nearer* town for Charlie's sake, who has an appointment in the Post Office, and our time will be arduously occupied during the next few weeks in arrangements to that end, so that our acceptance of the pleasant proposition to visit Sydenham for a while is impossible. We have advertised for a house near Regent's Park, having just found a gentleman and lady ready to take our present one off our hands. They want to come in on quarter-day, so that we have no time to spare.

I have been reading this morning for my spiritual good Emerson's "Man the Reformer," which comes to me with fresh beauty and meaning. My heart goes out with venerating gratitude to that mild face, which I daresay is smiling on some one as beneficently as it one day did on me years and years ago.

Do not write again about opinions on large questions, dear Sara. The liability to mutual mis-

conception which attends such correspondence — especially in my case, who can only write with brevity and haste — makes me dread it greatly; and I think there is no benefit derivable to you to compensate for the presence of that dread in me. You do not know me well enough as I *am* (according to the doctrine of development which you have yourself expounded), to have the materials for interpreting my imperfect expressions.

I think you would spare yourself some pain if you would attribute to your friends a larger comprehension of ideas, and a larger acquaintance with them, than you appear to do. I should imagine that many of them, or at least *some* of them, share with you, much more fully than you seem to suppose, in the interest and hope you derive from the doctrine of development, with its geometrical progression towards fuller and fuller being. Surely it is a part of human piety we should all cultivate, not to form conclusions, on slight and dubious evidence, as to other people's "tone of mind," or to regard particular mistakes as a proof of general moral incapacity to understand us. I suppose such a tendency (to large conclusions about others) is part of the original sin we are all born with, for I have continually to check it in myself.

I think I must tell you the secret, though I am distrusting my power to make it grow into a published fact. When we were in Florence, I was rather fired with the idea of writing a historical romance, — scene, Florence; period, the close of the fifteenth century, which was marked by Savonarola's career and martyrdom. Mr. Lewes has encouraged me to persevere in the project, saying that I should probably do something in historical romance rather different

Letter to John Blackwood, 28th Aug. 1860.

in character from what has been done before. But I want first to write another English story, and the plan I should like to carry out is this: to publish my next English novel when my Italian one is advanced enough for us to begin its publication a few months afterwards in "Maga." It would appear without a name in the Magazine, and be subsequently reprinted with the name of "George Eliot." I need not tell you the wherefore of this plan. You know well enough the received phrases with which a writer is greeted when he does something else than what was expected of him. But just now I am quite without confidence in my future doings, and almost repent of having formed conceptions which will go on lashing me now until I have at least tried to fulfil them.

I am going to-day to give my last sitting to Lawrence, and we were counting on the Major's coming to look at the portrait and judge of it. I hope it will be satisfactory, for I am quite set against going through the same process a second time.

We are a little distracted just now with the prospect of removal from our present house, which some obliging people have at last come to take off our hands.

Letter to Madame Bodichon, 5th Sept. 1860.

My fingers have been itching to write to you for the last week or more, but I have waited and waited, hoping to be able to tell you that we had decided on our future house. This evening, however, I have been reading your description of Algiers, and the desire to thank you for it moves me too strongly to be resisted. It is admirably written, and makes me *see* the country. I am so glad to think of the deep draughts of life you get from being able to

spend half your life in that fresh grand scenery. It must make London and English green fields all the more enjoyable in their turn.

As for us, we are preparing to renounce the delights of roving, and to settle down quietly, as old folks should do, for the benefit of the young ones. We have let our present house.

Is it not cheering to have the sunshine on the corn, and the prospect that the poor people will not have to endure the suffering that comes on them from a bad harvest? The fields that were so sadly beaten down a little while ago on the way to town are now standing in fine yellow shocks.

I wish you could know how much we felt your kindness to Charley. He is such a dear good fellow that nothing is thrown away upon him.

Write me a scrap of news about yourself, and tell me how you and the doctor are enjoying the country. I shall get a breath of it in that way. I think I love the fields and shudder at the streets more and more every month.

Sept. 27. — To-day is the third day we have spent in our new home here at 10 Harewood Square. It is a furnished house, in which we do not expect to stay longer than six months at the utmost. Since our return from Italy I have written a slight tale, "Mr. David Faux, Confectioner" ("Brother Jacob") — which G. thinks worth printing.

Journal, 1862.

The precious cheque arrived safely to-day. I am much obliged to you for it, and also for the offer to hasten further payments. I have no present need of that accommodation, as we have given up the idea of buying the house which attracted us, dreading a step that might fetter us to town, or to a more

Letter to John Blackwood, 27th Sept. 1860.

expensive mode of living than might ultimately be desirable. I hope Mr. Lewes will bring us back a good report of Major Blackwood's progress towards re-established health. In default of a visit from him, it was very agreeable to have him represented by his son,[1] who has the happy talent of making a morning call one of the easiest, pleasantest things in the world.

I wonder if you know who is the writer of the article in the "North British," in which I am reviewed along with Hawthorne. Mr. Lewes brought it for me to read this morning, and it is so unmixed in its praise that if I had any friends I should be uneasy lest a friend should have written it.

Letter to Mrs. Congreve, 16th Oct. 1860.

Since there is no possibility of my turning in to see you on my walk as in the old days, I cannot feel easy without writing to tell you my regret that I missed you when you came. In changing a clearer sky for a foggy one, we have not changed our habits, and we walk after lunch as usual; but I should like very much to stay indoors any day with the expectation of seeing you, if I could know beforehand of your coming. It is rather sad not to see your face at all from week to week, and I hope you know that I feel it so. But I am always afraid of falling into a disagreeable urgency of invitation, since we have nothing to offer beyond the familiar well-worn entertainment of our own society. I hope you and Mr. Congreve are quite well now and free from cares. Emily, I suppose, is gone with the sunshine of her face to Coventry. There is sadly little sunshine except that of young faces just now. Still we are flourishing in spite of damp

[1] Mr. William Blackwood.

and dismalness. We were glad to hear that the well-written article in the "Westminster" on the "Essays and Reviews" was by your friend Mr. Harrison.[1] Though I don't quite agree with his view of the case, I admired the tone and style of the writing greatly.

There is no objection to Wednesday but this,—that it is our day for hearing a course of lectures, and the lecture begins at eight. Now, since you can't come often, we want to keep you as long as we can, and we have a faint hope that Mr. Congreve might be able to come from his work and dine with us and take you home. But if that were impossible, could you not stay all night? There is a bed ready for you. Think of all that, and if you can manage to give us the longer visit, choose another day when our evening will be unbroken. I will understand by your silence that you can only come for a shorter time, and that you abide by your plan of coming on Wednesday. I am really quite hungry for the sight of you.

Letter to Mrs. Congreve, 19th Oct. 1860.

I agree with you in preferring to put simply "New Edition;" and I see, too, that the practice of advertising numbers is made vulgar and worthless by the doubtful veracity of some publishers, and the low character of the books to which they affix this supposed guarantee of popularity. *Magna est veritas*, &c. I can't tell you how much comfort I feel in having publishers who believe that.

Letter to John Blackwood, 2d Nov. 1860.

You have read the hostile article in the "Quarterly," I daresay. I have not seen it; but Mr. Lewes's report of it made me more cheerful than

[1] Mr. Frederic Harrison, the now well-known writer, and a member of the Positivist body.

any review I have heard of since "The Mill" came out. You remember Lord John Russell was once laughed at immensely for saying that he felt confident he was right, because all parties found fault with him. I really find myself taking nearly the same view of my position, with the Freethinkers angry with me on one side and the writer in the "Quarterly" on the other, — *not* because my representations are untruthful, but because they are impartial, — because I don't *load* my dice so as to make their side win. The parenthetical hint that the classical quotations in my books might be "more correctly printed," is an amusing sample of the grievance that belongs to review-writing in general, since there happens to be only *one* classical quotation in them all, — the Greek one from the Philoctetes in "Amos Barton." By-the-bye, will you see that the readers have not allowed some error to creep into that solitary bit of pedantry?

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 13th Nov. 1860.

I understand your paradox of "expecting disappointments," for that is the only form of hope with which I am familiar. I should like, for your sake, that you should rather see us in our *own* house than in this; for I fear your carrying away a general sense of *yellow* in connection with us, — and I am sure that is enough to set you against the thought of us. There are some staring yellow curtains which you will hardly help blending with your impression of our moral sentiments. In our own drawing-room I mean to have a paradise of greenness. I have lately re-read your "Thoughts," from the beginning of the "Psychical Essence of Christianity" to the end of the "History of Philosophy," and I feel my original impression confirmed, — that the "Psychical Essence" and "General Review of

the Christian System" are the most valuable portions. I think you once expressed your regret that I did not understand the analogy you traced between Feuerbach's theory and Spencer's. I don't know what gave you that impression, for *I* never said so. I see your meaning distinctly in that parallel. If you referred to something in Mr. Lewes's letter, let me say, once for all, that you must not impute *my* opinions to *him* nor *vice versa.* The intense happiness of our union is derived in a high degree from the perfect freedom with which we each follow and declare our own impressions. In this respect I know *no* man so great as he, — that difference of opinion rouses no egoistic irritation in him, and that he is ready to admit that another argument is the stronger the moment his intellect recognises it. I am glad to see Mr. Bray contributing his quota to the exposure of that odious trickery, — spirit-rapping. It was not headache that I was suffering from when Mr. Bray called, but extreme languor and unbroken fatigue from morning to night, — a state which is always accompanied in me, psychically, by utter self-distrust and despair of ever being equal to the demands of life. We should be very pleased to hear some news of Mr. and Mrs. Call. I feel their removal from town quite a loss to us.

Nov. 28. — Since I last wrote in this Journal, I have suffered much from physical weakness, accompanied with mental depression. The loss of the country has seemed very bitter to me, and my want of health and strength has prevented me from working much, — still worse, has made me despair of ever working well again. I am getting better now by the help of tonics, and shall be better still if I could gather more bravery,

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resignation, and simplicity of striving. In the meantime my cup is full of blessings: my home is bright and warm with love and tenderness, and in more material, vulgar matters we are very fortunate.

Last Tuesday — the 20th — we had a pleasant evening. Anthony Trollope dined with us, and made me like him very much by his straightforward wholesome *Wesen*. Afterwards Mr. Helps came in, and the talk was extremely agreeable. He told me the Queen had been speaking to him in great admiration of my books, — especially "The Mill on the Floss." It is interesting to know that Royalty can be touched by that sort of writing, and I was grateful to Mr. Helps for his wish to tell me of the sympathy given to me in that quarter.

To-day I have had a letter from M. D'Albert, saying that at last the French edition of "Adam Bede" is published. He pleases me very much by saying that he finds not a sentence that he can retrench in the first volume of "The Mill."

I am engaged now in writing a story, — the idea of which came to me after our arrival in this house, and which has thrust itself between me and the other book I was meditating. It is "Silas Marner, the Weaver of Raveloe." I am still only at about the 62d page, for I have written slowly and interruptedly.

Letter to M. D'Albert, 6th Dec. 1860.

The two copies of *your* "Adam Bede" reached me in all safety two or three days ago. Very pleasant they were to see in their pale white covers, which I greatly prefer to the favourite French yellow. At present I have only read the chapters containing Hetty's wanderings, which I find faithfully ren-

dered; but Mr. Lewes has read much more, and declares himself much satisfied with the translation. It will never cease to be a happy thought to me, dear friend, that you and Maman have spent pleasant hours over my books.

I think it will be wise to adopt the title you suggest, — "Le Moulin de Dorlcote," — instead of our "La Floss;" but on this point I leave you to decide according to your final impression, when the decision becomes necessary. Here in England the public is about equally divided in opinion about my two last works, — some preferring "Adam," some "The Mill;" but I agree with you that the French readers are likely to find the first volume of the latter too long. My delight in the pictures of childhood led me into what the Germans call an "epic breadth," which to many may perhaps seem an epic tediousness. Altogether, I should think my mind is one of the most remote from the French standard. What a detail that is which you mention, about the rejection of Maman's apt quotation, lest the book should have a religious air!

Letter to Mrs. Congreve, 7th Dec. 1860.

The sight of sunshine usually brings you to my mind, because you are my latest association with the country; but I think of you much oftener than I see the sunshine, for the weather in London has been more uninterruptedly dismal than ever for the last fortnight. Nevertheless *I* am brighter; and since I believe your goodness will make that agreeable news to you, I write on purpose to tell it. Quinine and steel have at last made me brave and cheerful, and I really don't mind a journey upstairs. If you had not repressed our hope of seeing you again until your sister's return, I should have asked you to join us for the Exeter Hall performance of the

"Messiah" this evening, which I am looking forward to with delight. The Monday Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall are our easiest and cheapest pleasures. I go in my bonnet; we sit in the shilling places in the body of the hall, and hear to perfection for a shilling! That is agreeable when one hears Beethoven's quartets and sonatas. Pray bear in mind that these things are to be had when you are more at liberty.

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Dec. 17. — We entered to-day our new home, — 16 Blandford Square, — which we have taken for three years, hoping by the end of that time to have so far done our duty by the boys as to be free to live where we list.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 20th Dec. 1860.

Your vision of me as "settled" was painfully in contrast with the fact. The last virtue human beings will attain, I am inclined to think, is scrupulosity in promising and faithfulness in fulfilment. We are still far off our last stadium of development, and so it has come to pass that though we were in the house on Monday last, our curtains are not up and our oilcloth is not down. Such is life, seen from the furnishing point of view! I can't tell you how hateful this sort of time-frittering work is to me, who every year care less for houses and detest shops more. To crown my sorrows, I have lost my pen, — my old favourite pen, with which I have written for eight years, — at least it is not forthcoming. We have been reading the proof of Mr. Spencer's second part, and I am supremely gratified by it, because he brings his argument to a point which I did not anticipate from him. It is, as he says, a result of his riper thought. After all the bustle of Monday, I went to hear Sims Reeves sing "Adelaide," — that *ne plus ultra* of passionate

song, — and I wish you had been there for one quarter of an hour, that you might have heard it too.

The bright point in your letter is, that you are in a happy state of mind yourself. For the rest we must wait and not be impatient with those who have their inward trials, though everything outward seems to smile on them. It seems to those who are differently placed that the time of freedom from strong ties and urgent claims must be very precious for the ends of self-culture and good helpful work towards the world at large. But it hardly ever is so. As for the forms and ceremonies, I feel no regret that any should turn to them for comfort if they can find comfort in them; sympathetically I enjoy them myself. But I have faith in the working out of higher possibilities than the Catholic or any other Church has presented; and those who have strength to wait and endure are bound to accept no formula which their whole souls — their intellect as well as their emotions — do not embrace with entire reverence. The "highest calling and election" is to *do without opium*, and live through all our pain with conscious, clear-eyed endurance.

Letter to Madame Bodichon, 26th Dec. 1860.

We have no sorrow just now, except my constant inward "worrit" of unbelief in any future of good work on my part. Everything I do seems poor and trivial in the doing; and when it is quite gone from me, and seems no longer my own, then I rejoice in it and think it fine. That is the history of my life.

I have been wanting to go to your school again, to refresh myself with the young voices there, but I have not been able to do it. My walks have all

been taken up with shopping errands of late; but I hope to get more leisure soon.

We both beg to offer our affectionate remembrances to the doctor. Get Herbert Spencer's new work, — the two first quarterly parts. It is the best thing he has done.

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Dec. 31. — This year has been marked by many blessings, and above all, by the comfort we have found in having Charles with us. Since we set out on our journey to Italy on 25th March, the time has not been fruitful in work: distractions about our change of residence have run away with many days; and since I have been in London my state of health has been depressing to all effort.

May the next year be more fruitful!

Letter to John Blackwood, 12th Jan. 1861.

I am writing a story which came *across* my other plans by a sudden inspiration. I don't know at present whether it will resolve itself into a book short enough for me to complete before Easter, or whether it will expand beyond that possibility. It seems to me that nobody will take any interest in it but myself, for it is extremely unlike the popular stories going; but Mr. Lewes declares that I am wrong, and says it is as good as anything I have done. It is a story of old-fashioned village life, which has unfolded itself from the merest millet-seed of thought. I think I get slower and more timid in my writing, but perhaps worry about houses and servants and boys, with want of bodily strength, may have had something to do with that. I hope to be quiet now.

Letter to M. D'Albert, 22d Jan. 1861.

I was delighted to have your letter this morning, bringing me good news not only of a literary but of a personal kind. It is pleasant to know that your labours

on "Adam" have been so far appreciated; but I think it is pleasanter still to know that Maman has had the comfort of seeing her son Charles this Christmas, and that your prospects concerning him are hopeful. I begin, you know, to consider myself an experienced matron, knowing a great deal about parental joys and anxieties. Indeed I have rather too ready a talent for entering into anxieties of all sorts.

I can well imagine that you find "The Mill" more difficult to render than "Adam." But would it be inadmissible to represent in French, at least in some degree, those "intermédiaires entre le style commun et le style élégant" to which you refer? It seems to me that I have discerned such shades very strikingly rendered in Balzac, and occasionally in George Sand. Balzac, I think, dares to be thoroughly colloquial, in spite of French strait-lacing. Even in English this daring is far from being general. The writers who dare to be thoroughly familiar are Shakspeare, Fielding, Scott (where he is expressing the popular life with which he is familiar), and indeed every other writer of fiction of the first class. Even in his loftiest tragedies — in Hamlet, for example — Shakspeare is intensely colloquial. One hears the very accent of living men. I am not vindicating the practice; I know that is not necessary to *you,* who have so quick a sensibility for the real and the humorous. You, of course, have knowledge as to what is or can be done in French literature beyond any that my reading can have furnished me with.

I see that you think there are many readers who will prefer "The Mill" to "Adam." To my feeling, there is more thought and a profounder veracity in "The Mill" than in "Adam;" but "Adam"

is more complete, and better balanced. My love of the childhood scenes made me linger over them; so that I could not develop as fully as I wished the concluding "Book" in which the tragedy occurs, and which I had looked forward to with much attention and premeditation from the beginning. My books don't seem to belong to me after I have once written them; and I find myself delivering opinions about them as if I had nothing to do with them. I am not afraid that you will be unable to distinguish that frankness from self-conceit.

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Feb. 1. — The first month of the New Year has been passed in much bodily discomfort, — making both work and leisure heavy. I have reached page 209 of my story, which is to be in one volume, and I want to get it ready for Easter, but I dare promise myself nothing with this feeble body.

The other day I had charming letters from M. and Mme. D'Albert, saying that the French "Adam" goes on very well, and showing an appreciation of "The Mill" which pleases me.

Letter to Mrs. Congreve, 6th Feb. 1861.

I was feeling so ill on Friday and Saturday, that I had not spirit to write and thank you for the basket of eggs, — an invaluable present. I was particularly grateful this morning at breakfast, when a fine large one fell to my share.

On Saturday afternoon we were both so utterly incapable that Mr. Lewes insisted on our setting off forthwith into the country. But we only got as far as Dorking, and came back yesterday. I felt a new creature as soon as I was in the country; and we had two brilliant days for rambling and driving about that lovely Surrey. I suppose we must keep soul and body together by occasional

flights of this sort; and don't you think an occasional flight to town will be good for you?

I have destroyed almost all my friends' letters to me, because they were only intended for my eyes, and could only fall into the hands of persons who knew little of the writers, if I allowed them to remain till after my death. In proportion as I love every form of piety, — which is venerating love, — I hate hard curiosity; and, unhappily, my experience has impressed me with the sense that hard curiosity is the more common temper of mind. But enough of that. The reminders I am getting from time to time of Coventry distress have made me think very often yearningly and painfully of the friends who are more immediately affected by it, and I often wonder if more definite information would increase or lessen my anxiety for them. Send me what word you can from time to time, that there may be some reality in my image of things round your hearth.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 8th Feb. 1861.

I send you by post to-day about 230 pages of MS. I send it because in my experience printing and its preliminaries have always been rather a slow business; and as the story — if published at Easter at all — should be ready by Easter week, there is no time to lose. We are reading "Carlyle's Memoirs" with much interest; but so far as we have gone, he certainly does seem to me something of a "Sadducee," — a very handsome one, judging from the portrait. What a memory and what an experience for a novelist! But somehow experience and finished faculty rarely go together. Dearly beloved Scott had the greatest combination of experience and faculty, — yet even he never made the most of

Letter to John Blackwood, 15th Feb. 1861.

his treasures, at least in his *mode* of presentation. Send us better news of Major Blackwood if you can. We feel so old and rickety ourselves, that we have a peculiar interest in invalids. Mr. Lewes is going to lecture for the Post Office this evening, by Mr. Trollope's request. I am rather uneasy about it, and wish he were well through the unusual excitement.

Letter to Mrs. Congreve, 16th Feb. 1861.

I have been much relieved by Mr. Lewes having got through his lecture at the Post Office[1] with perfect ease and success, for I had feared the unusual excitement for him. *I* am better. I have not been working much lately, — indeed this year has been a comparatively idle one. I think my *malaise* is chiefly owing to the depressing influence of town air and town scenes. The Zoological Gardens are my one outdoor pleasure now, and we can take it several times a-week, for Mr. Lewes has become a fellow.

My love is often visiting you. Entertain it well.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 20th Feb. 1861.

I am glad to hear that Mr. Maurice impressed you agreeably. If I had strength to be adventurous on Sunday, I should go to hear him preach as well as others. But I am unequal to the least exertion or irregularity. My only pleasure away from our own hearth is going to the Zoological Gardens. Mr. Lewes is a fellow, so we turn in there several times a-week; and I find the birds and beasts there most congenial to my spirit. There is a Shoebill, a great bird of grotesque ugliness, whose top-knot looks brushed up to a point with an exemplary deference to the demands of society, but who, I am sure, has no idea that he looks the handsomer for it. I cherish an unrequited attachment to him.

[1] Lecture on Cell Forms.

If you are in London this morning, in this fine dun-coloured fog, you know how to pity me. But I feel myself wicked for implying that I have any grievances. Only last week we had a circular from the clergyman at Attleboro, where there is a considerable population entirely dependent on the ribbon trade, telling us how the poor weavers are suffering from the effects of the Coventry strike. And these less known undramatic tales of want win no wide help, such as has been given in the case of the Hartley colliery accident.

Letter to Mrs. Congreve, 23d Feb. 1861.

Your letter was a contribution towards a more cheerful view of things, for whatever may be the minor evils you hint at, I know that Mr. Congreve's better health and the satisfaction you have in his doing effective work will outweigh them. We have had a Dr. Wyatt here lately, — an Oxford physician, — who was much interested in hearing of Mr. Congreve again, — not only on the ground of Oxford remembrances, but from having read his writings.

I was much pleased with the affectionate respect that was expressed in all the notices of Mr. Clough [1] that I happened to see in the newspapers. They were an indication that there must be a great deal of private sympathy to soothe poor Mrs. Clough, if any soothing is possible in such cases. That little poem of his which was quoted in the " Spectator " about parted friendships touched me deeply.

You may be sure we are ailing, but I am ashamed of dwelling on a subject that offers so little variety.

I don't wonder at your finding my story, as far as you have read it, rather sombre: indeed, I should

[1] Arthur Hugh Clough — the Poet.

Letter to John Blackwood, 24th Feb. 1861.

not have believed that any one would have been interested in it but myself (since Wordsworth is dead) if Mr. Lewes had not been strongly arrested by it. But I hope you will not find it at all a sad story, as a whole, since it sets — or is intended to set — in a strong light the remedial influences of pure, natural human relations. The Nemesis is a very mild one. I have felt all through as if the story would have lent itself best to metrical rather than to prose fiction, especially in all that relates to the psychology of Silas; except that, under that treatment, there could not be an equal play of humour. It came to me first of all quite suddenly, as a sort of legendary tale, suggested by my recollection of having once, in early childhood, seen a linen-weaver with a bag on his back; but as my mind dwelt on the subject, I became inclined to a more realistic treatment.

My chief reason for wishing to publish the story now is that I like my writings to appear in the order in which they are written, because they belong to successive mental phases, and when they are a year behind me, I can no longer feel that thorough identification with them which gives zest to the sense of authorship. I generally like them better at that distance, but then I feel as if they might just as well have been written by somebody else. It would have been a great pleasure to me if Major Blackwood could have read my story. I am very glad to have the first part tested by the reading of your nephew and Mr. Simpson, and to find that it can interest them at all.

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March 10.— Finished "Silas Marner," and sent off the last thirty pages to Edinburgh.

Your letter came to me just as we were preparing to start in search of fresh air and the fresh thoughts that come with it. I hope you never doubt that I feel a deep interest in knowing all facts that touch you nearly. I should like to think that it was some small comfort to Cara and you to know that wherever I am there is one among that number of your friends — necessarily decreasing with increasing years — who enter into your present experience with the light of memories; for kind feeling can never replace fully the sympathy that comes from memory. My disposition is so faultily anxious and foreboding that I am not likely to forget anything of a saddening sort.

Letter to the Brays, 19th March, 1861, from Hastings.

Tell Sara we saw Mr. William Smith, author of "Thorndale," a short time ago, and he spoke of her and her book with interest: he thought her book "suggestive." He called on us during a visit to London, made for the sake of getting married. The lady is, or rather was, a Miss Cumming, daughter of a blind physician of Edinburgh. He said they had talked to each other for some time of the "impossibility" of marrying, because they were both too poor. "But," he said, "it is dangerous, Lewes, to talk even of the impossibility." The difficulties gradually dwindled, and the advantages magnified themselves. She is a nice person, we hear; and I was particularly pleased with *him*, — he is modest to diffidence, yet bright and keenly awake.

I am just come in from our first good blow on the beach, and have that delicious sort of numbness in arms and legs that comes from walking hard in a fresh wind.

"Silas Marner" is in one volume. It was quite

a sudden inspiration that came across me, in the midst of altogether different meditations.

The latest number I had heard of was 3300, so that your letter brought me agreeable information.

Letter to John Blackwood, 30th March, 1861.

I am particularly gratified, because this spirited subscription must rest on my character as a writer generally, and not simply on the popularity of "Adam Bede." There is an article on "The Mill" in "Macmillan's Magazine," which is worth reading. I cannot, of course, agree with the writer in all his regrets: if I could have done so, I should not have written the book I did write, but quite another. Still it is a comfort to me to read any criticism which recognises the high responsibilities of literature that undertakes to represent life. The ordinary tone about art is that the artist may do what he will, provided he pleases the public.

I am very glad to be told — whenever you can tell me — that the Major is not suffering heavily. I know so well the preciousness of those smiles that tell one the mind is not held out of all reach of soothing.

We are wavering whether we shall go to Florence this spring, or wait till the year and other things are more advanced.

It gave me pleasure to have your letter, not only because of the kind expressions of sympathy it contains, but also because it gives me an opportunity of telling you, after the lapse of years, that I remember gratefully how you wrote to me with generous consideration and belief at a time when most persons who knew anything of me were disposed (naturally enough) to judge me rather severely. Only a woman of rare qualities would have written to me

Letter to Mrs. Peter Taylor, 1st April, 1861.

as you did on the strength of the brief intercourse that had passed between us.

It was never a trial to me to have been cut off from what is called the world, and I think I love none of my fellow-creatures the less for it: still I must always retain a peculiar regard for those who showed me any kindness in word or deed at that time, when there was the least evidence in my favour. The list of those who did so is a short one, so that I can often and easily recall it.

For the last six years I have ceased to be "Miss Evans" for any one who has personal relations with me, — having held myself under all the responsibilities of a married woman. I wish this to be distinctly understood; and when I tell you that we have a great boy of eighteen at home who calls me "mother," as well as two other boys, almost as tall, who write to me under the same name, you will understand that the point is not one of mere egoism or personal dignity, when I request that any one who has a regard for me will cease to speak of me by my maiden name.

I am much obliged to you for your punctuality in sending me my precious cheque. I prize the money fruit of my labour very highly as the means of saving us dependence, or the degradation of writing when we are no longer able to write well, or to write what we have not written before.

Letter to John Blackwood, 4th April, 1861.

Mr. Langford brought us word that he thought the total subscription (including Scotland and Ireland) would mount to 5500. That is really very great. And letters drop in from time to time giving me words of strong encouragement, — especially about "The Mill;" so that I have reason to be cheerful, and to believe that where one has a

large public, one's words must hit their mark. If it were not for that, special cases of misinterpretation might paralyse me. For example, pray notice how one critic attributes to me a disdain for Tom; as if it were not *my* respect for Tom which infused itself into my reader, — as if he could have respected Tom if I had not painted him with respect; the exhibition of the right on both sides being the very soul of my intention in the story. However, I ought to be satisfied if I have roused the feeling that does justice to both sides.

Letter to Mrs. Peter Taylor, 6th April, 1861.

I feel more at ease in omitting formalities with you than I should with most persons, because I know you are yourself accustomed to have other reasons for your conduct than mere fashion, and I believe you will understand me without many words when I tell you what Mr. Lewes felt unable to explain on the instant when you kindly expressed the wish to see us at your house, — namely, that I have found it a necessity of my London life to make the rule of *never* paying visits. Without a carriage, and with my easily perturbed health, London distances would make any other rule quite irreconcilable for me with any efficient use of my days; and I am obliged to give up the *few* visits which would be really attractive and fruitful in order to avoid the *many* visits which would be the reverse. It is only by saying, " I never pay visits," that I can escape being ungracious or unkind, — only by renouncing all social intercourse but such as comes to our own fireside, that I can escape sacrificing the chief objects of life.

I think it very good of those with whom I have much fellow-feeling, if they will let me have the pleasure of seeing them without their expecting

the usual reciprocity of visits; and I hope I need hardly say that you are among the visitors who would be giving me pleasure in this way. I think your imagination will supply all I have left unsaid, — all the details that run away with our hours when our life extends at all beyond our own homes, and I am not afraid of your misinterpreting my stay-at-home rule into churlishness.

We went to hear Beethoven's " Mass in D " last night, and on Wednesday to hear Mendelssohn's " Walpurgis Nacht," and Beethoven's " Symphony in B," so that we have had two musical treats this week; but the enjoyment of such things is much diminished by the gas and bad air. Indeed our long addiction to a quiet life, in which our daily walk amongst the still grass and trees was a *fête* to us, has unfitted us for the sacrifices that London demands. Don't think about reading " Silas Marner " just because it is come out. I hate *obligato* reading and *obligato* talk about my books. *I never send them to any one*, and never wish to be spoken to about them, except by an unpremeditated spontaneous prompting. They are written out of my deepest belief, and as well as I can, for the great public, — and every sincere strong word will find its mark in that public. Perhaps the annoyance I suffered [referring to the Liggins affair] has made me rather morbid on such points; but apart from my own weaknesses, I think the less an author hears about himself the better. Don't mistake me: I am writing a general explanation, *not* anything applicable to you.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 13th April, 1861.

April 19. — We set off on our second journey to Florence, through France and by the Cornice Road. Our weather was deli-

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cious, a little rain, and we suffered neither from heat nor from dust.

We have had a paradisaic journey hitherto. It does one good to look at the Provençals, — men and women. They are quite a different race from the Northern French, — large, round-featured, full-eyed, with an expression of *bonhomie*, calm and suave. They are very much like the pleasantest Italians. The women at Arles and Toulon are remarkably handsome. On Tuesday morning we set out about ten on our way to Nice, hiring a carriage and taking post-horses. The sky was grey, and after an hour or so we had rain: nevertheless our journey to Vidauban, about half-way to Nice, was enchanting. Everywhere a delicious plain, covered with bright green corn, sprouting vines, mulberry-trees, olives, and here and there meadows sprinkled with buttercups, made the nearer landscapes, and, in the distance, mountains, of varying outline. *Mutter* felt herself in a state of perfect bliss from only looking at this peaceful, generous nature, — and you often came across the green blades of corn, and made her love it all the better. We had meant to go on to Fréjus that night, but no horses were to be had; so we made up our minds to rest at Vidauban, and went out to have a stroll before our six o'clock dinner. Such a stroll! The sun had kindly come out for us, and we enjoyed it all the more for the greyness of the morning. There is a crystally clear river flowing by Vidauban, called the Argent: it rushes along between a fringe of aspens and willows; and the sunlight lay under the boughs, and fell on the eddying water, making Pater and me very happy as we wandered. The next morning we set off early, to be sure of horses before they had

Letter to Charles L. Lewes, 25th April, 1861.

been used up by other travellers. The country was not quite so lovely, but we had the sunlight to compensate until we got past Fréjus, where we had our first view of the sea since Toulon, and where the scenery changes to the entirely mountainous, the road winding above gorges of pine-clad masses for a long way. To heighten the contrast, a heavy storm came, which thoroughly laid the dust for us, if it had no other advantage. The sun came out gloriously again before we reached Cannes, and lit up the yellow broom, which is now in all its splendour, and clothes vast slopes by which our road wound. We had still a four hours' journey to Nice, where we arrived at six o'clock, with headaches that made us glad of the luxuries to be found in a great hotel.

May 5. — Dear Florence was lovelier than ever on this second view, and ill-health was the only deduction from perfect enjoyment. We had comfortable quarters in the Albergo della Vittoria, on the Arno; we had the best news from England about the success of "Silas Marner;" and we had long letters from our dear boy to make us feel easy about home.

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Your pleasant news had been ripening at the Post Office several days before we enjoyed the receipt of it; for our journey lasted us longer than we expected, and we did n't reach this place till yesterday evening. We have come with *vetturino* from Toulon, — the most delightful (and the most expensive) journey we have ever had. I daresay you know the Cornice: if not, *do* know it some time, and bring Mrs. Blackwood that way into Italy. Meanwhile I am glad to think that you are having a less fatiguing change to places where you can "carry

Letter to John Blackwood, 5th May, 1861.

the comforts o' the Sautmarket" with you, which is not quite the case with travellers along the Mediterranean coast. I hope I shall soon hear that you are thoroughly set up by fresh air and fresh circumstances, along with pleasant companionship.

Except a thunderstorm, which gave a grand variety to the mountains, and a little gentle rain, the first day from Toulon, which made the green corn all the fresher, we have had unbroken sunshine, without heat and without dust. I suppose this season and late autumn must be the perfect moments for taking this supremely beautiful journey. We must be for ever ashamed of ourselves if we don't work the better for it.

It was very good of you to write to me in the midst of your hurry, that I might have good news to greet me. It really did lighten our weariness, and make the noisy streets that prevented sleep more endurable. I was amused with your detail about Professor Aytoun's sovereigns. There can be no great paintings of misers under the present system of paper-money, — cheques, bills, scrip, and the like: nobody can handle that dull property as men handled the glittering gold.

Letter to Charles L. Lewes, 17th May, 1861.

The Florentine winds, being of a grave and earnest disposition, have naturally a disgust for trivial *dilettanti* foreigners, and seize on the peculiarly feeble and worthless with much virulence. In consequence we had a sad history for nearly a week, — Pater doing little else than nurse me, and I doing little else but feel eminently uncomfortable, for which, as you know, I have a faculty "second to none." I feel very full of thankfulness for all the creatures I have got to love, — all the beautiful and great things that are given me to know; and I feel, too,

much younger and more hopeful, as if a great deal of life and work were still before me. Pater and I have had great satisfaction in finding our impressions of admiration more than renewed in returning to Florence: the things we cared about when we were here before seem even more worthy than they did in our memories. We have had delightful weather since the cold winds abated; and the evening lights on the Arno, the bridges, and the quaint houses are a treat that we think of beforehand.

Your letters, too, are thought of beforehand. We long for them, and when they come they don't disappoint us: they tell us everything, and make us feel at home with you after a fashion. I confess to some dread of Blandford Square in the abstract. I fear London will seem more odious to me than ever; but I think I shall bear it with more fortitude. After all, that is the best place to live in where one has a strong reason for living.

We have been industriously foraging in old streets and old books. I feel very brave just now, and enjoy the thought of work, — but don't set your mind on my doing just what I have dreamed. It may turn out that I can't work freely and fully enough in the medium I have chosen, and in that case I must give it up: for I will never write anything to which my whole heart, mind, and conscience don't consent, so that I may feel that it was something, — however small, — which wanted to be done in this world, and that I am just the organ for that small bit of work.

Letter to John Blackwood, 19th May, 1861.

I am very much cheered by the way in which "Silas" is received. I hope it has made some slight pleasure for you too, in the midst of incom-

parably deeper feelings of sadness.[1] Your quiet tour among the lakes was the best possible thing for you. What place is not better "out of the season"? — although I feel I am almost wicked in my hatred of being where there are many other people enjoying themselves. I am very far behind Mr. Buckle's millennial prospect, which is, that men will be more and more congregated in cities and occupied with human affairs, so as to be less and less under the influence of Nature, — *i. e.*, the sky, the hills, and the plains; whereby superstition will vanish, and statistics will reign for ever and ever.

Mr. Lewes is kept in continual distraction by having to attend to my wants, — going with me to the Magliabecchian Library, and poking about everywhere on my behalf, — I having very little self-help about me of the pushing and inquiring kind.

I look forward with keen anxiety to the next outbreak of war, — longing for some turn of affairs that will save poor Venice from being bombarded by those terrible Austrian forts.

Thanks for your letters: we both say, "More, — give us more."

Florence is getting hot, and I am the less sorry to leave it because it has agreed very ill with the dear Paterculus. This evening we have been mounting to the top of Giotto's tower, — a very sublime getting upstairs indeed, — and our muscles are much astonished at the unusual exercise; so you must not be shocked if my letter seems to be written with dim faculties as well as with a dim light.

Letter to Charles L. Lewes, 27th May, 1861.

We have seen no one but Mrs. Trollope and her

[1] The death of Major Blackwood.

pretty little girl Beatrice, who is a musical genius. She is a delicate fairy, about ten years old, but sings with a grace and expression that make it a thrilling delight to hear her.

We have had glorious sunsets, shedding crimson and golden lights under the dark bridges across the Arno. All Florence turns out at eventide, but we avoid the slow crowds on the Lung' Arno, and take our way "up all manner of streets."

May and June. — At the end of May Mr. T. Trollope came back and persuaded us to stay long enough to make the expedition to Camaldoli and La Vernia in his company. Journal, 1861.

We arrived at Florence on the 4th May, and left it on the 7th June, — thirty-four days of precious time spent there. Will it be all in vain? Our morning hours were spent in looking at streets, buildings, and pictures, in hunting up old books, at shops or stalls, or in reading at the Magliabecchian Library. Alas! I could have done much more if I had been well; but that regret applies to most years of my life. Returned by Lago Maggiore and the St. Gothard; reached home June 14. Blackwood, having waited in town to see us, came to lunch with us, and asked me if I would go to dine at Greenwich on the following Monday, to which I said "yes," by way of exception to my resolve that I will go nowhere for the rest of this year. He drove us there with Colonel Stewart, and we had a pleasant evening, — the sight of a game at golf in the Park, and a hazy view of the distant shipping, with the Hospital finely broken by trees in the foreground. At dinner Colonel Hamley and Mr. Skene joined us; Delane, who had been invited, was unable to come. The chat was agreeable enough, but the sight of the gliding

ships darkening against the dying sunlight made me feel chat rather importunate.

June 16. — This morning, for the first time, I feel myself quietly settled at home. I am in excellent health, and long to work steadily and effectively. If it were possible that I should produce *better* work than I have yet done! At least there is a possibility that I may make greater efforts against indolence and the despondency that comes from too egoistic a dread of failure.

June 19. — This is the last entry I mean to make in my old book in which I wrote for the first time at Geneva in 1849. What moments of despair I passed through after that, — despair that life would ever be made precious to me by the consciousness that I lived to some good purpose! It was that sort of despair that sucked away the sap of half the hours which might have been filled by energetic youthful activity; and the same demon tries to get hold of me again whenever an old work is dismissed and a new one is being meditated.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 19th June, 1861.

Some of one's first thoughts on coming home after an absence of much length are about the friends one had left behind, — what has happened to them in the meantime, and how are they now? And yet, though we came home last Friday evening, I have not had the quiet moment for writing these thoughts until this morning. I know I need put no questions to you, who always divine what I want to be told. We have had a perfect journey except as regards health, — a large, large exception. The cold winds alternating with the hot sun, or some other cause, laid very unkind hold on Mr. Lewes early after our arrival at Florence, and he was ailing with sore throat and cough continually, so that he has come

back looking thin and delicate, though the ailments seem to be nearly passed away.

I wish you could have shared the pleasures of our last expedition from Florence, — to the Monasteries of Camaldoli and La Vernia: I think it was just the sort of thing you would have entered into with thorough zest. Imagine the Franciscans of La Vernia, which is perched upon an abrupt rock rising sheer on the summit of a mountain, turning out at midnight (and when there is deep snow for their feet to plunge in), and chanting their slow way up to the little chapel perched at a lofty distance above their already lofty monastery! This they do every night throughout the year in all weathers.

Give my loving greeting to Cara and Mr. Bray, and then sit down and write me one of your charming letters, making a little picture of everybody and everything about you. God bless you, — is the old-fashioned summing up of sincere affection, without the least smirk of studied civility.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell. 12th July, 1861.

Your letter gave me a pleasant vision of Sunday sunshine on the flowers, and you among them, with your eyes brightened by busy and enjoyable thoughts.

Yes; I hope we are well out of that phase in which the most philosophic view of the past was held to be a smiling survey of human folly, and when the wisest man was supposed to be one who could sympathise with no age but the age to come.

When I received your Monday packet, I was fresh from six quarto volumes on the history of the monastic orders, and had just begun a less formidable modern book on the same subject, Montalembert's "Monks of the West." Our reading, you see, lay in very different quarters, but I fancy our thoughts sometimes touched the same ground. I

am rather puzzled and shocked, however, by your high admiration of the Articles on the Study of History in the "Cornhill." I should speak with the reserve due to the fact that I have only read the second article; and this, I confess, did not impress me as exhibiting any mastery of the question, while its tone towards much abler thinkers than the writer himself is to me extremely repulsive. Such writing as, "We should not be called upon to believe that every crotchet which tickled the insane vanity of a conceited Frenchman was an eternal and self-evident truth," is to me simply disgusting, though it were directed against the Father of lies. It represents no fact except the writer's own desire to be bitter, and is worthily finished by the dull and irreverent antithesis of "the eternal truth and infernal lie."

I quite agree with you — so far as I am able to form a judgment — in regarding Positivism as one-sided; but Comte was a great thinker, nevertheless, and ought to be treated with reverence by all smaller fry.

I have just been reading the Survey of the Middle Ages contained in the fifth volume of the "Philosophie Positive," and to my apprehension few chapters can be fuller of luminous ideas. I am thankful to learn from it. There may be more profundity in the "Cornhill's" exposition than I am able to penetrate, or possibly the first article may contain weightier matter than the second.

Mrs. Bodichon is near us now, and one always gets good from contact with her healthy practical life. Mr. Lewes is gone to see Mrs. Congreve and carry his net to the Wimbledon ponds. I hope he will get a little strength as well as grist for his microscope.

The English "Imitation" I told you of, which is used by the Catholics, is Challoner's. I have looked into it again since I saw you, and I think if you want to give the book away, this translation is as good as any you are likely to get among current editions. If it were for yourself, an old bookstall would be more likely to furnish what you want. Don't ever think of me as valuing either you or Mr. Congreve less instead of more. You naughtily implied something of that kind just when you were running away from me. How could any goodness become less precious to me unless my life had ceased to be a growth, and had become mere shrinking and degeneracy? I always imagine that if I were near you now, I should profit more by the gift of your presence, — just as one feels about all past sunlight.

Letter to Mrs. Congreve, 18th July, 1861.

July 24. — Walked with George over Primrose Hill. We talked of Plato and Aristotle.

Diary, 1861.

July 26. — In the evening went to see Fechter as Hamlet, and sat next to Mrs. Carlyle.

July 30. — Read little this morning, — my mind dwelling with much depression on the probability or improbability of my achieving the work I wish to do. I struck out two or three thoughts towards an English novel. I am much afflicted with hopelessness and melancholy just now, and yet I feel the value of my blessings.

Thornie, our second boy, is at home from Edinburgh for his holidays, and I am apt to give more thought than is necessary to any little change in our routine. We had a treat the other night which I wished you could have shared with us. We saw Fechter in "Ham-

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 30th July, 1861.

let." His conception of the part is very nearly that indicated by the critical observations in "Wilhelm Meister," and the result is deeply interesting, — the naturalness and sensibility of the *Wesen* overcoming in most cases the defective intonation. And even the intonation is occasionally admirable, — for example, "And for my soul, what can he do to that?" &c., is given by Fechter with perfect simplicity, whereas the herd of English actors imagine themselves in a pulpit when they are saying it. *Apropos* of the pulpit I had another failure in my search for edification last Sunday. Mme. Bodichon and I went to Little Portland Street Chapel, and lo! instead of James Martineau there was a respectable old Unitarian gentleman preaching about the dangers of ignorance and the satisfaction of a good conscience, in a tone of amiable propriety which seemed to belong to a period when brains were untroubled by difficulties, and the lacteals of all good Christians were in perfect order. I enjoyed the fine selection of Collects he read from the Liturgy. What an age of earnest faith, grasping a noble conception of life and determined to bring all things into harmony with it, has recorded itself in the simple, pregnant, rhythmical English of those Collects and of the Bible! The contrast when the good man got into the pulpit and began to pray in a borrowed, washy lingo, — extempore in more senses than one!

Diary, 1861.

Aug. 1. — Struggling constantly with depression.

Aug. 2. — Read Boccaccio's capital story of Fra Cipolla, — one of his few good stories, — and the little Hunchback in the "Arabian Nights," which is still better.

Aug. 10. — Walked with G. We talked of my

Italian novel. In the evening, Mr. Pigott and Mr. Redford.

Aug. 12. — Got into a state of so much wretchedness in attempting to concentrate my thoughts on the construction of my story, that I became desperate, and suddenly burst my bonds, saying, I will not think of writing!

That doctrine which we accept rather loftily as a commonplace when we are quite young — namely, that our happiness lies entirely within, in our own mental and bodily state which determines for us the influence of everything outward — becomes a daily lesson to be learned, and learned with much stumbling as we get older. And until we know our friends' private thoughts and emotions, we hardly know what to grieve or rejoice over for them.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 12th Aug. 1861.

Aug. 17. — Mr. Pigott and Mr. Redford came, who gave us some music.

Diary, 1861.

Aug. 20. — This morning I conceived the plot of my novel with new distinctness.

Aug. 24. — Mr. Pigott and Mr. Redford came, and we had music. These have been placid, ineffective days, — my mind being clouded and depressed.

Aug. 26. — Went with Barbara to her school, and spent the afternoon there.

Aug. 31. — In the evening came Mr. Pigott and Mr. Redford, and we had some music.

Your letter was a great delight to us, as usual; and the cheque, too, was welcome to people under hydropathic treatment, which appears to stimulate waste of coin as well as of tissue. Altogether we are figures in keeping with the landscape when it is well damped or "packed" under the early mist.

Letter to Charles L. Lewes, 11th Sept. 1861, from Malvern.

We thought rather contemptuously of the hills on our arrival; like travelled people, we hinted at the Alps and Apennines, and smiled with pity at our long-past selves that had felt quite a thrill at the first sight of them. But now we have tired our limbs by walking round their huge shoulders, we begin to think of them with more respect. We simply looked at them at first; we feel their presence now, and creep about them with due humility, — whereby, you perceive, there hangs a moral. I do wish you could have shared for a little while with us the sight of this place. I fear you have never seen England under so lovable an aspect. On the southeastern side, where the great green hills have their longest slope, Malvern stands well nestled in fine trees, — chiefly "sounding sycamores," — and beyond there stretches to the horizon, which is marked by a low, faint line of hill, a vast level expanse of grass and corn fields, with hedgerows everywhere plumed with trees, and here and there a rolling mass of wood: it is one of the happiest scenes the eyes can look on, — *freundlich*, according to the pretty German phrase. On the opposite side of this main range of hills, there is a more undulated and more thickly wooded country which has the sunset all to itself, and is bright with departing lights when our Malvern side is in cold evening shadow. We are so fortunate as to look out over the wide southeastern valley from our sitting-room window.

Our landlady is a quaint old personage, with a strong Cheshire accent. She is, as she tells us, a sharp old woman, and "can see most things pretty quick;" and she is kind enough to communicate her wisdom very freely to us less crisply-baked mortals.

Sept. 15. — Yesterday we returned from Malvern (having gone there on 4th). During our stay I read Mrs. Jameson's book on the "Legends of the Monastic Orders," corrected the 1st vol. of "Adam Bede" for the new edition, and began Marchese's "Storia di San Marco." Diary, 1861.

I enter into your and Cara's furniture-adjusting labours and your enjoyment of church and chapel afterwards. One wants a temple besides the outdoor temple, — a place where human beings do not ramble apart, but *meet* with a common impulse. I hope you have some agreeable lens through which you can look at circumstances, — good health, at least. And really I begin to think people who are robust are in a position to pity all the rest of the world, — except, indeed, that there are certain secrets taught only by pain, which are, perhaps, worth the purchase. Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 18th Sept. 1861.

Sept. 23. — I have been unwell ever since we returned from Malvern, and have been disturbed from various causes in my work, so that I have scarcely done anything except correct my own books for a new edition. To-day I am much better, and hope to begin a more effective life to-morrow. Diary, 1861.

Sept. 28. — In the evening Mr. Spencer, Mr. Pigott, and Mr. Redford came. We talked with Mr. Spencer about his chapter on the Direction of Force, — *i. e.*, line of least resistance.

Sept. 29 (Sunday). — Finished correcting "Silas Marner." I have thus corrected all my books for a new and cheaper edition, and feel my mind free for other work. Walked to the Zoo with the boys.

Oct. 3. — To-day our new grand piano came, — a great addition to our pleasures.

Oct. 4. — My mind still worried about my plot, — and without any confidence in my ability to do what I want.

Oct. 5. — In the evening Mr. Redford and Mr. Spencer came, and we had much music.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 6th Oct. 1861.

We are enjoying a great pleasure, — a new grand piano, — and last evening we had a Beethoven night. We are looking out for a violinist: we have our violoncello, who is full of sensibility, but with no negative in him, — *i. e.*, no obstinate sense of time, — a man who is all assent and perpetual *rallentando*. We can enjoy the pleasure the more, because Mr. Lewes's health is promising.

Diary, 1861.

Oct. 7. — Began the first chapter of my novel ("Romola").

Oct. 9. — Read Nerli.

Oct. 11. — Nardi's "History of Florence." In the afternoon walked with Barbara, and talked with her from lunch till dinner-time.

Oct. 12. — In the evening we had our usual Saturday mixture of visitors, talk, and music: an agreeable addition being Dr. M'Donnell of Dublin.

Oct. 14. — Went with Barbara to her school to hear the children sing.

Oct. 18. — Walked with G. and Mr. Spencer to Hampstead, and continued walking for more than five hours. In the evening we had music. Mrs. Bodichon and Miss Parkes were our additional visitors.

Letter to Mrs. Congreve, 23d Oct. 1861.

I am rather jealous of the friends who get so much of you, — especially when they are so unmeritorious as to be evangelical and spoil your rest. But I will not grumble.

I am in the happiest, most contented mood, and have only good news to tell you. I have hardly any trouble nearer to me than the American War and the prospects of poor cotton weavers. While you were shivering at Boulogne, we were walking fast to avoid shivering at Malvern, and looking slightly blue after our sitz baths. Nevertheless that discipline answered admirably, and Mr. Lewes's health has been steadily improving since our Malvern expedition. As for me, imagine what I must be to have walked for five hours the other day! Or, better still, imagine me always cheerful, and infer the altered condition of my mucous membrane. The difference must be there; for it is not in my moral sentiments or in my circumstances, — unless, indeed, a new grand piano, which tempts me to play more than I have done for years before, may be reckoned an item important enough to have contributed to the change. We talk of you very often, and the image of you is awakened in my mind still oftener. You are associated by many subtle, indescribable ties with some of my most precious and most silent thoughts. I am so glad you have the comfort of feeling that Mr. Congreve is prepared for his work again. I am hoping to hear, when we see you, that the work will be less and less fagging, now the introductory years are past.

Charley is going to Switzerland for his holiday next month. We shall enjoy our dual solitude; yet the dear boy is more and more precious to us from the singular rectitude and tenderness of his nature. Make signs to us as often as you can. You know how entirely Mr. Lewes shares my delight in seeing you and hearing from you.

Oct. 28 *and* 30.—Not very well. Utterly desponding about my book. Diary, 1861.

Oct. 31. — Still with an incapable head, — trying to write, trying to construct, and unable.

Nov. 6. — So utterly dejected that in walking with G. in the Park, I almost resolved to give up my Italian novel.

Nov. 10 (Sunday). — New sense of things to be done in my novel, and more brightness in my thoughts. Yesterday I was occupied with ideas about my next English novel; but this morning the Italian scenes returned upon me with fresh attraction. In the evening read "Monteil." A marvellous book; crammed with erudition, yet not dull or tiresome.

Nov. 14. — Went to the British Museum reading-room for the first time, — looking over costumes.

Nov. 20. — Mrs. Congreve, Miss Bury, and Mr. Spencer to lunch.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 22d Nov. 1861.

Your loving words of remembrance find a very full answer in my heart, — fuller than I can write. The years seem to *rush* by now, and I think of death as a fast-approaching end of a journey, — double and treble reason for loving as well as working while it is day. We went to see Fechter's Othello the other night. It is lamentably bad. He has not weight and passion enough for deep tragedy; and, to my feeling, the play is so degraded by his representation that it is positively demoralising, — as, indeed, all tragedy must be when it fails to move pity and terror. In this case it seems to move only titters among the smart and vulgar people who always make the bulk of a theatre audience. We had a visit from our dear friend Mrs. Congreve on Wednesday, — a very infrequent pleasure now; for between our own absences from home and hers, and the fatigue of London journeying, it is diffi-

cult for us to manage meetings. Mr. Congreve is, as usual, working hard in his medical studies, — toiling backward and forward daily. What courage and patience are wanted for every life that aims to produce anything!

Nov. 30. — In the evening we had Wilkie Collins, Mr. Pigott, and Mr. Spencer, and talked without any music. Journal, 1861.

Dec. 3–7. — I continued very unwell until Saturday, when I felt a little better. In the evening Dr. Baetcke, Mr. Pigott, and Mr. Redford.

Miss Marshall came to see us yesterday. That is always a pleasure to me, not only from the sense I have of her goodness, but because she stirs so many remembrances. The first time I saw her was at Rufa's[1] wedding; and don't you remember the evening we spent at Mrs. Dobson's? How young we all were then, — how old now! She says you are all under the impression that Mr. Lewes is still very ailing. Thank all good influences, it is not so. He has been mending ever since we went to Malvern, and is enjoying life and work more than he has done before for nearly a year. He has long had it in his mind to write a history of science, — a great, great undertaking, which it is happiness to both of us to contemplate as possible for him. And now he is busy with Aristotle, and works with all the zest that belongs to fresh ideas. Strangely enough, after all the ages of writing about Aristotle, there exists no fair appreciation of his position in natural science. Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 6th Dec. 1861.

I am particularly grumbling and disagreeable to myself just now, and I think no one bears physical pain so ill as I do, or is so thoroughly upset by it mentally.

[1] Mrs. Charles Hennell (now Mrs. Call).

Bulwer has behaved very nicely to me, and I have a great respect for the energetic industry with which he has made the most of his powers. He has been writing diligently in very various departments for more than thirty years, constantly improving his position, and profiting by the lessons of public opinion and of other writers.

I 'm sorry you feel any degeneracy in Mr. George Dawson. There was something very winning about him in old days, and even what was not winning, but the reverse, affected me with a sort of kindly pity. With such a gift of tongue as he had, it was inevitable that speech should outrun feeling and experience, and I could well imagine that his present self might look back on that self of 21–27 with a sort of disgust. It so often happens that others are measuring us by our past self while we are looking back on that self with a mixture of disgust and sorrow. It would interest me a good deal to know just how Mr. Dawson preaches now.

I am writing on my knees with my feet on the fender, and in that attitude I always write very small, — but I hope your sight is not teased by small writing.

Give my best love to Cara, and sympathy with her in the pleasure of grasping an old friend by the hand, and having long talks after the distance of years. I know Mr. Bray will enjoy this too, — and the new house will seem more like the old one for this warming.

Dec. 8 (Sunday). — G. had a headache, so we walked out in the morning sunshine. I told him my conception of my story, and he expressed great delight. Shall I ever be able to carry out my ideas? Flashes of hope are succeeded by long intervals of dim distrust. Fin-

Journal, 1861.

ished the 8th vol. of Lastri, and began the 9th chapter of Varchi, in which he gives an accurate account of Florence.

Dec. 12. — Finished writing my plot, of which I must make several other draughts before I begin to write my book.

Dec. 13. — Read Poggiana. In the afternoon walked to Molini's and brought back Savonarola's "Dialogus de Veritate Prophetica" and "Compendium Revelationum" for £4!

Dec. 14. — In the evening came Mr. Huxley, Mr. Pigott, and Mr. Redford.

Dec. 17. — Studied the topography of Florence.

Letter to Mrs. Peter Taylor, 31st Dec. 1861.

It was pleasant to have a greeting from you at this season when all signs of human kindness have a double emphasis. As one gets older, epochs have necessarily some sadness, even for those who have, as I have, much family joy. The past, that one would like to mend, spreads behind one so lengthily, and the years of retrieval keep shrinking, — the terrible *peau de chagrin* whose outline narrows and narrows with our ebbing life.

I hardly know whether it would be agreeable to you, or worth your while, ever to come to us on a Saturday evening, when we are always at home to any friend who may be kind enough to come to us. It would be very pleasant to us if it were pleasant to you.

During the latter half of 1861, I find the following amongst the books read: "Histoire des Ordres Religieux," Sacchetti's "Novelle," Sismondi's "History of the Italian Republics," "Osservatore Fiorentino," Tennemann's "History of Philosophy," T. A. Trollope's "Beata," Sismondi's "Le Moyen Age Illustré," "The Monks of the West," "Introduction to Savonarola's Poems," by

Audin de Réans, Renan's "Études d'Histoire Religieuse," Virgil's "Eclogues," Buhle's "History of Modern Philosophy," Hallam on the Study of Roman Law in the Middle Ages, Gibbon on the Revival of Greek Learning, Nardi, Bulwer's "Rienzi," Burlamacchi's "Life of Savonarola," Pulci, Villari's "Life of Savonarola," Mrs. Jameson's "Sacred and Legendary Art," "Hymni and Epigrammati" of Marullus, Politian's "Epistles," Marchese's Works, Tiraboschi, Rock's "Hierurgia," Pettigrew "On Medical Superstition," Manni's "Life of Burchiello," Machiavelli's Works, Ginguené, Muratori "On Proper Names," Cicero "De Officiis," Petrarch's Letters, Craik's "History of English Literature," "Conti Carnivaleschi," Letters of Filelfo, Lastri, and Varchi, Heeren on the Fifteenth Century.

SUMMARY OF CHAPTER XI

JULY, 1860, TO DECEMBER, 1861

Return from Italy to Wandsworth, accompanied by Charles Lewes — "Mill on the Floss" success — 6000 sold — Letter to John Blackwood — French translation of "Adam Bede," by M. D'Albert of Geneva — Letter to Madame D'Albert — Letter to Miss Hennell on her "Thoughts in Aid of Faith" — Letter to John Blackwood on Sir Edward Lytton's criticism of "The Mill on the Floss" — Letter to Mrs. Bray, recalling feelings on journey to Italy in 1849 — Letter to Miss Sara Hennell — Articles on Strikes, by Henry Fawcett, in "Westminster" — Sitting to Lawrence for portrait — Letter to Madame Bodichon — Interest in her schools — Letter to Miss Hennell, explaining criticism of "Thoughts in Aid of Faith" — Reading Emerson's "Man the Reformer" — Deprecates writing about opinions on large questions in letters — Letter to John Blackwood — Italian novel project — Letter to Madame Bodichon — Love of the country — Removal to 10 Harewood Square — "Brother Jacob" written — Letter to Mrs. Congreve — Frederic Harrison's article in "Westminster" on "Essays and Reviews" — Letter to John Blackwood — Religious party standpoint — Classical quotations — Letter to Miss Hennell on re-reading "Thoughts in Aid of Faith" — Tribute to Mr. Lewes's dispassionate judgment — Suffering from loss of the country — Independence secured — Anthony Trollope and Arthur Helps — Queen's admiration of "Mill on the Floss" — Writing "Silas Marner" a sudden inspiration — Letter to M. D'Albert — Letter to Mrs. Congreve — Monday Popular Concerts — Moved to 16 Blandford Square — Waste of time in furnishing — Letter to Madame Bodichon — On religious forms and ceremonies — Herbert Spencer's new work, the best thing he has done — Letter to John Blackwood — "Silas Marner" — Letter to M. D'Albert — Letters to Mrs. Congreve — Zoological Gardens — Visit to Dorking — Letter to John Blackwood — Scott — Letters to Miss Hennell — Private correspondence — Letter to Mrs. Congreve — Arthur Clough's death — Letter to John Blackwood — "Silas Marner" — Books belong to successive mental phases — "Silas Marner" finished — Visit to Hastings — Letter to Charles Bray — Marriage of Mr. William Smith — Letter to John Blackwood — Subscription to "Silas Marner" 3300 — Article in "Macmillan" on "The Mill" — Letter to Mrs. Peter Taylor — Position — Letter to John Blackwood — Total subscription to "Silas Marner" 5500 — Criticism on "The Mill" — Letter to Mrs. P. Taylor — Never pays visits — Letter to Miss Hennell — Hearing Beethoven and Mendelssohn music — Start on second journey to Italy — Letter to Charles Lewes, describing drive from Toulon to Nice — Arrival at Florence — Letter to John Blackwood — No painting of misers with paper money — Letter to Charles Lewes — Feels hopeful about future work — Letter to John Blackwood — Italian novel simmering — Letter to Charles Lewes — Beatrice Trollope — Expedition to Camaldoli and La Vernia with Mr. T. A. Trollope — Return home by Lago Maggiore and St. Gothard — Dinner at Greenwich with John Blackwood, Colonel Hamley, &c. — Reflections on waste of youth — Letters

to Miss Hennell describing La Vernia — Improvement in general philosophic attitude — Articles on Study of History in the "Cornhill" — Positivism one-sided — Admiration of Comte — Letter to Miss Hennell — Fechter in "Hamlet" — The Liturgy of the English Church — Depression — Musical Evenings with Mr. Pigott and Mr. Redford — Trip to Malvern — Letter to Miss Hennell — New grand piano — Began "Romola" — Saturday visitors — Letter to Mrs. Congreve — Better spirits — Renewed depression — Letter to Miss Hennell — Time flying — Fechter as Othello — Letter to Miss Hennell — Lewes busy with Aristotle — Bulwer — George Dawson — Reading towards "Romola" — Letter to Mrs. Peter Taylor on the Past — Books read.

CHAPTER XII

JANUARY 1. — Mr. Blackwood sent me a note enclosing a letter from Montalembert about "Silas Marner." *I began again my novel of "Romola."* Journal, 1862.

I find to my surprise that I have admirers in France, and, in some cases, where I least expected them. Montalembert, for example, and — Alexandre Dumas (the elder)! Count Arrivabene, on his return from Naples, told us that Dumas went off into rhapsodies about "Adam Bede," and pronounced it the first novel of the age. After this, I will never guess who will admire or dislike me. Letter to M. D'Albert, 2d Jan. 1862.

After the marriage of Alphonse, the news of your son Charles being at home with you, and actively employed, is a fact I shall like to think of when I give my mind a holiday, by picturing what is going forward at Geneva. Such picturing is often done *viva voce*, — for Mr. Lewes and I like to talk of you both.

It is not unlikely that our thoughts and wishes met about New Year's Day, for I was only prevented from writing to you in that week by the fear of saying decidedly that we could *not* go to you, and yet finding afterwards that a clear sky, happening to coincide with an absence of other hindrances, would have made that pleasure possible for us. I think we believe in each other's thorough affection, and need not dread misunderstanding. But you must not write again, as you did in one note, a sort of apol- Letter to Mrs. Congreve, 7th Jan. 1862.

ogy for coming to us when you were tired, as if we did n't like to see you anyhow and at any time! And we especially like to think that our house can be a rest to you.

For the first winter in my life I am hardly ever free from cold. As soon as one has departed with the usual final stage of stuffiness, another presents itself with the usual introduction of sore throat. And Mr. Lewes just now is a little ailing. But we have nothing serious to complain of.

You seemed to me so bright and brave the last time I saw you, that I have had cheerful thoughts of you ever since. Write to me always when anything happens to you, either pleasant or sad, that there is no reason for my not knowing, so that we may not spend long weeks in wondering how all things are with you.

And do come to us whenever you can, without caring about my going to you, for this is too difficult for me in chill and doubtful weather. Are you not looking anxiously for the news from America?

As for the brain being useless after fifty, that is no general rule: witness the good and hard work that has been done in plenty after that age. I wish I could be inspired with just the knowledge that would enable me to be of some good to you. I feel so ignorant and helpless. The year *is* opening happily for us, except — alas! the exception is a great one — in the way of health. Mr. Lewes is constantly ailing, like a delicate headachy woman. But we have abundant blessings.

Letter to Mrs. Bray, 13th Jan. 1862.

I hope you are able to enjoy Max Müller's great and delightful book during your imprisonment. It tempts me away from other things. I have read

most of the numbers of "Orley Farm," and admire it very much, with the exception of such parts as I have read about Moulder & Co. Anthony Trollope is admirable in the presentation of even average life and character, and he is so thoroughly wholesome-minded that one delights in seeing his books lie about to be read. Have you read "Beata" yet, — the first novel written by his brother at Florence, who is our especial favourite? Do read it when you can, if the opportunity has not already come. I am going to be taken to a pantomime in the daytime, like a good child, for a Christmas treat, not having had my fair share of pantomime in the world.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 14th Jan. 1862.

Jan. 18 (Saturday). — We had an agreeable evening. Mr. Burton[1] and Mr. Clark[2] of Cambridge made an acceptable variety in our party.

Journal, 1862.

Jan. 19–20. — Head very bad, — producing terrible depression.

Jan. 23. — Wrote again, feeling in brighter spirits. Mr. Smith the publisher called and had an interview with G. He asked if I were open to "a magnificent offer." This made me think about money, — but it is better for me not to be rich.

Jan. 26 (Sunday). — Detained from writing by the necessity of gathering particulars: 1st, about Lorenzo de Medici's death; 2d, about the possible retardation of Easter; 3d, about Corpus Christi day; 4th, about Savonarola's preaching in the

[1] Now Sir Frederic Burton, Director of the National Gallery, to whom we are indebted for the drawing of George Eliot now in the National Portrait Gallery, South Kensington, and who was a very intimate and valued friend of Mr. and Mrs. Lewes.

[2] Mr. W. G. Clark, late Public Orator at Cambridge, well known as a scholar, and for his edition of Shakspeare in conjunction with Mr. Aldis Wright.

Quaresima of 1492. Finished "La Mandragola," — second time reading for the sake of Florentine expressions, — and began "La Calandra."

Jan. 31. — Have been reading some entries in my note-book of past times in which I recorded my *malaise* and despair. But it is impossible to me to believe that I have ever been in so unpromising and despairing a state as I now feel. After writing these words I read to G. the Proem and opening scene of my novel, and he expressed great delight in them.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 3d Feb. 1862.

I was taken to see my pantomime. How pretty it is to see the theatre full of children! Ah, what I should have felt in my real child days to have been let into the further history of Mother Hubbard and her Dog!

George Stephenson is one of my great heroes: has he not a dear old face?

Letter to Mrs. Peter Taylor, 3d Feb. 1862.

I think yours is the instinct of all delicate natures, — not to speak to authors about their writings. It is better for us all to hear as little about ourselves as possible; to do our work faithfully, and be satisfied with the certainty that if it touches many minds, it cannot touch them in a way quite aloof from our intention and hope.

Journal, 1862.

Feb. 7. — A week of February already gone! I have been obliged to be very moderate in work from feebleness of head and body; but I have rewritten, with additions, the first chapter of my book.

Letter to Mrs. Bray, 8th Feb. 1862.

I am wondering whether you could spare me, *for a few weeks*, the "Tempest" music, and any other vocal music of that or of a kindred species? I don't want to buy it until our singers have experimented

upon it. Don't think of sending me anything that you are using at all, but if said music be lying idle, I should be grateful for the loan. We have several operas, — "Don Giovanni," "Figaro," the "Barbiere," "Flauto Magico," and also the music of "Macbeth;" but I think that is all our stock of concerted vocal music.

Feb. 11. — We set off to Dorking. The day was lovely, and we walked through Mr. Hope's park to Betchworth. In the evening I read aloud Sybel's "Lectures on the Crusades." Journal, 1862.

Feb. 12. — The day was grey, but the air was fresh and pleasant. We walked to Wootton Park, — Evelyn's Wootton, — lunched at a little roadside inn there, and returned to Dorking to dine. During stay at Dorking finished the first twelve cantos of Pulci.

Feb. 13. — Returned home.

I think it is a reasonable law that the one who takes wing should be the first to write, — not the bird that stays in the old cage, and may be supposed to be eating the usual seed and groundsel, and looking at the same slice of the world through the same wires. Letter to Madame Bodichon, 15th, Feb. 1862.

I think the highest and best thing is rather to suffer with real suffering than to be happy in the imagination of an unreal good. I would rather know that the beings I love are in some trouble, and suffer because of it, even though I can't help them, than be fancying them happy when they are not so, and making myself comfortable on the strength of that false belief. And so I am impatient of all ignorance and concealment. I don't say "that is wise," but simply "that is my nature." I can enter into what you have felt, for serious

illness, such as seems to bring death near, makes one feel the simple human brother- and sister-hood so strongly, that those we were apt to think almost indifferent to us before, touch the very quick of our hearts. I suppose if we happened only to hold the hand of a hospital patient when she was dying, her face, and all the memories along with it, would seem to lie deeper in our experience than all we knew of many old friends and blood relations.

We have had no troubles but the public troubles, — anxiety about the war with America, and sympathy with the poor Queen. My best consolation is that an example on so tremendous a scale (as the war) of the need for the education of mankind through the affections and sentiments, as a basis for true development, will have a strong influence on all thinkers, and be a check to the arid narrow antagonism which in some quarters is held to be the only form of liberal thought.

George has fairly begun what we have long contemplated as a happiness for him, — a History of Science, and has written so thorough an analysis and investigation of Aristotle's Natural Science, that he feels it will make an epoch for the men who are interested at once in the progress of modern science, and in the question how far Aristotle went both in the observation of facts and in their theoretic combination, — a question never yet cleared up after all these ages. This work makes him "very jolly," but his dear face looks very pale and narrow. Those only can thoroughly feel the meaning of death who know what is perfect love.

God bless you, — that is not a false word, however many false ideas may have been hidden under

it. No, — not false ideas, but temporary ones, — caterpillars and chrysalids of future ideas.

Feb. 17. — I have written only the two first chapters of my novel besides the Proem, and I have an oppressive sense of the far-stretching task before me, health being feeble just now. I have lately read again with great delight Mrs. Browning's "Casa Guidi Windows." It contains, amongst other admirable things, a very noble expression of what I believe to be the true relation of the religious mind to the past. Journal, 1862.

Feb. 26. — I have been very ailing all this last week, and have worked under impeding discouragement. I have a distrust in myself, in my work, in others' loving acceptance of it, which robs my otherwise happy life of all joy. I ask myself, without being able to answer, whether I have ever before felt so chilled and oppressed. I have written now about sixty pages of my romance. Will it ever be finished? Ever be worth anything?

Feb. 27. — George Smith, the publisher, brought the proof of G.'s book, "Animal Studies," and laid before him a proposition to give me £10,000 for my new novel, — *i. e.*, for its appearance in the "Cornhill," and the entire copyright at home and abroad.

March 1. — The idea of my novel appearing in the "Cornhill" is given up, as G. Smith wishes to have it commenced in May, and I cannot consent to begin publication until I have seen nearly to the end of the work.

We had agreeable weather until yesterday, which was wet and blustering, so that we could only snatch two short walks. Pater is better, I think; and I, as usual, am impudently flourishing in country air and idleness. On Friday Mr. Bone, our landlord, Letter to Charles L. Lewes, 10th March, 1862, from Englefield Green.

drove us out in his pony carriage, to see the "meet" of the stag-hounds, and on Saturday ditto to see the fox-hunters; so you perceive we have been leading rather a grand life.

Journal, 1862.

March 11. — On Wednesday last, the 5th, G. and I set off to Englefield Green, where we have spent a delightful week at the Barley Mow Inn. I have finished Pulci there, and read aloud the "Château d'If."

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 12th March, 1862.

We returned from our flight into the country yesterday, not without a sigh at parting with the pure air and the notes of the blackbirds for the usual canopy of smoke and the sound of cab wheels. I am not going out again, and our life will have its old routine, — lunch at half-past one, walk till four, dinner at five.

Journal, 1862.

March 24. — After enjoying our week at Egham, I returned to protracted headache. Last Saturday we received as usual, and our party was joined by Mr. and Mrs. Noel. I have begun the fourth chapter of my novel, but have been working under a weight.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 27th March, 1862.

I congratulate you on being out of London, which is more like a pandemonium than usual. The fog and rain have been the more oppressive because I have seen them through Mr. Lewes's almost constant discomfort. I think he has had at least five days of sick headache since you saw him. But then he is better tempered and more cheerful *with* headache than most people are without it; and in that way he lightens his burthen. Have you noticed in the "Times" Mr. Peabody's magnificent deed? — the gift of £150,000 for the amelioration (body and soul, I suppose) of the poorer classes in Lon-

don. That is a pleasant association to have with an American name.

April 1. — Much headache this last week. Journal, 1862.

April 2. — Better this morning; writing with enjoyment. At the seventy-seventh page. Read Juvenal this morning and Nisard.

Your letter with its pleasant details was very welcome. I rejoice especially in that pretty appendix to your life which is made by the young household of Marseilles, and I like to think that there is much brightness still in reserve for the evening of Maman's sweet life, in the thought and the sight of a happiness that touches her so closely. Letter to M. D'Albert, 5th April, 1862.

The two volumes of "La Famille Tulliver" have duly arrived, and some day, when I can afford to give myself that idle pleasure, I shall glance at the pages, that I may imagine the translator more vividly by reading phrases which have been in his mind, — a little too often for his patience, perhaps, in the long business of revision and proof-correcting. Yet I hardly need any help in bringing you and Maman before me, and hearing the tone of the two voices. I have the happiness of being able to recall beloved faces and accents with great clearness, and in this way my friends are continually with me.

Tell Maman that she never ceases to make one among those dearest human beings who have given me the blessedness of feeling perfect respect as well as love. I fancy I am kissing her soft cheek now, while you, dear friend, are saying something to make us smile. I wonder whether you are now as you used to be, — at once brightly cheerful and deeply sad.

Mr. Lewes shares all things with me, except my failings, of which he only shares the inconveniences. And so, though I have no express message to deliver, I am quite truthful in saying that he shares my affectionate wishes towards you both.

Journal, 1862.

April 16. — As I had been ailing for a fortnight or more, we resolved to go to Dorking, and set off to-day.

May 6. — We returned from Dorking after a stay of three weeks, during which we have had delicious weather.

Our life is the old accustomed duet this month. We enjoy an interval of our double solitude.

Letter to Mrs. Bray, May, 1862.

Does n't the spring look lovelier every year to eyes that want more and more light? It was rather saddening to leave the larks and all the fresh leaves to come back to the rolling of cabs and "the blacks;" but in compensation we have all our conveniences about us.

Journal, 1862.

May 23. — Since I wrote last, very important decisions have been made. I am to publish my novel of "Romola" in the "Cornhill Magazine" for £7000, paid in twelve monthly payments. There has been the regret of leaving Blackwood, who has written me a letter in the most perfect spirit of gentlemanliness and good feeling.

May 27. — Mr. Helps, Mr. Burton, and Mr. T. A. Trollope dined with us.

May 31. — Finished the second part, extending to page 183.

June 30. — I have at present written only the scene between Romola and her brother in San Marco towards Part IV. This morning I had a delightful generous letter from Mr. Anthony Trollope about "Romola."

July 6. — The past week has been unfruitful from various causes. The consequence is, that I am no further on in my MS., and have lost the excellent start my early completion of the third part had given me.

July 10. — A dreadful palsy has beset me for the last few days. I have scarcely made any progress. Yet I have been very well in body. I have been reading a book often referred to by Hallam, — Meiners's "Lives of Mirandola and Politian." They are excellent. They have German industry, and are succinctly and clearly written.

Imagine me — not fuming in imperfect resignation under London smoke, but — with the wide sky of the coast above me, and every comfort positive and negative around me, even to the absence of staring eyes and crinolines. Worthing was so full that it rejected us, and, to our great good fortune, sent us here. We were pleased to hear that you had seen Mr. Spencer. We always feel him particularly welcome when he comes back to town; there is no one like him for talking to about certain things.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 12th Sept. 1862, from Littlehampton.

You will come and dine or walk with us whenever you have nothing better to do in your visit to town. I take that for granted. We lie, you know, on the way *between* the Exhibition and Mr. Noel's.

Sept. 23. — Returned from our stay in the country, first at the Beach Hotel, Littlehampton, and for the last three days at Dorking.

Journal, 1862.

"The Small House at Allington" is by our excellent friend Mr. Anthony Trollope, — one of the heartiest, most genuine, moral, and generous men we know. His brother, too, Mr. Thomas Adolphus Trollope,

Letter to M. D'Albert, 23d Sept. 1862.

who has resided at Florence for twenty years, is very much valued by us. They are sons, you know, of the Mrs. Trollope whose name must be familiar to you as an authoress, even if you have known nothing of her personally.

I have not read "Les Misérables," having been for a long while exclusively occupied with old Florentine literature; but Mr. Lewes told me enough of the earlier volumes to make me understand your feeling about it. If any writer of less name than Hugo had made such a mistake in art as to give that long descriptive account of a character (the bishop) who has so short a *rôle* dramatically, the critics would have surely complained. Yet as it is, Mr. Lewes tells me that even Émile Montégut found the art of the first two volumes altogether admirable.

Journal, 1862.

Sept. 26. — At page 62, Part VI. Yesterday a letter came from Mr. T. A. Trollope, full of encouragement for me. *Ebenezer.*

Oct. 2. — At page 85. Scene between Tito and Romola.

Letter to Mrs. Congreve, 2d Oct. 1862.

Welcome to your letter, and welcome to the hope of seeing you again! I have an engagement on Monday from lunch till dinner. Apart from that, I know of nothing that will take us farther than for our daily walk, which, you know, begins at two. But we will alter the order of any day for the sake of seeing you. Mr. Lewes's absence of a fortnight at Spa was a great success. He has been quite brilliant ever since. Ten days ago we returned from a stay of three weeks in the country, — chiefly at Littlehampton, — and we are both very well. Everything is prosperous with us; and we are so far from griefs that if we had a wonderful

emerald ring, we should perhaps be wise to throw it away as a propitiation of the envious gods.

So much in immediate reply to your kind anxiety. Everything else when we meet.

Oct. 31. — Finished Part VII., having determined to end at the point where Romola has left Florence. Journal, 1862.

Nov. 14. — Finished reading "Boccaccio" through for the second time.

Nov. 17. — Read the "Orfeo" and "Stanze" of Poliziano. The latter are wonderfully fine for a youth of sixteen. They contain a description of a Palace of Venus, which seems the suggestion of Tennyson's Palace of Art in many points.

I wish I knew that this birthday has found you happier than any that went before. There are so many things — best things — that only come when youth is past, that it may well happen to many of us to find ourselves happier and happier to the last. We have been to a Monday Pop. this week to hear Beethoven's Septet, and an amazing thing of Bach's, played by the amazing Joachim. But there is too much "Pop." for the thorough enjoyment of the chamber music they give. You will be interested to know that there is a new muster of scientific and philosophic men lately established, for the sake of bringing people who care to know and speak the truth, as well as they can, into regular communication. Mr. Lewes was at the first meeting at Clunn's Hotel on Friday last. The plan is to meet and dine moderately and cheaply, and no one is to be admitted who is not "thorough" in the sense of being free from the suspicion of temporising and professing opinions on official grounds. The plan was started at Cambridge. Mr. Huxley is

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 26th Nov. 1862.

president, and Charles Kingsley is vice. If they are sufficiently rigid about admissions, the club may come to good, — bringing together men who think variously, but have more hearty feelings in common than they give each other credit for. Mr. Robert Chambers (who lives in London now) is very warm about the matter. Mr. Spencer, too, is a member.

Letter to Madame Bodichon, 26th Nov. 1862.

Pray don't ever ask me again not to rob a man of his religious belief, as if you thought my mind tended to such robbery. I have too profound a conviction of the efficacy that lies in all sincere faith, and the spiritual blight that comes with no faith, to have any negative propagandism in me. In fact, I have very little sympathy with Freethinkers as a class, and have lost all interest in mere antagonism to religious doctrines. I care only to know, if possible, the lasting meaning that lies in all religious doctrine from the beginning till now. That speech of Carlyle's,[1] which sounds so odious, must, I think, have been provoked by something in the *manner* of the statement to which it came as an answer, — else it would hurt me very much that he should have uttered it.

You left a handkerchief at our house. I will take care of it till next summer. I look forward with some longing to that time when I shall have lightened my soul of one chief thing I wanted to do, and be freer to think and feel about other people's work. We shall see you oftener, I hope, and have a great deal more talk than ever we have had before to make amends for our stinted enjoyment of you this summer.

[1] Some general remark of Carlyle's, — Madame Bodichon cannot remember exactly what it was.

God bless you, dear Barbara. You are very precious to us.

I have to thank you for the two copies of "Silas Marner," which arrived the other day. I looked through the scene in the village tavern, and thought, so far as I am a judge of a French rendering, that you had given the spirit of the scene very charmingly. Here and there it was inevitable that, for want of the knowledge which only a native of England can have, you should mistake the meaning of a phrase.

Letter to M. D'Albert, 28th Nov. 1862.

I hope Maman and you are expecting Christmas and the New Year with a sense of family joys about you, as well as with tolerable health. With us at present the weather is mild, and we are hoping, for the sake of Lancashire weavers out of work, that the winter will not be severe.

Our life has been quite without incidents lately, and we have been absorbed in our work and our fireside affections. In this world of struggles and endurance, we seem to have more than our share of happiness and prosperity, and I think this year's end finds me enjoying existence more than I ever did before, in spite of the loss of youth. Study is a keener delight to me than ever, and I think the affections, instead of being dulled by age, have acquired a stronger activity, — or at least their activity seems stronger from being less perturbed by the egoism of young cravings. I should like to know that your experience is the same.

My constant love to Maman.

Nov. 30. — (Sunday). — Finished Part VIII. Mr. Burton came. Journal, 1862.

Dec. 16. — In the evening Browning paid us a visit for the first time.

Dec. 17. — At p. 22 only. I am extremely spiritless, dead, and hopeless about my writing. The long state of headache has left me in depression and incapacity. The constantly heavy-clouded, and often wet, weather tends to increase the depression. I am inwardly irritable, and unvisited by good thoughts. Reading the "Purgatorio" again, and the "Compendium Revelationum" of Savonarola. After this record, I read aloud what I had written of Part IX. to George, and he, to my surprise, entirely approved of it.

Dec. 24. — Mrs. F. Malleson brought me a beautiful plant as a Christmas offering. In the evening we went to hear the "Messiah" at Her Majesty's Theatre.

Letter to Mrs. Peter Taylor, 24th Dec. 1862.

I am very sensitive to words and looks and all signs of sympathy, so you may be sure that your kind wishes are not lost upon me.

As you will have your house full, the wish for a "Merry Christmas" may be literally fulfilled for you. We shall be quieter, with none but our family trio, but that is always a happy one. We are going to usher in the day by hearing the "Messiah" to-night at Her Majesty's.

Evening will be a pleasanter time for a little genial talk than "calling hours;" and if you will come to us without ceremony, you will hardly run the risk of not finding us. We go nowhere except to concerts.

We are longing to run away from London, but I daresay we shall not do so before March. Winter is probably yet to come, and one would not like to be caught by frost and snow away from one's own hearth.

Always believe, without my saying it, that it

gladdens me to know when anything I do has value for you.

It is very sweet to me to have any proof of loving remembrance. That would have made the book-marker precious even if it had been ugly. But it is perfectly beautiful, — in colour, words, and symbols. Hitherto I have been discontented with the Coventry book-marks; for at the shop where we habitually see them they have all got, "Let the people praise Thee, O God," on them, and nothing else. But I can think of no motto better than those three words. I suppose no wisdom the world will ever find out will make Paul's words obsolete, — "Now abide," &c., "but the greatest of these is Charity." Our Christmas, too, has been quiet. Mr. Lewes, who talks much less about goodness than I do, but is always readier to do the right thing, thinks it rather wicked for us to eat our turkey and plum-pudding without asking some forlorn person to eat it with us. But I 'm afraid we were glad, after all, to find ourselves alone with "the boy." On Christmas Eve a sweet woman, remembering me as you have done, left a beautiful plant at the door, and after that we went to hear the "Messiah" at Her Majesty's. We felt a considerable *minus* from the absence of the organ, contrary to advertisement: nevertheless it was good to be there. What pitiable people those are who feel no poetry in Christianity! Surely the acme of poetry hitherto is the conception of the suffering Messiah, and the final triumph, "He shall reign for ever and for ever." The Prometheus is a very imperfect foreshadowing of that symbol wrought out in the long history of the Jewish and Christian ages.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 26th Dec. 1862.

Mr. Lewes and I have both been in miserable

health during all this month. I have had a fortnight's incessant *malaise* and feebleness; but as I had had many months of tolerable health, it was my turn to be uncomfortable. If my book-marker were just a little longer, I should keep it in my beautiful Bible in large print, which Mr. Lewes bought for me in prevision for my old age. He is not fond of reading the Bible himself, but "sees no harm" in my reading it.

Letter to the Brays, 29th Dec. 1862.

I am not quite sure what you mean by "charity" when you call it humbug. If you mean that attitude of mind which says, "I forgive my fellow-men for not being as good as I am," I agree with you in hoping that it will vanish, as also the circumstantial form of almsgiving. But if you are alluding to anything in my letter, I meant what charity meant in the elder English, and what the translators of the Bible meant in their rendering of the thirteenth chapter of 1st Corinthians, — *Caritas*, the highest love or fellowship, which I am happy to believe that no philosophy will expel from the world.

Journal, 1862.

Dec. 31 (last day of the kind old year). — Clear and pleasantly mild. Yesterday a pleasant message from Mr. Hannay about "Romola." We have had many blessings this year. Opportunities which have enabled us to acquire an abundant independence; the satisfactory progress of our two eldest boys; various grounds of happiness in our work; and ever-growing happiness in each other. I hope with trembling that the coming year may be as comforting a retrospect, — with trembling because my work is not yet done. Besides the finishing of "Romola," we have to think of Thornie's passing his final examination, and, in case of success, his going out to

India; of Bertie's leaving Hofwyl; and of our finding a new residence. I have had more than my average amount of comfortable health until this last month, in which I have been constantly ailing, and my work has suffered proportionately.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 2d Feb. 1863.

The letter with the one word in it, like a whisper of sympathy, lay on my plate when I went down to lunch this morning. The generous movement that made you send it has gladdened me all day. I have had a great deal of pretty encouragement from immense big-wigs, — some of them saying "Romola" is the finest book they ever read; but the opinion of big-wigs has one sort of value, and the fellow-feeling of a long-known friend has another. One can't do quite well without both. *En revanche*, I am a feeble wretch, with eyes that threaten to get bloodshot on the slightest provocation. We made a rush to Dorking for a day or two, and the quiet and fresh air seemed to make a new creature of me; but when we get back to town, town-sensations return.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 9th March, 1863.

That scheme of a sort of Philosophical Club that I told you of went to pieces before it was finished, like a house of cards. So it will be to the end, I fancy, with all attempts at combinations that are not based either on material interests or on opinions that are not merely opinions but *religion*. Doubtless you have been interested in the Colenso correspondence, and perhaps in Miss Cobbe's rejoinder to Mrs. Stowe's remonstrating answer to the women of England. I was glad to see how free the answer was from all tartness or conceit. Miss Cobbe's introduction to the new edition of Theodore Parker is also very honourable to her, — a little too metaphor-

ical here and there, but with real thought and good feeling.

Letter to Mrs. Congreve, 18th April, 1863.

It is a comfort to hear of you again, and to know that there is no serious trouble to mar the spring weather for you. I must carry that thought as my consolation for not seeing you on Tuesday, — not quite a sufficient consolation, for my eyes desire you very much after these long months of almost total separation. The reason I cannot have that pleasure on Tuesday is that, according to a long-arranged plan, I am going on Monday to Dorking again for a fortnight. I should be still more vexed to miss you if I were in better condition, but at present I am rather like a shell-less lobster, and inclined to creep out of sight. I shall write to you, or try to see you, as soon as I can after my return. I wish you could have told me of a more decided return to ordinary health in Mr. Congreve, but I am inclined to hope that the lecturing may rather benefit than injure him, by being a moral tonic. How much there is for us to talk about! But only to look at dear faces that one has seen so little of for a long while, seems reason enough for wanting to meet. Mr. Lewes is better than usual just now, and you must not suppose that there is anything worse the matter with me than you have been used to seeing in me. Please give my highest regards to Mr. Congreve, and love to Emily, who, I hope, has quite got back the roses which had somewhat paled. My pen straggles as if it had a stronger will than I.

Letter to Charles L. Lewes, 28th April, 1863, from Dorking.

Glad you enjoyed "Esmond." It is a fine book. Since you have been interested in the historical suggestions, I recommend you to read Thackeray's "Lectures on the English Humourists," which are all about the

men of the same period. There is a more exaggerated estimate of Swift and Addison than is implied in "Esmond;" and the excessive laudation of men who are considerably below the tip-top of human nature, both in their lives and genius, rather vitiates the Lectures, which are otherwise admirable, and are delightful reading.

The wind is high and cold, making the sunshine seem hard and unsympathetic.

May 6. — We have just returned from Dorking, whither I went a fortnight ago to have solitude, while George took his journey to Hofwyl to see Bertie. The weather was severely cold for several days of my stay, and I was often ailing. That has been the way with me for a month and more, and in consequence I am backward with my July number of "Romola," — the last part but one.

Journal, 1863.

I remember my wife telling me, at Witley, how cruelly she had suffered at Dorking from working under a leaden weight at this time. The writing of "Romola" ploughed into her more than any of her other books. She told me she could put her finger on it as marking a well-defined transition in her life. In her own words, "I began it a young woman, — I finished it an old woman."

Yes! we shall be in town in June. Your coming would be reason good enough, but we have others, — chiefly, that we are up to the ears in boydom and imperious parental duties. All is as happy and prosperous with us as heart can lawfully desire, except my health. I have been a mere wretch for several months past. You will come to me like the morning sunlight, and make me a little less of a flaccid cabbage-plant.

Letter to Madame Bodichon, 12th May, 1863.

It is a very pretty life you are leading at Hastings, with your painting all morning, and fair mothers and children to look at the rest of the day.

I am terribly frightened about Mrs. ——. She wrote to me telling me that we were sure to suit each other, neither of us holding the opinions of the *Moutons de Panurge*. Nothing could have been more decisive of the opposite prospect to me. If there is one attitude more odious to me than any other of the many attitudes of "knowingness," it is that air of lofty superiority to the vulgar. However, she will soon find out that I am a very commonplace woman.

Journal, 1863.

May 16. — Finished Part XIII. Killed Tito in great excitement.

May 18. — Began Part XIV. — the last! Yesterday George saw Count Arrivabene, who wishes to translate "Romola," and says the Italians are indebted to me.

Letter to Mrs. Bray, 1st June, 1863.

Health seems, to those who want it, enough to make daylight a gladness. But the explanation of evils is never consoling except to the explainer. We are just as we were, thinking about the questionable house (The Priory), and wondering what would be the right thing to do; hardly liking to lock up any money in land and bricks, and yet frightened lest we should not get a quiet place just when we want it. But I daresay we shall have it after all.

Journal, 1863.

June 6. — We had a little evening party with music, intended to celebrate the completion of "Romola," which, however, is not absolutely completed, for I have still to alter the epilogue.

June 9. — Put the last stroke to "Romola."

Ebenezer! Went in the evening to hear "La Gazza Ladra."

The manuscript of "Romola" bears the following inscription: —

"To the Husband whose perfect love has been the best source of her insight and strength, this manuscript is given by his devoted wife, the writer."

How impossible it is for strong healthy people to understand the way in which bodily *malaise* and suffering eats at the root of one's life! The philosophy that is true — the religion that is strength to the healthy — is constantly emptiness to one when the head is distracted and every sensation is oppressive.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 10th June, 1863.

June 16. — George and I set off to-day to the Isle of Wight, where we had a delightful holiday. On Friday, the 19th, we settled for a week at Niton, which, I think, is the prettiest place in all the island. On the following Friday we went on to Freshwater, and failed, from threatening rain, in an attempt to walk to Alum Bay, so that we rather repented of our choice. The consolation was that we shall know better than to go to Freshwater another time. On the Saturday morning we drove to Ryde, and remained there until Monday the 29th.

Journal, 1863.

Your letter was a welcome addition to our sunshine this Sabbath morning. For in this particular we seem to have been more fortunate than you, having had almost constant sunshine since we arrived at Sandown, on Tuesday evening.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 21st June, 1863, from Niton.

This place is perfect, reminding me of Jersey in its combination of luxuriant greenth with the delights of a sandy beach. At the *end* of our week,

if the weather is warmer, we shall go on to Freshwater for our remaining few days. But the wind at present is a little colder than one desires it, when the object is to get rid of a cough, and unless it gets milder, we shall go back to Shanklin. I am enjoying the hedgerow grasses and flowers with something like a released prisoner's feeling, — it is so long since I had a bit of real English country.

Letter to Charles L. Lewes, 21st June, 1863, from Niton.

I am very happy in my holiday, finding quite a fresh charm in the hedgerow grasses and flowers after my long banishment from them. We have a flower-garden just round us, and then a sheltered grassy walk, on which the sun shines through the best part of the day; and then a wide meadow, and beyond that trees and the sea. Moreover, our landlady has cows, and we get the quintessence of cream, — excellent bread and butter also, and a young lady, with a large crinoline, to wait upon us, — all for 25*s.* per week; or rather, we get the apartment in which we enjoy those primitive and modern blessings for that moderate sum.

Journal, 1863.

July 4. — Went to see Ristori in "Adrienne Lecouvreur," and did not like it. I have had hemicrania for several days, and have been almost idle since my return home.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 11th July, 1863.

Constant languor from the new heat has made me shirk all exertion not imperative. And just now there are not only those excitements of the season, which even we quiet people get our share of, but there is an additional boy to be cared for, — Thornie, who is this week passing his momentous examination.

A pretty thing has happened to an acquaintance of mine, which is quite a tonic to one's hope. She has all her life been working hard in various ways,

as housekeeper, governess, and several et ceteras that I can't think of at this moment, — a dear little dot, about four feet eleven in height; pleasant to look at, and clever; a working woman, without any of those epicene queernesses that belong to the class. Her life has been a history of family troubles, and she has that susceptible nature which makes such troubles hard to bear. More than once she has told me that courage quite forsook her. She felt as if there were no good in living and striving: it was difficult to discern or believe in any results for others, and there seemed none worth having for herself. Well! a man of fortune and accomplishments has just fallen in love with her, now she is thirty-three. It is the prettiest story of a swift decided passion, and made me cry for joy. Mme. Bodichon and I went with her to buy her wedding-clothes. The future husband is also thirty-three, — old enough to make his selection an honour. Fond of travelling and science and other good things, such as a man deserves to be fond of who chooses a poor woman in the teeth of grand relatives; brought up a Unitarian just turned Catholic. If you will only imagine everything I have not said, you will think this a very charming fairy tale.

We are going this evening to see the French actress in " Juliet " (Stella Colas) who is astonishing the town. Last week we saw Ristori, the other night heard the " Faust," and next week we are going to hear the " Elisir d'Amore," and " Faust " again! So you see we are trying to get some compensation for the necessity of living among bricks in this sweet summer time. I can bear the opera better than any other evening entertainment, because the house is airy and the stalls are comfort-

able. The opera is a great, great product, — pity we can't always have fine *Weltgeschichtliche* dramatic motives wedded with fine music, instead of trivialities or hideousnesses. Perhaps this last is to strong a word for anything except the "Traviata." Rigoletto is unpleasant, but it is a superlatively fine tragedy in the Nemesis. I think I don't know a finer.

We are really going to buy The Priory after all. You would think it very pretty if you saw it now, with the roses blooming about it.

Journal, 1863.

July 12. — I am now in the middle of G.'s "Aristotle," which gives me great delight.

Letter to M. D'Albert, 18th July, 1863.

I am rather deaf and stupid this morning, for last night we went to hear Gounod's "Faust" for the second time. It is being performed at both our opera-houses, and last night we heard it with the advantage, not only of some preparation by a first hearing, but also of a superior, well-conducted orchestra. My first impressions were not favourable, but last night I was converted to considerable admiration, — converted by an intense enjoyment of certain moments. Faure, who is the Mephistopheles, acts and sings the part with a striking effect. Nevertheless, I still feel that the composer is wanting in the great power of wedding passion with melody; he seems to me to be comparatively feeble in the pathetic and tragic moments. But we have an accomplished critic, who says the garden duet is finer than the divine duet between Valentine and Raoul in the "Huguenots." That may be, but I have not yet felt it.

I have not seen Renan's book. He is a favourite writer of mine, but I care less about this "Vie de

Jésus" than I should have cared years ago. It consists, as I gather from the notices I have seen, of conclusions, without any statement of the process by which they have been arrived at; and the conclusions, I imagine, have nothing novel in them for people who have been long acquainted with the results of modern criticism. But I am surprised to hear that there is anything "cavalier" in Renan's treatment of religious belief: he has always seemed to me remarkable as a French mind that is at once "scientific" (in the German sense) and eminently tender and reverent towards the forms in which the religious sentiment has incarnated itself.

I fear you would hardly be likely to get adequate compensation for the labour it would cost you to translate the "Physiology of Common Life." In money certainly not. And even the French now are becoming accomplished in foreign languages, so that the demand for translations from the English into French is probably lessening for works which address themselves to the cultured.

Journal, 1863.

July 23. — Reading Mommsen, and Story's "Roba di Roma;" also Liddell's "Rome," for a narrative to accompany Mommsen's analysis.

July 29. — In the evening we went to Covent Garden to hear "Faust" for the third time. On our return we found a letter from Frederick Maurice, — the greatest, most generous tribute ever given to me in my life.[1]

Letter to Mrs. Peter Taylor, 30th July, 1863.

I have wanted for several days to make some feeble sign in writing that I think of your trouble. But one claim after another has arisen as a hindrance. Conceive

[1] I regret that I have not been able to find this letter.

us, please, with three boys at home, all bigger than their father! It is a congestion of youthfulness on our mature brains that disturbs the course of our lives a little, and makes us think of most things as good to be deferred till the boys are settled again. I tell you so much to make you understand that "omission" is not with me equivalent to "neglect," and that I *do* care for what happens to you.

Renan is a favourite with me. I feel more kinship with his mind than with that of any other living French author. But I think I shall not do more than look through the Introduction to his "Vie de Jésus," — unless I happen to be more fascinated by the constructive part than I expect to be from the specimens I have seen. For minds acquainted with the European culture of this last half-century, Renan's book can furnish no new result; and they are likely to set little store by the too facile construction of a life from materials of which the biographical significance becomes more dubious as they are more closely examined. It seems to me the soul of Christianity lies not at all in the facts of an individual life, but in the ideas of which that life was the meeting-point and the new starting-point. We can never have a satisfactory basis for the history of the man Jesus, but that negation does not affect the Idea of the Christ either in its historical influence or its great symbolic meanings. Still such books as Renan's have their value in helping the popular imagination to feel that the sacred past is of one woof with that human present, which ought to be sacred too.

You mention Renan in your note, and the mention has sent me off into rather gratuitous remarks, you perceive. But such scrappy talk about great subjects may have a better excuse than usual, if it

just serves to divert your mind from the sad things that must be importuning you now.

Letter to R. H. Hutton, 8th Aug. 1863.

After reading your article on "Romola," with careful reference to the questions you put to me in your letter, I can answer sincerely that I find nothing fanciful in your interpretation. On the contrary, I am confirmed in the satisfaction I felt when I first listened to the article, at finding that certain chief elements of my intention have impressed themselves so strongly on your mind, notwithstanding the imperfect degree in which I have been able to give form to my ideas. Of course if I had been called on to expound my own book, there are other things that I should want to say, or things that I should say somewhat otherwise; but I can point to nothing in your exposition of which my consciousness tells me that it is erroneous, in the sense of saying something which I neither thought nor felt. You have seized with a fulness which I had hardly hoped that my book could suggest, what it was my effort to express in the presentation of Bardo and Baldassarre; and also the relation of the Florentine political life to the development of Tito's nature. Perhaps even a judge so discerning as yourself could not infer from the imperfect result how strict a self-control and selection were exercised in the presentation of details. I believe there is scarcely a phrase, an incident, an allusion, that did not gather its value to me from its supposed subservience to my main artistic objects. But it is likely enough that my mental constitution would always render the issue of my labour something excessive, — wanting due proportion. It is the habit of my imagination to strive after as full a vision of the medium in which a character moves as of the

character itself. The psychological causes which prompted me to give such details of Florentine life and history as I have given, are precisely the same as those which determined me in giving the details of English village life in "Silas Marner," or the "Dodson" life, out of which were developed the destinies of poor Tom and Maggie. But you have correctly pointed out the reason why my tendency to excess in this effort after artistic vision makes the impression of a fault in "Romola" much more perceptible than in my previous books. And I am not surprised at your dissatisfaction with Romola herself. I can well believe that the many difficulties belonging to the treatment of such a character have not been overcome, and that I have failed to bring out my conception with adequate fulness. I am sorry she has attracted you so little; for the great problem of her life, which essentially coincides with a chief problem in Savonarola's, is one that readers need helping to understand. But with regard to that and to my whole book, my predominant feeling is not that I have achieved anything, but that great, great facts have struggled to find a voice through me, and have only been able to speak brokenly. That consciousness makes me cherish the more any proof that my work has been seen to have some true significance by minds prepared not simply by instruction, but by that religious and moral sympathy with the historical life of man which is the larger half of culture.

Journal, 1863.

Aug. 10. — Went to Worthing. A sweet letter from Mrs. Hare, wife of Julius Hare, and Maurice's sister.

Aug. 18. — Returned home much invigorated by the week of change; but my spirits seem to droop as usual, now I am in London again.

I was at Worthing when your letter came, spending all my daylight hours out of doors, and trying with all my might to get health and cheerfulness. I will tell you the true reason why I did not go to Hastings. I thought you would be all the better for not having that solicitation of your kindness that the fact of my presence there might have caused. What you needed was precisely to get away from people to whom you would inevitably want to be doing something friendly, instead of giving yourself up to passive enjoyment. Else, of course, I should have liked everything you write about and invite me to.

Letter to Madame Bodichon, 19th Aug. 1863.

We only got home last night, and I suppose we shall hardly be able to leave town again till after the two younger boys have left us, and after we have moved into the new house.

Since I saw you I have had some sweet woman's tenderness shown me by Mrs. Hare, the widow of Archdeacon Hare, and the sister of Frederick Maurice.

I *know* how you are enjoying the country. I have just been having the joy myself. The wide sky, the *not* London, makes a new creature of me in half an hour. I wonder, then, why I am ever depressed, — why I am so shaken by agitations. I come back to London, and again the air is full of demons.

I think I get a little freshness from the breeze that blows on you, — a little lifting of heart from your wide sky and Welsh mountains. And the edge of autumn on the morning air makes even London a place in which one can believe in beauty and delight. Delicate scent of dried rose-leaves and the coming on

Letter to Mrs. Bray and Miss Sara Hennell, 1st Sept. 1863.

of the autumnal airs are two things that make me feel happy before I know why.

The Priory is all scaffolding and paint; and we are still in a nightmare of uncertainty about our boys. But then I have by my side a dear companion, who is a perpetual fountain of courage and cheerfulness, and of considerate tenderness for my lack of those virtues. And besides that, I have Roman history! Perhaps that sounds like a bitter joke to you, who are looking at the sea and sky, and not thinking of Roman history at all. But this too, read aright, has its gospel and revelation. I read it much as I used to read a chapter in the Acts or Epistles. Mommsen's "History of Rome" is so fine that I count all minds graceless who read it without the deepest stirrings.

Letter to Mrs. Congreve, Oct. 1863.

I cannot be quite easy without sending this little sign of love and good wishes on the eve of your journey. I shall think of you with all the more delight, because I shall imagine you winding along the Riviera, and then settling in sight of beautiful things not quite unknown to me. I hope your life will be enriched very much by these coming months; but above all, I hope that Mr. Congreve will come back strong. Tell him I have been greatly moved by the "Discours Préliminaire." [1]

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 16th Oct. 1863.

If I wait to write until I have anything very profitable to say, you will have time to think that I have forgotten you or else to forget me, — and both consequences would be unpleasant to me.

Well, our poor boy Thornie parted from us to-day, and set out on his voyage to Natal. I say "poor," as one does about all beings that are gone

[1] Auguste Comte's.

away from us for a long while. But he went away in excellent spirits, with a large packet of recommendatory letters to all sorts of people, and with what he cares much more for, — a first-rate rifle and revolver, — and already with a smattering of Dutch Zulu, picked up from his grammars and dictionaries.

What are you working at, I wonder? Cara says you are writing; and though I desire not to ask prying questions, I should feel much joy in your being able to tell me that you are at work on something which gives you a life apart from circumstantial things.

I am taking a deep bath of other people's thoughts, and all doings of my own seem a long way off me. But my bath will be sorely interrupted soon by the miserable details of removal from one house to another. Happily Mr. Owen Jones has undertaken the ornamentation of the drawing-room, and will prescribe all about chairs, &c. I think, after all, I like a clean kitchen better than any other room.

We are far on in correcting the proofs of the new edition of "Goethe," and are about to begin the printing of the "Aristotle," which is to appear at Christmas or Easter.

Nov. 5. — We moved into our new house, — The Priory, 21 North Bank, Regents' Park. Journal, 1863.

Nov. 14. — We are now nearly in order, only wanting a few details of furniture to finish our equipment for a new stage in our life's journey. I long very much to have done thinking of upholstery, and to get again a consciousness that there are better things than that to reconcile one with life.

Letter to Mrs. Bray, 14th Nov. 1863.

At last we are in our new home, with only a few details still left to arrange. Such fringing away of precious life, in thinking of carpets and tables, is an affliction to me, and seems like a nightmare from which I shall find it bliss to awake into my old world of care for things quite apart from upholstery.

Letter to Mrs. Congreve, 28th Nov. 1863.

I have kissed your letter in sign of my joy at getting it. But the cold draughts of your Florentine room came across my joy rather harshly. I know you have good reasons for what you do, yet I cannot help saying, Why do you stay at Florence, the city of draughts rather than of flowers?

Mr. Congreve's suffering during the journey, and your suffering in watching him, saddens me as I think of it. For a long while to come I suppose human energy will be greatly taken up with resignation rather than action. I wish my feeling for you could travel by some helpful vibrations good for pains.

For ourselves, we have enough ease now to be able to give some of it away. But our removal into our new home on the 5th of November was not so easy as it might have been, seeing that I was only half recovered from a severe attack of influenza, which had caused me more terrible pains in the head and throat than I have known for years. However, the crisis is past now, and we think our little home altogether charming and comfortable. Mr. Owen Jones has been unwearied in taking trouble that everything about us may be pretty. He stayed two nights till after twelve o'clock, that he might see every engraving hung in the right place; and as you know I care even more about the fact of kindness than its effects, you will under-

stand that I enjoy being grateful for all this friendliness on our behalf. But so tardy a business is furnishing, that it was not until Monday last that we had got everything in its place in preparation for the next day, — Charlie's twenty-first birthday, which made our house-warming a doubly interesting epoch. I wish your sweet presence could have adorned our drawing-room, and made it look still more agreeable in the eyes of all beholders. You would have liked to hear Jansa play on his violin; and you would perhaps have been amused to see an affectionate but dowdy friend of yours, splendid in a grey moire antique, — the consequence of a severe lecture from Owen Jones on her general neglect of personal adornment. I am glad to have got over this crisis of maternal and housekeeping duty. My soul never flourishes on attention to details which others can manage quite gracefully without any conscious loss of power for wider thoughts and cares. Before we began to move, I was swimming in Comte and Euripides and Latin Christianity: *now* I am sitting among puddles, and can get sight of no deep water. *Now* I have a mind made up of old carpets fitted in new places, and new carpets suffering from accidents; chairs, tables, and prices; muslin curtains and down-draughts in cold chimneys. I have made a vow never to think of my own furniture again, but only of other people's.

The book[1] is come, with its precious inscription, and I have read a great piece of it already (11 A. M.), besides looking through it to get an idea of its general plan. See how fascination shifts its quarter as our life goes on! I cannot be induced to lay aside my

Letter to Mrs. Bray, 4th Dec. 1863.

[1] "Physiology for Schools." By Mrs. Bray.

regular books for half an hour to read "Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings," but I pounce on a book like yours, which tries to tell me as much as it can in brief space of the "natural order," and am seduced into making it my after-breakfast reading instead of the work I had prescribed for myself in that pleasant quiet time. I read so slowly and read so few books, that this small fact among my small habits seems a great matter to me. I thank you, dear Cara, not simply for giving me the book, but for having put so much faithful labour in a worthy direction, and created a lasting benefit which I can share with others. Whether the circulation of a book be large or small, there is always this supreme satisfaction about solid honest work, that as far as it goes its effect must be good; and as all effects spread immeasurably, what we have to care for is *kind*, and not quantity. I am a shabby correspondent, being in ardent practice of the piano just now, which makes my days shorter than usual.

Letter to Madame Bodichon, 4th Dec. 1863.

I am rather ashamed to hear of any one trying to be useful just now, for I am doing nothing but indulging myself,—enjoying being petted very much, enjoying great books, enjoying our new pretty quiet home, and the study of Beethoven's sonatas for piano and violin, with the mild-faced old Jansa, and not being at all unhappy as you imagine me. I sit taking deep draughts of reading,—"Politique Positive," Euripides, Latin Christianity, and so forth, and remaining in glorious ignorance of "the current literature." Such is our life; and you perceive that instead of being miserable, I am rather following a wicked example, and saying to my soul, "Soul, take thine ease." I am sorry to think of you without any artistic society to help you and feed your

faith. It is hard to believe long together that anything is "worth while," unless there is some eye to kindle in common with our own, some brief word uttered now and then to imply that what is infinitely precious to us is precious alike to another mind. I fancy that to do without that guarantee, one must be rather insane, — one must be a bad poet, or a spinner of impossible theories, or an inventor of impossible machinery. However, it is but brief space either of time or distance that divides you from those who thoroughly share your cares and joys, — always excepting that portion which is the hidden private lot of every human being. In the most entire confidence even of husband and wife there is always the unspoken residue, — the *undivined* residue, — perhaps of what is most sinful, perhaps of what is most exalted and unselfish.

I get less and less inclined to write any but the briefest letters. My books seem to get so far off me when once I have written them, that I should be afraid of looking into "The Mill;" but it was written faithfully and with intense feeling when it was written, so I will hope that it will do no mortal any harm. I am indulging myself frightfully: reading everything except the "current literature," and getting more and more out of *rapport* with the public taste. I have read Renan's book, however, which has proved to be eminently *in* the public taste. It will have a good influence on the whole, I imagine; but this "Vie de Jésus," and still more, Renan's "Letter to Berthelot" in the "Revue des Deux Mondes," have compelled me to give up the high estimate I had formed of his mind. Judging from the indications in some other writings of his, I had reck-

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 26th Dec. 1863.

oned him amongst the finest thinkers of the time. Still his "Life of Jesus" has so much artistic merit that it will do a great deal towards the culture of ordinary minds, by giving them a sense of unity between that far-off past and our present.

Letter to Mrs. Bray, 26th Dec. 1863.

We are enjoying our new house, — enjoying its quiet and freedom from perpetual stair-mounting, — enjoying also the prettiness of colouring and arrangement, all of which we owe to our dear good friend, Mr. Owen Jones. He has determined every detail, so that we can have the pleasure of admiring what is our own without vanity. And another magnificent friend has given me the most splendid reclining chair conceivable, so that I am in danger of being envied by the gods, especially as my health is thoroughly good withal. I should like to be sure that you are just as comfortable externally and internally. I daresay you are, being less of a cormorant in your demands on life than I am; and it is *that* difference which chiefly distinguishes human lots when once the absolute needs are satisfied.

Letter to Mrs. Peter Taylor, 28th Dec. 1863.

Your affectionate greeting comes as one of the many blessings that are brightening this happy Christmas.

We have been giving our evenings up to parental duties, — *i. e.*, to games and music for the amusement of the youngsters. I am wonderfully well in body, but rather in a self-indulgent state mentally, saying, "Soul, take thine ease," after a dangerous example.

Of course, I shall be glad to see your fair face whenever it can shine upon me; but I can well imagine, with your multitudinous connections, Christmas and the New Year are times when all *unappointed* visits must be impossible to you.

All good to you and yours through the coming year! and amongst the good, may you continue to feel some love for me; for love is one of the conditions in which it is even better to give than to receive.

Letter to Mrs. Congreve, 19th Jan. 1864.

According to your plans, you must be in Rome. I have been in good spirits about you ever since I last heard from you; and the foggy twilight which for the last week has followed the severe frost, has made me rejoice the more that you are in a better climate and amongst lovelier scenes than we are groping in. I please myself with thinking that you will all come back with stores of strength and delightful memories. Only, if this were the best of all possible worlds, Mr. Lewes and I should be able to meet you in some beautiful place before you turn your backs on Italy. As it is, there is no hope of such a meeting. March is Charlie's holiday month, and when he goes out we like to stay at home for the sake of recovering for that short time our unbroken *tête-à-tête*. We have every reason to be cheerful if the fog would let us. Last night I finished reading the last proofs of the "Aristotle," which makes an octavo volume of rather less than 400 pages. I think it is a book which will be interesting and valuable to the few, but perhaps *only* to the few. However, George's happiness in writing his books makes him less dependent than most authors on the audience they find. He felt that a thorough account of Aristotle's science was a bit of work which needed doing, and he has given his utmost pains to do it worthily. These are the two most important conditions of authorship; all the rest belong to the "less modifiable" order of things. I have been playing energetically on the

piano lately, and taking lessons in accompanying the violin from Herr Jansa, one of the old Beethoven Quartette players. It has given me a fresh kind of muscular exercise, as well as nervous stimulus, and, I think, has done its part towards making my health better. In fact, I am very well physically. I wish I could be as clever and active as you about our garden, which might be made much prettier this spring if I had judgment and industry enough to do the right thing. But it is a native vice of mine to like all such matters attended to by some one else, and to fold my arms and enjoy the result. Some people are born to make life pretty, and others to grumble that it is not pretty enough. But pray make a point of liking me in spite of my deficiencies.

Letter to Mrs. Peter Taylor, 21st Jan. 1864.

I comfort myself with the belief that your nature is less rebellious under trouble than mine, — less craving and discontented.

Resignation to trial, which can never have a *personal* compensation, is a part of our life task which has been too much obscured for us by unveracious attempts at universal consolation. I think we should be more tender to each other while we live, if that wretched falsity which makes men quite comfortable about their fellows' troubles were thoroughly got rid of.

I often imagine you, not without a little longing, turning out into the fields whenever you list, as we used to do in the old days at Rosehill. That power of turning out into the fields is a great possession in life, — worth many luxuries.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 22d Jan. 1864.

Here is a bit of news not, I think, too insignificant for you to tell Cara. The other day Mr.

Spencer, senior (Herbert Spencer's father), called on us, and knowing that he has been engaged in education all his life, that he is a man of extensive and accurate knowledge, and that, on his son's showing, he is a very able teacher, I showed him Cara's "British Empire." Yesterday Herbert Spencer came, and on my inquiring told me that his father was pleased with Cara's book, and thought highly of it. Such testimonies as this, given apart from personal influence and by a practised judge, are, I should think, more gratifying than any other sort of praise to all faithful writers.

Jan. 30. — We had Browning, Dallas, and Burton to dine with us, and in the evening a gentlemen's party. **Journal, 1864.**

Feb. 14. — Mr. Burton dined with us, and asked me to let him take my portrait.

It was pleasant to have news of you through the fog, which reduces my faith in all good and lovely things to its lowest ebb. **Letter to Mrs. Peter Taylor, 3d March, 1864.**

I hope you are less abjectly under the control of the skyey influences than I am. The soul's calm sunshine in me is half made up of the outer sunshine. However, we are going on Friday to hear the "Judas Maccabæus," and Handel's music always brings me a revival.

I have had a great personal loss lately in the death of a sweet woman,[1] to whom I have sometimes gone, and hoped to go again, for a little moral strength. She had long been confined to her room by consumption, which has now taken her quite out of reach except to memory, which makes all dear human beings undying to us as long as we ourselves live.

[1] Mrs. Julius Hare, who gave her Maurice's book on the Lord's Prayer.

I am glad to know that you have been interested in "David Gray."[1] It is good for us all that these true stories should be well told. Even those to whom the power of helping rarely comes, have their imaginations instructed so as to be more just and tender in their thoughts about the lot of their fellows.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 7th March, 1864.

I felt it long since I had had news from you, but my days go by, each seeming too short for what I must do, and I don't like to molest you with mere questions.

I have been spoiled for correspondence by Mr. Lewes's goodness in always writing letters for me where a proxy is admissible. And so it has come to be a great affair with me to write even a note, while people who keep up a large correspondence, and set apart their hour for it, find it easy to cover reams of paper with talk from the end of the pen.

You say nothing of yourself, which is rather unkind. We are enjoying a perfect *tête-à-tête*. On Friday we are going to hear the "Judas Maccabæus," and try if possible to be stirred to something heroic by "Sound an alarm."

I was more sorry than it is usually possible to be about the death of a person utterly unknown to me, when I read of Maria Martineau's death. She was a person whose office in life seemed so thoroughly defined and so valuable. For an invalid like Harriet Martineau to be deprived of a beloved nurse and companion, is a sorrow that makes one ashamed of one's small grumblings. But, oh dear, oh dear! when *will* people leave off their foolish talk about all human lots being equal; as if anybody with a sound stomach ever knew misery comparable to the misery of a dyspeptic.

[1] A story by Mr. Robert Buchanan in the "Cornhill," Feb. 1864.

Farewell, dear Sara: be generous, and don't always wait an age in silence because I don't write.

If you were anybody but yourself I should dislike you, because I have to write letters to you. As it is, your qualities triumph even over the vice of being in Italy (too far off for a note of three lines), and expecting to hear from me, though I fear I should be graceless enough to let you expect in vain if I did not care very much to hear from *you*, and did not find myself getting uneasy when many weeks have been passed in ignorance about you. I do hope to hear that you got your fortnight of sight-seeing before leaving Rome, — at least, you would surely go well over the great galleries. If not, I shall be vexed with you, and I shall only be consoled for your not going to Venice by the chance of the Austrians being driven or bought out of it — on no slighter grounds. For I suppose you will not go to Italy again for a long, long while, so as to leave any prospect of the omission being made up for by-and-by.

Letter to Mrs. Congreve, 8th March, 1864.

We run off to Scotland for the Easter week, setting out on Sunday evening; so if the spring runs away again, I hope it will run northward. We shall return on Monday the 4th April. Some news of your inwards and outwards would be acceptable; but don't write unless you really *like* to write. You see Strauss has come out with a *popular* "Life of Jesus."

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 20th March, 1864.

Fog, east wind, and headache: there is my week's history. But this morning, when your letter came to me, I had got up well, and was reading the sorrows of the aged Hecuba with great enjoyment. I wish

Letter to Mrs. Peter Taylor, 25th March, 1864.

an immortal drama could be got out of *my* sorrows, that people might be the better for them two thousand years hence. But fog, east wind, and headache are not great dramatic motives.

Your letter was a reinforcement of the delicious sense of *bien être* that comes with the departure of bodily pain; and I am glad, retrospectively, that beyond our fog lay your moonlight and your view of the glorious sea. It is not difficult to me to believe that you look a new creature already. Mr. Lewes tells me the country air has always a magical effect on me, even in the first hour; but it is not the air alone, is it? It is the wide sky and the hills and the wild-flowers which are linked with all calming thoughts, just as every object in town has its perturbing associations.

I share your joy in the Federal successes,—with that check that attends all joy in a war not absolutely ended. But you have worked and earned more joy than those who have been merely passives.

Journal, 1864.

April 6. — Mr. Spencer called for the first time after a long correspondence on the subject of his relation to Comte.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 9th April, 1864.

Yes! I am come back from Scotland, — came back last Saturday night. I was much pleased to see Cara so wonderfully well and cheerful. She seems to me ten times more cheerful than in the old days. I am interested to know more about your work which is filling your life now, but I suppose I shall know nothing until it is in print, — and perhaps that is the only form in which one can do any one's work full justice. It is very disappointing to me to hear that Cara has at present so little promise of monetary results from her conscientious labour. I fear the fatal system of half profits is working

against her as against others. We are going to the opera to-night to hear the "Favorita." It was the first opera I ever *saw* (with you I saw it!), and I have never seen it since, — that is the reason I was anxious to go to-night.

This afternoon we go to see Mulready's pictures, — so the day will be a full one.

April 18. — We went to the Crystal Palace to see Garibaldi. Journal, 1864.

Only think! next Wednesday morning we start for Italy. The move is quite a sudden one. We need a good shake for our bodies and minds, and must take the spring-time before the weather becomes too hot. We shall not be away more than a month or six weeks at the utmost. Our friend Mr. Burton, the artist, will be our companion for at least part of the time. He has just painted a divine picture, which is now to be seen at the old Water-Colour Exhibition. The subject is from a Norse legend; but that is no matter, — the picture tells its story. A knight in mailed armour and surcoat has met the fair tall woman he (secretly) loves, on a turret stair. By an uncontrollable movement he has seized her arm and is kissing it. She, amazed, has dropped the flowers she held in her other hand. The subject might have been made the most vulgar thing in the world, — the artist has raised it to the highest pitch of refined emotion. The kiss is on the fur-lined *sleeve* that covers the arm, and the face of the knight is the face of a man to whom the kiss is a sacrament. Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 30th April, 1864.

How I should like a good long talk with you! From what you say of your book that is to come, I expect to be very much interested in it. I think I hardly ever read a book of the kind you describe

without getting some help from it. It is to this strong influence that is felt in all personal statements of inward experience, that we must perhaps refer the excessive publication of religious journals.

Journal, 1864.

May 4. — We started for Italy with Mr. Burton.

June 20. — Arrived at our pretty home again after an absence of seven weeks.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 25th June, 1864.

Your letter has affected me deeply. Thank you very much for writing it. It seems as if a close view of almost every human lot would disclose some suffering that makes life a doubtful good — except perhaps at certain epochs of fresh love, fresh creative activity, or unusual power of helping others. One such epoch we are witnessing in a young life that is very near to us. Our "boy," Charles, has just become engaged, and it is very pretty to see the happiness of a pure first love, full at present of nothing but promise. It will interest you to know that the young lady who has won his heart, and seems to have given him her own with equal ardour and entireness, is the grand-daughter of Dr. Southward Smith, whom he adopted when she was three years old, and brought up under his own eye. She is very handsome, and has a splendid contralto voice. Altogether Pater and I rejoice; for though the engagement has taken place earlier than we expected, or should perhaps have chosen, there are counterbalancing advantages. I always hoped Charlie would be able to choose, or rather find, the other half of himself by the time he was twenty-three, — the event has only come a year and a half sooner. This is the news that greeted us on our return! We had seen before we went that the acquaintance, which was first made eighteen months

or more ago, had become supremely interesting to Charlie. Altogether we rejoice.

Our journey was delightful in spite of Mr. Lewes's frequent *malaise;* for his cheerful nature is rarely subdued even by bodily discomfort. We saw only one place that we had not seen before, — namely, Brescia; but all the rest seemed more glorious to us than they had seemed four years ago. Our course was to Venice, where we stayed a fortnight, pausing only at Paris, Turin, and Milan on our way thither, and taking Padua, Verona, Brescia, and again Milan, as points of rest on our way back. Our friend Mr. Burton's company was very stimulating from his great knowledge, not of pictures only, but of almost all other subjects. He has had the advantage of living in Germany for five or six years, and has gained those large serious views of history which are a special product of German culture, and this was his first visit to Italy, so you may imagine his eager enjoyment in finding it beautiful beyond his hopes. We crossed the Alps by the St. Gothard, and stayed a day or two at Lucerne; and this, again, was a first sight of Switzerland to him.

Looking at my little mats this morning while I was dressing, I felt very grateful for them, and remembered that I had not shown my gratitude when you gave them to me. If I were a " conceited " poet, I should say your presence was the sun, and the mats were the tapers; but now you are away I delight in the tapers. How pretty the pattern is — and your brain counted it out! They will never be worn quite away while I live, or my little purse for coppers either.

Letter to Mrs. Congreve, July, 1864.

July 17. — Horrible scepticism about all things

paralysing my mind. Shall I ever be good for anything again? Ever do anything again?

Journal, 1864.

July 19. — Reading Gibbon, vol. i., in connection with Mosheim; also Gieseler on the condition of the world at the appearance of Christianity.

I am distressed to find that I have let a week pass without writing in answer to your letter, which made me very glad when I got it. Remembering you just a minute ago, I started up from Max Müller's new volume, with which I was consoling myself under a sore throat, and rushed to the desk that I might not risk any further delay.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 28th Aug. 1864.

It was just what I wanted to hear about you, that you were having some change, and I think the freshness of the companionship must help other good influences, not to speak of the "Apologia," which breathed much life into me when I read it. Pray mark that beautiful passage in which he thanks his friend Ambrose St. John. I know hardly anything that delights me more than such evidences of sweet brotherly love being a reality in the world. I envy you your opportunity of seeing and hearing Newman, and should like to make an expedition to Birmingham for that sole end.

My trouble now is George's delicate health. He gets thinner and thinner. He is going to try what horseback will do, and I am looking forward to that with some hope.

Our boy's love-story runs smoothly, and seems to promise nothing but good. His attraction to Hampstead gives George and me more of our dear old *tête-à-tête*, which we can't help being glad to recover.

Dear Cara and Mr. Bray! I wish they too had

joy instead of sadness from the young life they have been caring for these many years. When you write to Cara, or see her, assure her that she is remembered in my most affectionate thoughts, and that I often bring her present experience before my mind — more or less truly — for we can but blunder about each other, we poor mortals.

Write to me whenever you can, dear Sara. I should have answered immediately but for sickness, visitors, business, &c.

Journal, 1864.

Sept. 6. — *I am reading about Spain, and trying a drama on a subject that has fascinated me, — have written the prologue, and am beginning the First Act. But I have little hope of making anything satisfactory.*

Sept. 13 *to* 30. — Went to Harrogate and Scarborough, seeing York Minster and Peterborough.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 15th Sept. 1864, from Harrogate.

We journeyed hither on Tuesday, and found the place quite as pretty as we expected. The great merit of Harrogate is that one is everywhere close to lovely open walks. Your "plan" has been a delightful reference for Mr. Lewes, who takes it out of his pocket every time we walk. At present, of course, there is not much improvement in health to be boasted of, but we hope that the delicious bracing air — and also the chalybeate waters, which have not yet been tried — will not be without good effect. The journey was long. How hideous those towns of Holbeck and Wakefield are! It is difficult to keep up one's faith in a millennium within sight of this modern civilisation which consists in "development of industries." Egypt and her big calm gods seems quite as good.

We migrated on Friday last from delightful Harrogate, pausing at York to see the glorious

Cathedral. The weather is perfect, the sea blue as a sapphire, so that we see to utmost advantage the fine line of coast here, and the magnificent breadth of sand. Even the Tenby sands are not so fine as these. Better than all, Mr Lewes, in spite of a sad check of a few days, is strengthened beyond our most hopeful expectations by this brief trial of fresh conditions. He is wonderful for the rapidity with which he " picks up " after looking alarmingly feeble, and even wasted. We paid a visit to Knaresborough the very last day of our stay at Harrogate, and were rejoiced that we had not missed the sight of that pretty characteristic northern town. There is a ruined castle here too, standing just where one's eyes would desire it on a grand line of cliff; but perhaps you know the place. Its only defect is that it is too large, and therefore a little too smoky; but except in Wales or Devonshire, I have seen no sea place on our English coast that has greater natural advantages. I don't know quite why I should write you this note all about ourselves, — except that your goodness having helped us to the benefit we have got, I like you to know of the said benefit.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 26th Sept. 1864, from Scarborough.

The wished-for opportunity is coming very soon. Next Saturday, Charlie will go to Hastings, and will not return till Sunday evening. Will you — can you — arrange to come to us on Saturday to lunch or dinner, and stay with us till Sunday evening? We shall be very proud and happy if you will consent to put up with such travelling quarters as we can give you. You will be rejoicing our hearts by coming; and I know that for the sake of cheering others, you would endure even large privations as well as small ones.

Letter to Mrs. Congreve, Sunday, Oct. (?) 1864.

What a pure delight it was to have you with us! I feel the better for it in spite of a cold which I caught yesterday, — perhaps owing to the loss of your sunny presence all of a sudden.

Letter to Mrs. Congreve, Monday, week following.

It makes me very, very happy to see George so much better, and to return with that chief satisfaction to the quiet comforts of home. We register Harrogate among the places to be revisited.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 2d Oct. 1864.

I have had a fit of Spanish history lately, and have been learning Spanish grammar — the easiest of all the Romance grammars — since we have been away. Mr. Lewes has been rubbing up his Spanish by reading "Don Quixote" in these weeks of *idlesse;* and I have read aloud and translated to him, like a good child. I find it so much easier to learn anything than to feel that I have anything worth teaching.

All is perfectly well with us, now the "little Pater" is stronger, and we are especially thankful for Charlie's prospect of marriage. We could not have desired anything more suited to his character and more likely to make his life a good one. But this blessing which has befallen us, only makes me feel the more acutely the cutting off of a like satisfaction from the friends I chiefly love.

Oct. 5. — Finished the first draught of the First Act of my drama, and read it to George.

Journal, 1864.

Oct. 15. — Went to the Maestro (Burton) for a sitting.

Nov. 4. — Read my second Act to George. It is written in verse, — my first serious attempt at blank verse. G. praises, and encourages me.

Nov. 10. — I have been at a very low ebb, body

and mind, for the last few days, sticking in the mud continually in the construction of my 3d, 4th, and 5th Acts. Yesterday Browning came to tell us of a bust of Savonarola in terra-cotta, just discovered at Florence.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 23d Nov. 1864.

I believe I have thought of you every day for the last fortnight, and I remembered the birthday — and "everything." But I was a little cross, because I had heard nothing of you since Mr. Bray's visit. And I said to myself, "If she wanted to write she *would* write." I confess I was a little ashamed when I saw the outside of your letter ten minutes ago, feeling that I should read within it the proof that you were as thoughtful and mindful as ever.

Yes, I do heartily give my greeting, — *had* given it already. And I desire very much that the work which is absorbing you, may give you some happiness besides that which belongs to the activity of production.

It is very kind of you to remember Charlie's date too. He is as happy as the day is long — and very good: one of those creatures to whom goodness comes naturally, — not any exalted goodness, but every-day serviceable goodness, such as wears through life. Whereas exalted goodness comes in brief inspirations, and requires a man to die lest he should spoil his work.

I have been ill, but now am pretty well, with much to occupy and interest me, and with no trouble except those bodily ailments.

I could chat a long while with you, — but I restrain myself, because I must not carry on my letter-writing into the "solid day."

Your precious letter *did* come last night, and

crowned the day's enjoyment. Our family party went off very well, entirely by dint of George's exertions. I wish you had seen him acting charades, and heard him make an after-supper speech. You would have understood all the self-forgetful goodness that lay under the assumption of boyish animal spirits. A horrible German whom I have been obliged to see, has been talking for two hours, with the hardest eyes, blind to all possibilities that he was boring us, and so I have been robbed of all the time I wanted for writing to you. I can only say now that I bore you on my heart — you and all yours known to me — even before I had had your letter yesterday. Indeed, you are not apart from any delight I have in life: I long always that you should share it, — if not otherwise, at least by knowing of it, which to you is a sort of sharing. Our double loves and best wishes for all of you — Rough being included, as I trust you include Ben. Are they not idlers with us? Also a title to regard as well as being *collaborateurs*.

Letter to Mrs. Congreve, Christmas Day, 1864.

Dec. 24. — A family party in the evening.

Journal, 1864.

Dec. 25. — I read the Third Act of my drama to George, who praised it highly. We spent a perfectly quiet evening, intending to have our Christmas Day's jollity on Tuesday, when the boys are at home.

Jan. 1. — The last year has been unmarked by any trouble except bad health. The bright spots in the year have been the publication of "Aristotle," and our journey to Venice. With me the year has not been fruitful. I have written three Acts of my drama, and am now in a condition of body and mind to make me hope for

Journal, 1865.

better things in the coming year. The last quarter has made an epoch for me, by the fact that, for the first time in my serious authorship, I have written verse. In each other we are happier than ever. I am more grateful to my dear husband for his perfect love, which helps me in all good and checks me in all evil, — more conscious that in him I have the greatest of blessings.

Letter to Mrs. Congreve, 3d Jan. 1865.

I hope the wish that this New Year may be a happy one to you does not seem to be made a mockery by any troubles or anxieties pressing on you.

I enclose a cheque, which I shall be obliged if you will offer to Mr. Congreve, as I know he prefers that payments should be made at the beginning of the year.

I shall think of you on the nineteenth. I wonder how many there really were in that " small upper room " 1866 years ago.

Journal, 1865.

Jan. 8. — Mrs. Congreve staying with us for a couple of nights. Yesterday we went to Mr. Burton's to see my portrait, with which she was much pleased. Since last Monday I have been writing a poem, the matter of which was written in prose three or four years ago, — " My Vegetarian Friend."

Jan. 15 *to* 25. — Visit to Paris.

Are we not happy to have reached home on Wednesday, before this real winter came? We

Letter to Mrs. Congreve, Friday, (?) 7th Jan. 1865.

enjoyed our visit to Paris greatly, in spite of bad weather, going to the theatre or opera nearly every night, and seeing sights all day long. I think the most interesting sight we saw was Comte's dwelling. Such places, that knew the great dead, always move me deeply; and I had an unexpected sight

of interest in the photograph taken at the very last. M. Thomas was very friendly, and pleasant to talk to because of his simple manners. We gave your remembrances to him, and promised to assure you of his pleasure in hearing of you. I wish some truer representation of Mr. Congreve hung up in the Salon instead of that (to me) exasperating photograph.

We thought the apartment very *freundlich*, and I flattered myself that I could have written better in the little study there than in my own. Such self-flattery is usually the most amiable phase of discontent with one's own inferiority.

I am really stronger for the change.

Journal, 1865.

Jan. 28. — Finished my poem on "Utopias."

I suspect you have come to dislike letters, but until you say so, I must write now and then to gratify myself. I want to send my love, lest all the old messages shall have lost their scent, like old lavender bags.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 6th Feb. 1865.

Since I wrote to you last we have actually been to Paris! A little business was an excuse for getting a great deal of pleasure; and I, for whom change of air and scene is always the best tonic, am much brightened by our wintry expedition, which ended just in time for us to escape the heavy fall of snow.

We are very happy, having almost recovered our old *tête-à-tête*, of which I am so selfishly fond that I am beginning to feel it an heroic effort when I make up my mind to invite half-a-dozen visitors. But it is necessary to strive against this unsocial disposition, so we are going to have some open evenings.

There is great talk of a new periodical, — a

fortnightly apparition, partly on the plan of the "Revue des Deux Mondes." Mr. Lewes has consented to become its editor, if the preliminaries are settled so as to satisfy him.

Ecco! I have told you a little of our news, not daring to ask you anything about yourself, since you evidently don't want to tell me anything.

Letter to Mrs. Congreve, 19th Feb. 1865.

The party was a "mull." The weather was bad. Some of the invited were ill and sent regrets, others were not ardent enough to brave the damp evening, — in fine, only twelve came. We had a charade, which, like our neighbours, was no better than it should have been, and some rather languid music, our best musicians half failing us, — so ill is merit rewarded in this world! If the severest sense of fulfilling a duty could make one's parties pleasant, who so deserving as I! I turn my inward shudders into outward smiles, and talk fast with a sense of lead on my tongue. However, Mr. Pigott made a woman's part in the charade so irresistibly comic that I tittered at it at intervals in my sleepless hours. I am rather uncomfortable about you, because you seemed so much less well and strong the other day than your average. Let me hear before long how you and Mr. Congreve are.

Journal, 1865.

Feb. 21. — Ill and very miserable. George has taken my drama away from me.

Letter to Mrs. Congreve, 27th Feb. 1865.

The sun shone through my window on your letter as I read it, adding to its cheeriness. It was good of you to write it. I was ill last week, and had mental troubles beside, — happily such as are unconnected with any one's experience except my own. I am still ailing, but striving hard "not to mind," and not

to diffuse my inward trouble, according to Madame de Vaux's excellent maxim. I shall not, I fear, be able to get to you till near the end of next week — towards the 11th. I think of you very often, and especially when my own *malaise* reminds me how much of your time is spent in the same sort of endurance. Mr. Spencer told us yesterday that Dr. Ransom said he had cured himself of dyspepsia by leaving off stimulants, — the full benefit manifesting itself after two or three months of abstinence. I am going to try. All best regards to Mr. Congreve and tenderest sisterly love to yourself.

March 1. — I wrote an article for the "Pall Mall Gazette," — "A Word for the Germans." Journal, 1865.

March 12. — Went to Wandsworth, to spend the Sunday and Monday with Mr. and Mrs. Congreve. Feeling very ailing; in constant dull pain, which makes all effort burthensome.

I did not promise, like Mr. Collins, that you should receive a letter of thanks for your kind entertainment of me; but I feel the need of writing a word or two to break the change from your presence to my complete absence from you. It was really an enjoyment to be with you, in spite of the bodily uneasiness which robbed me of half my mind. One thing only I regret, — that in my talk with you I think I was rather merciless to other people. Whatever vices I have, seem to be exaggerated by my *malaise*, — such "chastening" not answering the purpose of purification in my case. Pray set down any unpleasant notions I have suggested about others to my account, — *i. e.*, as being *my* unpleasantness, and not theirs. When one is bilious, other people's complexions look yellow, and

Letter to Mrs. Congreve, 16th March, 1865.

one of their eyes higher than the other, — all the fault of one's own evil interior. I long to hear from you that you are better, and if you are not better, still to hear from you before too long an interval. Mr. Congreve's condition is really cheering, and he goes about with me as a pleasant picture, — like that Raffaelle the Tuscan duke chose always to carry with him.

I got worse after I left you; but to-day I am better, and begin to think there is nothing serious the matter with me except the "weather," which every one else is alleging as the cause of their symptoms.

Letter to Mrs. Bray, 18th March, 1865.

I believe you are one of the few who can understand that in certain crises direct expression of sympathy is the least possible to those who most feel sympathy. If I could have been with you in bodily presence, I should have sat silent, thinking silence a sign of feeling that speech, trying to be wise, must always spoil. The truest things one can say about great Death are the oldest, simplest things that everybody knows by rote, but that no one knows really till death has come very close. And when that inward teaching is going on, it seems pitiful presumption for those who are outside to be saying anything. There is no such thing as consolation when we have made the lot of another our own. I don't know whether you strongly share, as I do, the old belief that made men say the gods loved those who died young. It seems to me truer than ever, now life has become more complex, and more and more difficult problems have to be worked out. Life, though a good to men on the whole, is a doubtful good to many, and to some not a good at all. To my thought, it is a source of constant mental

distortion to make the denial of this a part of religion, — to go on pretending things are better than they are. To me early death takes the aspect of salvation; though I feel, too, that those who live and suffer may sometimes have the greater blessedness of *being* a salvation. But I will not write of judgments and opinions. What I want my letter to tell you is that I love you truly, gratefully, unchangeably.

March 25. — I am in deep depression, feeling powerless. I have written nothing but beginnings since I finished a little article for the "Pall Mall," on the "Logic of Servants." Dear George is all activity, yet is in very frail health. How I worship his good humour, his good sense, his affectionate care for every one who has claims on him! That worship is my best life.

Journal, 1865.

March 29. — Sent a letter on "Futile Lying," from Saccharissa, to the "Pall Mall."

I have begun a novel ("Felix Holt").

We are wondering if, by any coincidence or condition of things, you could come to us on Thursday, when we have our last evening party, — wondering how you are, — wondering everything about you, and knowing nothing. Could you resolve some of our wonderings into cheering knowledge? It is ages since you made any sign to us. Are *we* to be blamed, or you? I hope you are not unfavourably affected by the sudden warmth which comes with the beautiful sunshine. Some word of you, in pity!

Letter to Mrs. Congreve, 11th April, 1865.

If the sun goes on shining in this glorious way, I shall think of your journey with pleasure. The sight of the country *must* be a good when the trees are bursting into leaf. But I will remember your warning to Emily,

Letter to Mrs. Congreve, 22d April, 1865.

and not insist too much on the advantages of paying visits. Let us hear of you sometimes, and think of us as very busy and very happy, but always including you in our world, and getting uneasy when we are left too much to our imaginations about you. Tell Emily that Ben and I are the better for having seen her. He has added to his store of memories, and will recognise her when she comes again.

Journal, 1865.

May 4. — Sent an article on Lecky's "History of Rationalism" for the "Fortnightly." For nearly a fortnight I have been ill, one way or other.

May 10. — Finished a letter of Saccharissa for the "Pall Mall." Reading Æschylus, "Theatre of the Greeks," Klein's "History of the Drama," &c.

Letter to Mrs. Congreve, 11th May, 1865.

This note will greet you on your return, and tell you that we were glad to hear of you in your absence, even though the news was not of the brightest. Next week we are going away, — I don't yet know exactly where; but it is firmly settled that we start on Monday. It will be good for the carpets, and it will be still better for us, who need a wholesome shaking, even more than the carpets do.

The first number of the "Review" was done with last Monday, and will be out on the 15th. You will be glad to hear that Mr. Harrison's article is excellent, but the "mull" which George declares to be the fatality with all first numbers is so far incurred with regard to this very article, that from overwhelming alarm at its length George put it (perhaps too hastily) into the smaller type. I hope the importance of the subject and the excellence of the treatment will overcome that disadvantage.

Nurse all pleasant thoughts in your solitude, and count our affection among them.

We have just returned from a five days' holiday at the coast, and are much invigorated by the tonic breezes.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 18th May, 1865.

We have nothing to do with the "Fortnightly" as a money speculation. Mr. Lewes has simply accepted the post of editor, and it was seemly that I should write a little in it. But do not suppose that I am going into periodical writing. And your friendship is not required to read one syllable for our sakes. On the contrary, you have my full sympathy in abstaining. Rest in peace, dear Sara, and finish your work, that you may have the sense of having spoken out what was within you. That is really a good, — I mean when it is done in all seriousness and sincerity.

May 28. — Finished Bamford's "Passages from the Life of a Radical." Have just begun again Mill's "Political Economy," and Comte's "Social Science," in Miss Martineau's edition.

Journal, 1865.

June 7. — Finished "Annual Register" for 1832. Reading Blackstone. Mill's second article on "Comte," to appear in the "Westminster," lent me by Mr. Spencer. My health has been better of late.

June 15. — Read again Aristotle's "Poetics" with fresh admiration.

June 20. — Read the opening of my novel to G. Yesterday we drove to Wandsworth. Walked together on Wimbledon Common, in outer and inner sunshine, as of old; then dined with Mr. and Mrs. Congreve, and had much pleasant talk.

June 25. — Reading English History, reign of George III.; Shakspeare's "King John." Yes-

terday G. dined at Greenwich with the multitude of so-called writers for the "Saturday." He heard much commendation of the "Fortnightly," especially of Bagehot's articles, which last is reassuring after Mr. Trollope's strong objections.

July 3. — Went to hear the "Faust" at Covent Garden: Mario, Lucca, and Graziani. I was much thrilled by the great symbolical situations, and by the music, — more, I think, than I had ever been before.

July 9. — We had Browning, Huxley, Mr. Warren, Mr. Bagehot, and Mr. Crompton, and talk was pleasant.

Success to the canvassing! It is "very meet and right and your bounden duty" to be with Mr. Taylor in this time of hard work, and I am glad that your health has made no impediment. I should have liked to be present when you were cheered. The expression of a common feeling by a large mass of men, when the feeling is one of good-will, moves me like music. A public tribute to any man who has done the world a service with brain or hand, has on me the effect of a great religious rite, with pealing organ and full-voiced choir.

Letter to Mrs. Peter Taylor, Sunday, 10th July, 1865.

I agree with you in your feeling about Mill. Some of his works have been frequently my companions of late, and I have been going through many *actions de grâce* towards him. I am not anxious that he should be in Parliament: thinkers can do more outside than inside the House. But it would have been a fine precedent, and would have made an epoch, for such a man to have been asked for and elected solely on the ground of his mental eminence. As it is, I suppose it is pretty certain that he will *not* be elected.

I am glad you have been interested in Mr. Lewes's article. His great anxiety about the "Fortnightly" is to make it the vehicle for sincere writing, — real contributions of opinion on important topics. But it is more difficult than the inexperienced could imagine to get the sort of writing which will correspond to that desire of his.

July 16. — Madame Bohn, niece of Professor Scherer, called. She said certain things about "Romola" which showed that she had felt what I meant my readers to feel. She said she knew the book had produced the same effect on many others. I wish I could be encouraged by this. Journal, 1865.

July 22. — Sat for my portrait — I suppose for the last time.

July 23. — I am going doggedly to work at my novel, seeing what determination can do in the face of despair. Reading Neale's "History of the Puritans."

I received yesterday the circular about the Mazzini Fund. Mr. Lewes and I would have liked to subscribe to a tribute to Mazzini, or to a fund for his use, of which the application was defined and guaranteed by his own word. As it is, the application of the desired fund is only intimated in the vaguest manner by the Florentine Committee. The reflection is inevitable, that the application may ultimately be the promotion of conspiracy, the precise character of which is necessarily unknown to subscribers. Now, though I believe there are cases in which conspiracy may be a sacred, necessary struggle against organised wrong, there are also cases in which it is hopeless, and can produce nothing but Letter to Mrs. Peter Taylor, 1st Aug. 1865.

misery; or needless, because it is not the best means attainable of reaching the desired end; or unjustifiable, because it resorts to acts which are more unsocial in their character than the very wrong they are directed to extinguish: and in these three supposable cases it seems to me that it would be a social crime to further conspiracy even by the impulse of a little finger, to which one may well compare a small money subscription.

I think many persons to whom the circular might be sent would take something like this view, and would grieve, as we do, that a proposition intended to honour Mazzini should come in a form to which they cannot conscientiously subscribe.

I trouble you and Mr. Taylor with this explanation, because both Mr. Lewes and I have a real reverence for Mazzini, and could not therefore be content to give a silent negative.

Letter to Mrs. Congreve, 1st Aug. 1865.

I fear that my languor on Saturday prevented me from fairly showing you how sweet and precious your presence was to me then, as at all times. We have almost made up our minds to start some time in this month for a run in Normandy and Brittany. We both need the change; though when I receive, as I did yesterday, a letter from some friend telling me of cares and trials from which I am quite free, I am ashamed of wanting anything.

Journal, 1865.

Aug. 2. — Finished the "Agamemnon" second time.

Letter to Mrs. Congreve, 6th Aug. 1865.

When I wrote to you last, I quite hoped that I should see you and Emily before we left home; but now it is settled that we start on Thursday morning, and I have so many little things to remember and to do that I dare not set apart any of the intervening time

for the quiet enjoyment of a visit from you. It is not quite so cheerful a picture as I should like to carry with me, that of you and Emily so long alone, with Mr. Congreve working at Bradford. But your friends are sure to think of you, and want to see you. I hope you did not suffer so severely as we did from the arctic cold that rushed in after the oppressive heat. Mr. T. Trollope came from Italy just when it began. He says it is always the same when he comes to England, — people always say it has just been very hot, and he believes that means they had a few days in which they were not obliged to blow on their fingers.

When you write to Mr. Congreve, pray tell him that we were very grateful for his Itinerary, which is likely to be useful to us, — indeed, has already been useful in determining our route.

Journal, 1865.

Sept. 7. — We returned home after an expedition into Brittany. Our course was from Boulogne to St. Valéry, Dieppe, Rouen, Caen, Bayeux, St. Lô, Vire, Avranches, Dol, St. Malo, Rennes, Avray, and Carnac, — back by Nantes, Tours, Le Mans, Chartres, Paris, Rouen, Dieppe, Abbeville, and so again to Boulogne.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 14th Sept. 1865.

We came home again on Thursday night — this day week — after a month's absence in Normandy and Brittany. I have been thinking of you very often since, but believed that you did not care to have the interruption of letters just now, and would rather defer correspondence till your mind was freer. If I had *suspected* that you would feel any want satisfied by a letter, I should certainly have written. I had not heard of Miss Bonham Carter's death, else I should have conceived something of your state of mind. I think you and I are alike in this, that we

can get no good out of pretended comforts, which are the devices of self-love, but would rather, in spite of pain, grow into the endurance of all "naked truths." So I say no word about your great loss, except that I love you, and sorrow with you.

The circumstances of life — the changes that take place in ourselves — hem in the expression of affections and memories that live within us, and enter almost into every day, and long separations often make intercourse difficult when the opportunity comes. But the delight I had in you, and in the hours we spent together, and in all your acts of friendship to me, is really part of my life, and can never die out of me. I see distinctly how much poorer I should have been if I had never known you. If you had seen more of me in late years, you would not have such almost cruel thoughts as that the book into which you have faithfully put your experience and best convictions could make you "repugnant" to me. Whatever else my growth may have been, it has not been towards irreverence and ready rejection of what other minds can give me. You once unhappily mistook my feeling and point of view in something I wrote *apropos* of an argument in your "Aids to Faith," and *that* made me think it better that we should not write on large and difficult subjects in hasty letters. But it has often been painful to me — I should say, it has constantly been painful to me — that you have ever since inferred me to be in a hard and unsympathetic state about your views and your writing. But I am habitually disposed myself to the same unbelief in the sympathy that is given me, and am the last person who should be allowed to complain of such unbelief in another.

And it is very likely that I may have been faulty and disagreeable in my expressions.

Excuse all my many mistakes, dear Sara, and never believe otherwise than that I have a glow of joy when you write to me, as if my existence were some good to you. I know that I am, and can be, very little practically; but to have the least value for your thought is what I care much to be assured of.

Perhaps, in the cooler part of the autumn, when your book is out of your hands, you will like to move from home a little and see your London friends?

Our travelling in Brittany was a good deal marred and obstructed by the Emperor's *fête*, which sent all the world on our track towards Cherbourg and Brest. But the Norman churches, the great cathedrals at Le Mans, Tours, and Chartres, with their marvellous painted glass, were worth much scrambling to see.

I have read Mr. Masson's book on "Recent Philosophy." The earlier part is a useful and creditable survey, and the classification ingenious. The later part I thought poor. If, by what he says of Positivism, you mean what he says at p. 246, I should answer it is simply "stuff," — he might as well have written a dozen lines of jargon. There are a few observations about Comte, scattered here and there, which are true and just enough. But it seems to me much better to read a man's own writing than to read what others say about him, especially when the man is first-rate and the "others" are third-rate. As Goethe said long ago about Spinoza, "Ich zog immer vor von dem Menschen zu erfahren *wie er dachte* als von einem anderen zu

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 28th Oct. 1865.

hören *wie er hätte denken sollen.*" [1] However, I am not fond of expressing criticism or disapprobation. The difficulty is to digest and live upon any valuable truth one's self.

Nov. 15. — During the last three weeks George has been very poorly, but now he is better. I have been reading Fawcett's "Economic Condition of the Working Classes," Mill's "Liberty," looking into Strauss's second "Life of Jesus," and reading Neale's "History of the Puritans," of which I have reached the fourth volume. Yesterday the news came of Mrs. Gaskell's death. She died suddenly while reading aloud to her daughter.

Journal, 1865.

Nov. 16. — Writing Mr. Lyon's story, which I have determined to insert as a narrative. Reading the Bible.

Nov. 24. — Finished Neale's "History of the Puritans." Began Hallam's "Middle Ages."

Dec. 4. — Finished second volume of Hallam. The other day read to the end of chapter ix. of my novel to George, who was much pleased, and found no fault.

We send to-day "Orley Farm," "The Small House at Allington," and "The Story of Elizabeth." "The Small House" is rather lighter than "Orley Farm." "The Story of Elizabeth" is by Miss Thackeray. It is not so cheerful as Trollope, but is charmingly written. You can taste it, and reject it if it is too melancholy. I think more of you than you are likely to imagine, and I believe we talk of you all more than of any other mortals.

Letter to Mrs. Congreve, 4th Dec. 1865.

It is worth your while to send for the last "Fort-

[1] "I always preferred to learn from the man himself what *he* thought, rather than to hear from some one else what *he ought to have thought.*"

nightly" to read an article of Professor Tyndall's "On the Constitution of the Universe." It is a splendid piece of writing on the higher physics, which I know will interest you. *Apropos* of the feminine intellect, I had a bit of experience with a superior woman the other day, which reminded me of Sydney Smith's story about his sermon on the Being of a God. He says, that after he had delivered his painstaking argument, an old parishioner said to him, "I don't agree wi' you, Mr. Smith; *I think there be a God.*"

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 7th Dec. 1865.

Dec. 11. — For the last three days I have been foundering from a miserable state of head. I have written chapter x. This evening read again Macaulay's Introduction.

Journal, 1865.

Dec. 15. — To-day is the first for nearly a week on which I have been able to write anything fresh. I am reading Macaulay and Blackstone. This evening we went to hear the "Messiah" at Exeter Hall.

Your kind letter came to me yesterday. I wish there had been no family trouble to disturb the happiness of which your previous letter had given me an idea, and which I allowed myself to trust in as still continuing, notwithstanding your long silence. I sympathise with the indisposition to write letters: time becomes more precious as one gets older and in need of economising all strength for the sake of not falling short towards immediate duties.

Letter to M. D'Albert, 17th Dec. 1865.

"The Fortnightly" is a great *succès d'estime.* The principle of signature, never before thoroughly carried out in England, has given it an exceptional dignity, and drawn valuable writers. It is a thoroughly serious periodical, intended for the

few who will pay a high price, and is supported by proprietors unconnected with the publishing trade. It is still a question whether it will succeed commercially. I think I told you that Mr. Lewes accepted the editorship on urgent request, after having previously refused it; and has nothing to do with it as speculation. He likes the work very well, now he has entered into it, finding that superior contributors present themselves and brave the supposed perils of signature.

I am occupied, in a leisurely way, with my own writing, and, as you know, am not in the habit of contributing to periodicals.

It grieves me that you have had your trouble in vain in translating "Romola." I have had at least four applications from France for permission to translate it. But in fact the permission always belonged to Smith & Elder; and now no permission is needed. A short time ago we had a visit from Mdlle. Bohn, the niece of Professor Scherer, residing with him at Versailles. She says that by herself and in her circle "Romola" is valued more than any of my previous books. It is rather a cruel thing that she, like so many others, inquired whether my books had been translated into French. I mean it is cruel for you that, after your conscientious labours, your publishers have not been able to make better arrangements for you with Parisian houses. I have received numerous letters asking me to give my authorisation to translations of the "Clerical Scenes," or "Silas Marner," or "The Mill." I only tell you this, as so much information that you might perhaps use in your relations with your publishers.

"A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year" is a sort of hieroglyph for I love you and wish you

well all the year round. Christmas to me is like a great many other pleasures, which I am glad to imagine as enjoyed by others, but have no delight in myself. Berried holly, and smiling faces, and snapdragon, grandmamma and the children, turkey and plum-pudding, — they are all precious things, and I would not have the world without them; but they tire me a little. I enjoy the common days of the year more. But for the sake of those who are stronger, I rejoice in Christmas.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 21st Dec. 1865.

Dec. 24. — For two days I have been sticking in the mud from doubt about my construction. I have just consulted G., and he confirms my choice of incidents.

Journal, 1865.

Dec. 31. — The last day of 1865. I will say nothing but that I trust — I will strive — to add more ardent effort towards a good result from all the outward good that is given to me. My health is at a lower ebb than usual, and so is George's. Bertie is spending his holidays with us, and shows hopeful characteristics. Charles is happy.

SUMMARY OF CHAPTER XII

JANUARY, 1862, TO DECEMBER, 1865

Begins "Romola" again — Letter to M. D'Albert — Letter to Miss Hennell — Max Müller's book — "Orley Farm" — Anthony Trollope — T. A. Trollope's "Beata" — Acquaintance with Mr. Burton and Mr. W. G. Clark — George Smith, publisher, suggests a "magnificent offer" — Depression about "Romola" — Letter to Mrs. Bray asking for loan of music — Pantomime — First visit to Dorking — Letter to Madame Bodichon — Impatience of concealment — Anxiety about war with America — Sympathy with Queen — Mr. Lewes begins "History of Science" — Mrs. Browning's "Casa Guidi Windows" — Depression — George Smith offers £10,000 for "Romola" for the "Cornhill" — Idea given up — Visit to Englefield Green — Working under a weight — Letter to M. D'Albert — Second visit to Dorking for three weeks — Delight in spring — Accepts £7000 for "Romola" in "Cornhill" — Regret at leaving Blackwood — Palsy in writing — Visit to Littlehampton and to Dorking third time — Letter to M. D'Albert — Letter to Mrs. Congreve — Mr. Lewes at Spa — George Eliot in better spirits — Letter to Miss Hennell — Joachim's playing — New Literary Club — Reading Poliziano — Suggestion of Tennyson's "Palace of Art" — Visit from Browning — Depression — Letter to Madame Bodichon — No negative propaganda — Letter to M. D'Albert — Letter to Mrs. Peter Taylor — The "Messiah" on Christmas Day — Letter to Miss Hennell — St. Paul's "Charity" — The Poetry of Christianity — The Bible — Adieu to year 1862 — Letter to Miss Hennell — Encouragement about "Romola" — Literary Club dissolves — Miss Cobbe — Letter to Mrs. Congreve — Depression — Fourth visit to Dorking for fortnight — Letter to Charles Lewes on Thackeray's Lectures — The effect of writing "Romola" — Letter to Madame Bodichon — Odiousness of intellectual superciliousness — Letter to Mrs. Bray — Thinking of The Priory — "Romola" finished — Inscription — Visit to Isle of Wight — Ristori — Letter to Miss Hennell — Thornton Lewes — London amusements — Opera — Letter to M. D'Albert — Reading Mommsen, Liddell's "Rome," and "Roba di Roma" — Letter from Frederick Maurice referred to as most generous tribute ever given — Letter to Mrs. Peter Taylor — Renan's "Vie de Jésus" — Visit to Worthing — Mrs. Hare — Return to London — Depression — Letter to R. H. Hutton on "Romola" — The importance of the medium in which characters move — Letter to Madame Bodichon — Effect of London on health — Letter to Mrs. Bray — Delight in autumn — Mommsen's History — Letter to Mrs. Congreve — "The Discours Préliminaire" — Removal to The Priory — Mr. Owen Jones decorates the house — Jansa the violinist — Letter to Mrs. Bray — "Physiology for Schools" — Letter to Madame Bodichon — Enjoying rest, and music with Jansa — Letter to Miss Hennell — Renan — Letter to Mrs. Bray — Enjoyment of Priory — Letter to Mrs. Congreve — Mr. Lewes's "Aristotle" finished — Letter to Mrs. Peter Taylor — Compensation — Letter to Mrs. P. A. Taylor — Effect of sunshine — Death of Mrs. Hare — "David Gray" — Letter to Miss Hennell — Dislike of

note writing — Visit to Scotland — Letter to Mrs. Peter Taylor — Joy in Federal successes — Crystal Palace to see Garibaldi — Mr. Burton's picture of a Legendary Knight in Armour — Third visit to Italy with Mr. Burton for seven weeks — Return to London — Charles Lewes's engagement to Miss Gertrude Hill — Pleasure in Mr. Burton's companionship in travel — Letter to Mrs. Congreve — Present of mats — Depression — Reading Gibbon — Gieseler — Letter to Miss Hennell — Reading Max Müller — Reference to the "Apologia" — Newman — Reading about Spain — Trying a drama — Letter to Miss Hennell — Harrogate — Development of Industries — Scarborough — Letters to Mrs. Congreve — Pleasure in her visit — Letter to Miss Hennell — Learning Spanish — Two Acts of drama written — Sticking in construction of remainder — Letter to Mrs. Congreve — Christmas greeting — Retrospect of year 1864 — Letter to Mrs. Congreve — First payment to Positivist Fund — Comparison with "small upper room" 1866 years ago — Mrs. Congreve staying at The Priory — Poem "My Vegetarian Friend" written — Visit to Paris — Letter to Mrs. Congreve — Visit to Comte's apartment in Paris — Finished Poem on "Utopias" — Letter to Miss Sara Hennell — Delight in dual solitude — "Fortnightly Review" — Letter to Mrs. Congreve — Charades — Depression — Mr. Lewes takes away drama — Article for the "Pall Mall," "A Word for the Germans" — Letter to Mrs. Congreve — Visit to Wandsworth — Depression — Letter to Mrs. Congreve after visit — Letter to Mrs. Bray on a young friend's death — Deep depression — Admiration of Mr. Lewes's good spirits — "Felix Holt" begun — Article on Lecky's "History of Rationalism" in "Fortnightly" — Reading Æschylus, "Theatre of the Greeks" — Klein's "History of the Drama" — Letter to Mrs. Congreve — First number of the "Fortnightly" — Frederic Harrison's article — Reading Mill, Comte, and Blackstone — Aristotle's "Poetics" — Dine with Congreves at Wandsworth — Faust at Covent Garden — Sunday reception — Browning — Huxley and Bagehot — Mr. Burton's portrait finished — Letter to Mrs. Peter Taylor on J. S. Mill — The "Fortnightly Review" — Mazzini subscription — Letter of adieu to Mrs. Congreve — Expedition to Brittany for month — Letter to Miss Hennell — "Pretended comforts" — Recollection of early feelings — Delight in her friendship — Masson's "Recent Philosophy" — Comte — Goethe on Spinoza — Reading Fawcett's "Economic Condition of Working Classes" — Mill's "Liberty" — Strauss's second "Life of Jesus" — Neale's "History of the Puritans" — Hallam's "Middle Ages" — Letter to Miss Hennell on Tyndall's article on "The Constitution of the Universe" — Letter to M. D'Albert on the "Fortnightly" — View of Christmas Day — Retrospect of 1865.

CHAPTER XIII

I HAVE had it in my mind to write to you for many days, wanting to tell you, yet feeling there might be some impertinence in doing so, of the delight and gratitude I felt in reading your article on Industrial Co-operation. Certain points admirably brought out in that article would, I think, be worth the labour of a life if one could help in winning them thorough recognition. I don't mean that my thinking so is of any consequence, but simply that it is of consequence to me when I find your energetic writing confirms my own faith.

Letter to Frederic Harrison, 5th Jan. 1866.

It would be fortunate for us if you had nothing better to do than look in on us on Tuesday evening. Professor Huxley will be with us, and one or two others whom you know, and your presence would make us all the brighter.

Jan. 9. — Professors Huxley and Beesly, Mr. Burton and Mr. Spencer, dined with us. Mr. Harrison in the evening.

Journal, 1866.

The ample and clear statement you have sent me with kind promptness has put me in high spirits, — as high spirits as can belong to an unhopeful author. Your hypothetical case of a settlement suits my needs surprisingly well. I shall be thankful to let Sugden alone, and throw myself entirely on your goodness, especially as what I want is simply a basis of legal possibilities, and not any command of details. I want to be sure that my chords will not offend a critic accomplished in thorough-

Letter to Frederic Harrison, 12th Jan. 1866.

bass, — not at all to present an exercise in thorough-bass.

I was going to write you a long story, but on consideration it seems to me that I should tax your time less, and arrive more readily at a resolution of my doubts on various points not yet mentioned to you, if you could let me speak instead of writing to you.

On Wednesday afternoons I am always at home; but on any day when I could be sure of your coming, I would set everything aside for the sake of a consultation so valuable to me.

Jan. 20. — For the last fortnight I have been unusually disabled by ill health. I have been consulting Mr. Harrison about the law in my book with satisfactory result. **Journal, 1866.**

I had not any opportunity, or not enough presence of mind, to tell you yesterday how much I felt your kindness in writing me that last little note of sympathy. **Letter to Frederic Harrison, 22d Jan. 1866.**

In proportion as compliments (always beside the mark) are discouraging and nauseating, at least to a writer who has any serious aims, genuine words from one capable of understanding one's conceptions are precious and strengthening.

Yet I have no confidence that the book will ever be worthily written. And now I have something else to ask. It is, that if anything strikes you as untrue in cases where my drama has a bearing on momentous questions, especially of a public nature, you will do me the great kindness to tell me of your doubts.

On a few moral points, which have been made clear to me by my experience, I feel sufficiently confident, — without such confidence I could not write at all. But in every other direction I am

so much in need of fuller instruction as to be constantly under the sense that I am more likely to be wrong than right.

Hitherto I have read my MS. (I mean of my previous books) to Mr. Lewes, by forty or fifty pages at a time, and he has told me if he felt an objection to anything. No one else has had any knowledge of my writings before their publication. (I except, of course, the publishers.)

But now that you are good enough to incur the trouble of reading my MS., I am anxious to get the full benefit of your participation.

Letter to Mrs. Congreve, 28th Jan. 1866, from Tunbridge Wells.

We arrived here on Tuesday, and have been walking about four hours each day, and the walks are so various that each time we have turned out we have found a new one. George is already much the better for the perfect rest, quiet, and fresh air. Will you give my thanks to Mr. Congreve for the "Synthèse," which I have brought with me and am reading? I expect to understand three chapters well enough to get some edification.

George had talked of our taking the train to Dover to pay you a "morning call." He observes that it would have been a "dreadful sell" if we had done so. Your letter, therefore, was providential — and without doubt it came from a dear little Providence of mine that sits in your heart.

Letter to Frederic Harrison, 31st Jan. 1866, from Tunbridge Wells.

I have received both your precious letters, — the second edition of the case, and the subsequent note. The story is sufficiently in the track of ordinary probability; and the careful trouble you have so generously given to it, has enabled me to feel a satisfaction in my plot which beforehand I had sighed for as unattainable.

There is still a question or two which I shall want to ask you, but I am afraid of taxing your time and patience in an unconscionable manner. So, since we expect to return to town at the end of next week, I think I will reserve my questions until I have the pleasure and advantage of an interview with you, in which *pros* and *cons* can be more rapidly determined than by letter. It seems to me that you have fitted my phenomena with a *rationale* quite beautifully. If there is any one who could have done it better, I am sure I know of no man who *would*. Please to put your help of me among your good deeds for this year of 1866.

To-day we have resolute rain, for the first time since we came down. You don't yet know what it is to be a sickly wretch, dependent on these skyey influences. But Heine says illness "spiritualises the members." It had need do some good in return for one's misery.

Thanks for your kind letter. Alas! we had chiefly bad weather in the country. George was a little benefited, but only a little. He is too far "run down" to be wound up in a very short time. We enjoyed our return to our comfortable house, and perhaps that freshness of home was the chief gain from our absence.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 12th Feb. 1866.

You see, to counterbalance all the great and good things that life has given us beyond what our fellows have, we hardly know now what it is to be free from bodily *malaise*.

After the notion I have given you of my health, you will not wonder if I say that I don't know when anything of mine will appear. I can never reckon on myself.

Journal, 1866.

March 7. — I am reading Mill's "Logic" again. Theocritus still, and English History and Law.

March 17. — To St. James's Hall, hearing Joachim, Piatti, and Hallé in glorious Beethoven music.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 9th April, 1866.

Don't think any evil of me for not writing. Just now the days are short, and art is long to artists with feeble bodies. If people don't say expressly that they want anything from me, I easily conclude that they will do better without me, and have a good weight of idleness, or rather bodily fatigue, which puts itself into the scale of modesty. I torment myself less with fruitless regrets that my particular life has not been more perfect. The young things are growing, and to me it is not melancholy but joyous that the world will be brighter after I am gone than it has been in the brief time of my existence. You see my pen runs into very old reflections. The fact is, I have no details to tell that would much interest you. It is true that I am going to bring out another book, but just *when* is not certain.

Letter to Madame Bodichon, 10th April, 1866.

The happiness in your letter was delightful to me, as you guessed it would be. See how much better things may turn out for all mankind, since they mend for single mortals even in this confused state of the bodies social and politic.

As soon as we can leave we shall go away, probably to Germany, for six weeks or so. But that will not be till June. I am finishing a book which has been growing slowly like a sickly child, because of my own ailments; but now I am in the later acts of it, I can't move till it is done.

You know all the news, public and private, — all

about the sad cattle plague, and the Reform Bill and who is going to be married, and who is dead. So I need tell you nothing. You will find the English world extremely like what it was when you left it, — conversation more or less trivial and insincere, literature just now not much better, and politics worse than either. Bring some sincerity and energy to make a little draught of pure air in your particular world. I shall expect you to be a heroine in the best sense, now you are happier after a time of suffering. See what a talent I have for telling other people to be good!

We are getting patriarchal, and think of old age and death as journeys not far off. All knowledge, all thought, all achievement seems more precious and enjoyable to me than it ever was before in life. But as soon as one has found the key of life, "it opes the gates of death." Youth has not learned the *art* of living, and we go on bungling till our experience can only serve us for a very brief space. That is the "external order" we must submit to.

I am too busy to write except when I am tired, and don't know very well what to say, so you must not be surprised if I write in a dreamy way.

April 21. — Sent MS. of two volumes to Blackwood. Journal, 1866.

April 25. — Blackwood has written to offer me £5000 for "Felix Holt." I have been ailing, and uncertain in my strokes, and yesterday got no further than p. 52 of vol. iii.

It is a great pleasure to me to be writing to you again, as in the old days. After your kind letters, I am chiefly anxious that the publication of "Felix Holt" may be a satisfaction to you from beginning to end. Letter to John Blackwood, 25th April, 1866.

Mr. Lewes writes about other business matters, so I will only say that I am desirous to have the proofs as soon and as rapidly as will be practicable. They will require correcting with great care, and there are large spaces in the day when I am unable to write, in which I could be attending to my proofs.

I think I ought to tell you that I have consulted a legal friend about my law, to guard against errors. The friend is a Chancery barrister, who "ought to know."

After I had written the first volume, I applied to him, and he has since read through my MS.

Letter to John Blackwood, 27th April, 1866.

How very good it was of you to write me a letter which is a guarantee to me of the pleasantest kind that I have made myself understood.

The tone of the prevalent literature just now is not encouraging to a writer who at least wishes to be serious and sincere; and, owing to my want of health, a great deal of this book has been written under so much depression as to its practical effectiveness, that I have sometimes been ready to give it up.

Your letter has made me feel, more strongly than any other testimony, that it would have been a pity if I had listened to the tempter Despondency. I took a great deal of pains to get a true idea of the period. My own recollections of it are childish, and of course disjointed, but they help to illuminate my reading. I went through the "Times" of 1832–33 at the British Museum, to be sure of as many details as I could. It is amazing what strong language was used in those days, especially about the Church. "Bloated pluralists," "Stall-fed dignitaries," &c., are the sort of phrases conspicuous. There is one passage of

prophecy which I longed to quote, but I thought it wiser to abstain: "Now, the beauty of the Reform Bill is, that under its mature operation the people must and will become free agents," — a prophecy which I hope is true, only the maturity of the operation has not arrived yet.

Mr. Lewes is well satisfied with the portion of the third volume already written; and as I am better in health just now, I hope to go on with spirit, especially with the help of your cordial sympathy. I trust you will see, when it comes, that the third volume is the natural issue prepared for by the first and second.

Letter to Frederic Harrison, 27th April, 1866.

A thousand thanks for your note. Do not worry yourself so much about those two questions that you will be forced to hate me. On Tuesday next we are to go to Dorking for probably a fortnight. I wished you to read the first 100 pages of my third volume; but I fear now that I must be content to wait and send you a duplicate proof of a chapter or two that are likely to make a lawyer shudder by their poetic licence. Please to be in great distress some time for want of my advice, and tease me considerably to get it, that I may prove my grateful memory of these days.

Letter to John Blackwood, 30th April, 1866.

To-morrow we go — Mr. Lewes's bad health driving us — to Dorking, where everything will reach me as quickly as in London.

I am in a horrible fidget about certain points which I want to be sure of in correcting my proofs. They are chiefly two questions. I wish to know —

1. Whether in Napoleon's war with England, after the breaking up of the Treaty of Amiens, the seizure and imprisonment of civilians was excep-

tional, or whether it was continued throughout the war?

2. Whether in 1833, in the case of transportation to one of the colonies, when the sentence did not involve hard labour, the sentenced person might be at large on his arrival in the colony?

It is possible you may have some one near at hand who will answer these questions. I am sure you will help me if you can, and will sympathise in my anxiety not to have even an allusion that involves practical impossibilities.

One can never be perfectly accurate, even with one's best effort, but the effort must be made.

Journal, 1866. *May* 31. — Finished "Felix Holt."

The manuscript bears the following inscription: —

"From George Eliot to her dear Husband, this thirteenth year of their united life, in which the deepening sense of her own imperfectness has the consolation of their deepening love."

Letter to Mrs. Congreve, 5th June, 1866.

My last hope of seeing you before we start has vanished. I find that the things urged upon me to be done, in addition to my own small matters of preparation, will leave me no time to enjoy anything that I should have chosen if I had been at leisure. Last Thursday only I finished writing, in a state of nervous excitement that had been making my head throb and my heart palpitate all the week before. As soon as I had finished I felt well. You know how we had counted on a parting sight of you; and I should have particularly liked to see Emily; and witness the good effect of Derbyshire. But send us a word or two if you can, just to say how you *all three* are. We start on Thursday evening for Brussels. Then to Antwerp, The Hague, and

Amsterdam. Out of Holland we are to find our way to Schwalbach. Let your love go with us, as mine will hover about you and all yours, — that group of three which the word "Wandsworth" always means for us.

I finished writing ["Felix Holt"] on the last day of May, after days and nights of throbbing and palpitation, — chiefly, I suppose, from a nervous excitement which I was not strong enough to support well. As soon as I had done I felt better, and have been a new creature ever since, though a little overdone with visits from friends, and attention (*miserabile dictu!*) to petticoats, &c.

Letter to Mrs. Bray, 5th June, 1866.

I can't help being a little vexed that the course of things hinders my having the great delight of seeing you again — during this visit to town. Now that my mind is quite free, I don't know anything I should have chosen sooner than to have a long, long, quiet day with you.

June 7. — Set off on our journey to Holland.

Journal, 1866.

I wish you could know how idle I feel — how utterly disinclined to anything but mere self-indulgence — because that knowledge would enable you to estimate the affection and anxiety which prompt me to write in spite of disinclination. June is so far gone that by the time you get this letter you will surely have some result of the examination to tell me of; and I can't bear to deprive myself of that news by not letting you know where we are. "In Paradise," George says; but the Paradise is in the fields and woods of beech and fir, where we walk in uninterrupted solitude in spite of the excellent roads and delightful resting-places, which seem to have been

Letter to Mrs. Congreve, 25th June, 1866, from Schwalbach.

prepared for visitors in general. The promenade, where the ladies — chiefly Russian and German, with only a small sprinkling of English and Americans — display their ornamental petticoats and various hats, is only the outskirt of Paradise; but we amuse ourselves there for an hour or so in the early morning and evening, listening to the music and learning the faces of our neighbours. There is a deficiency of men, children, and dogs; otherwise the winding walks, the luxuriant trees and grass, and the abundant seats of the promenade, have every charm one can expect at a German bath. We arrived here last Thursday, after a fortnight spent in Belgium and Holland; and we still fall to interjections of delight whenever we walk out, — first at the beauty of the place, and next at our own happiness in not having been frightened away from it by the predictions of travellers and hotel-keepers, that we should find no one here, — that the Prussians would break up the railways, &c., &c. — Nassau being one of the majority of small States who are against Prussia. I fear we are a little in danger of becoming like the Bürger in " Faust," and making it too much the entertainment of our holiday to have a

> "Gespräch von Krieg und Kriegsgeschrei
> Wenn hinten, weit, in der Türkei,
> Die Völker auf einander schlagen."

Idle people are so eager for newspapers that tell them of other people's energetic enthusiasm! A few soldiers are quartered here, and we see them wisely using their leisure to drink at the Brunnen. They are the only suggestion of war that meets our eyes among these woody hills. Already we feel great benefit from our quiet journeying and repose. George is looking remarkably well, and

seems to have nothing the matter with him. You know how magically quick his recoveries seem. I am too refined to say anything about our excellent quarters and good meals; but one detail, I know, will touch your sympathy. We dine in our own room! It would have marred the *Kur* for me if I had had every day to undergo a *table d'hôte* where almost all the guests are English, presided over by the British chaplain. Please don't suspect me of being scornful towards my fellow country men or women: the fault is all mine that I am miserably *gênée* by the glances of strange eyes.

We want news from you to complete our satisfaction, and no one can give it but yourself. Send us as many matter-of-fact details as you have the patience to write. We shall not be here after the 4th, but at Schlangenbad.

We got home last night, after a rough passage from Ostend. You have been so continually a recurrent thought to me ever since I had your letter at Schwalbach, that it is only natural I should write to you as soon as I am at my old desk again. The news of Mr. Congreve's examination being over made me feel for several days that something had happened, which caused me unusual lightness of heart. I would not dwell on the possibility of your having to leave Wandsworth, which, I know, would cause you many sacrifices. I clung solely to the great cheering fact that a load of anxiety had been lifted from Mr. Congreve's mind. May we not put in a petition for some of his time now? And will he not come with you and Emily to dine with us next week, on any day except Wednesday and Friday? The dinner-hour seems more propitious for talk and enjoyment than lunch-time; but in all respects

Letter to Mrs. Congreve, 3d Aug. 1866, from the Priory.

choose what will best suit your health and habits — only let us see you.

Letter to Frederic Harrison, 4th Aug. 1866.

We returned from our health-seeking journey on Thursday evening, and your letter was the most delightful thing that awaited me at home. Be sure it will be much read and meditated; and may I not take it as an earnest that your help, which has already done so much for me, will be continued? I mean, that you will help me by your thoughts and your sympathy,—not that you will be teased with my proofs.

I meant to write you a long letter about the æsthetic problem; but Mr. Lewes, who is still tormented with headachy effects from our rough passage, comes and asks me to walk to Hampstead with him, so I send these hasty lines. Come and see us soon.

Letter to John Blackwood, 4th Aug. 1866.

We got home on Thursday evening, and are still feeling some unpleasant effects from our very rough passage, — an inconvenience which we had waited some days at Ostend to avoid. But the wind took no notice of us, and went on blowing.

I was much pleased with the handsome appearance of the three volumes, which were lying ready for me. My hatred of bad paper and bad print, and my love of their opposites, naturally get stronger as my eyes get weaker; and certainly that taste could hardly be better gratified than it is by Messrs. Blackwood & Sons.

Colonel Hamley's volume is another example of that fact. It lies now on my revolving desk as one of the books I mean first to read. I am really grateful to have such a medium of knowledge, and I expect it to make some pages of history much less dim to me.

My impression of Colonel Hamley, when we had that pleasant dinner at Greenwich, and afterwards when he called in Blandford Square, was quite in keeping with the high opinion you express. Mr. Lewes liked the article on "Felix" in the Magazine very much. He read it the first thing yesterday morning, and told me it was written in a nice spirit, and the extracts judiciously made.

I have had a delightful holiday, and find my double self very much the better for it. We made a great round in our journeying. From Antwerp to Rotterdam, The Hague, Leyden, Amsterdam, Cologne; then up the Rhine to Coblentz, and thence to Schwalbach, where we stayed a fortnight. From Schwalbach to Schlangenbad, where we stayed till we feared the boats would cease to go to and fro; and in fact, only left just in time to get down the Rhine to Bonn by the Dutch steamer. From Bonn, after two days we went to Aix; then to dear old Liège, where we had been together thirteen years before; and, to avoid the King of the Belgians, ten minutes backwards to the baths of pretty Chaudfontaine, where we remained three days. Then to Louvain, Ghent, and Bruges; and, last of all, to Ostend, where we waited for a fine day and calm sea, until we secured — a very rough passage indeed.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 10th Aug. 1866.

Ought we not to be a great deal wiser and more efficient personages, or else to be ashamed of ourselves? Unhappily, this last alternative is not a compensation for wisdom.

I thought of you — to mention one occasion amongst many — when we had the good fortune, at Antwerp, to see a placard announcing that the company from the Ober-Ammergau, Bavaria,

would represent, that Sunday evening, the *Lebensgeschichte* of our Saviour Christ, at the Théâtre des Variétés. I remembered that you had seen the representation with deep interest, — and these actors are doubtless the successors of those you saw. Of course we went to the theatre. And the Christ was, without exaggeration, beautiful. All the rest was inferior, and might even have had a painful approach to the ludicrous; but both the person and the action of the Jesus were fine enough to overpower all meaner impressions. Mr. Lewes, who, you know, is keenly alive to everything "stagey" in physiognomy and gesture, felt what I am saying quite as much as I did, and was much moved.

Rotterdam — with the grand approach to it by the broad river; the rich red brick of the houses; the canals, uniformly planted with trees, and crowded with the bright brown masts of the Dutch boats — is far finer than Amsterdam. The colour of Amsterdam is ugly: the houses are of a chocolate colour, almost black (an artificial tinge given to the bricks), and the woodwork on them screams out in ugly patches of cream-colour; the canals have no trees along their sides, and the boats are infrequent. We looked about for the very Portuguese synagogue where Spinoza was nearly assassinated as he came from worship. But it no longer exists. There are no less than three Portuguese synagogues now, — very large and handsome. And in the evening we went to see the worship there. Not a woman was present, but of devout men not a few, — a curious reversal of what one sees in other temples. The chanting and the swaying about of the bodies — almost a wriggling — are not beautiful to the sense; but I fairly cried at witnessing this faint symbolism of a religion of

sublime, far-off memories. The skulls of St. Ursula's eleven thousand virgins seem a modern suggestion compared with the Jewish Synagogue. At Schwalbach and Schlangenbad our life was led chiefly in the beech woods, which we had all to ourselves, the guests usually confining themselves to the nearer promenades. The guests, of course, were few in that serious time, — and between war and cholera we felt our position as health — and pleasure — seekers somewhat contemptible.

There is no end to what one could say, if one did not feel that long letters cut pieces not to be spared out of the solid day.

I think I have earned that you should write me one of those perfect letters in which you make me see everything you like about yourself and others.

Aug. 30. — I have taken up the idea of my drama, "The Spanish Gypsy," again, and am reading on Spanish subjects, — Bouterwek, Sismondi, Depping, Llorente, &c. Journal, 1866.

I have read several times your letter of the 19th, which I found awaiting me on my return, and I shall read it many times again. Pray do not even say, or inwardly suspect, that anything you take the trouble to write to me will not be valued. On the contrary, please to imagine as well as you can the experience of a mind morbidly desponding, of a consciousness tending more and more to consist in memories of error and imperfection rather than in a strengthening sense of achievement, — and then consider how such a mind must need the support of sympathy and approval from those who are capable of understanding its aims. I assure you your letter is an evidence of a fuller understanding than I have ever had expressed to me before. And if I needed to Letter to Frederic Harrison, 18th Aug. 1866.

give emphasis to this simple statement, I should suggest to you all the miseries one's obstinate egoism endures from the fact of being a writer of novels,—books which the dullest and silliest reader thinks himself competent to deliver an opinion on. But I despise myself for feeling any annoyance at these trivial things.

That is a tremendously difficult problem which you have laid before me; and I think you see its difficulties, though they can hardly press upon you as they do on me, who have gone through again and again the severe effort of trying to make certain ideas thoroughly incarnate, as if they had revealed themselves to me first in the flesh and not in the spirit. I think æsthetic teaching is the highest of all teaching, because it deals with life in its highest complexity. But if it ceases to be purely æsthetic, — if it lapses anywhere from the picture to the diagram, — it becomes the most offensive of all teaching. Avowed Utopias are not offensive, because they are understood to have a scientific and expository character: they do not pretend to work on the emotions, or could n't do it if they did pretend. I am sure, from your own statement, that you see this quite clearly. Well, then, consider the sort of agonising labour to an English-fed imagination to make out a sufficiently real background for the desired picture, — to get breathing individual forms, and group them in the needful relations, so that the presentation will lay hold on the emotions as human experience, — will, as you say, " flash " conviction on the world by means of aroused sympathy.

I took unspeakable pains in preparing to write " Romola," — neglecting nothing I could find that would help me to what I may call the " idiom " of

Florence, in the largest sense one could stretch the word to; and then I was only trying to give *some* out of the normal relations. I felt that the necessary idealisation could only be attained by adopting the clothing of the past. And again, it is my way (rather too much so, perhaps) to urge the human sanctities through tragedy, — through pity and terror, as well as admiration and delight. I only say all this to show the tenfold arduousness of such a work as the one your problem demands. On the other hand, my whole soul goes with your desire that it should be done; and I shall at least keep the great possibility (or impossibility) perpetually in my mind, as something towards which I must strive, though it may be that I can do so only in a fragmentary way.

At present I am going to take up again a work which I laid down before writing "Felix." It is — *but please, let this be a secret between ourselves* — an attempt at a drama, which I put aside at Mr. Lewes's request, after writing four acts, precisely because it was in that stage of creation — or *Werden* — in which the idea of the characters predominates over the incarnation. Now I read it again, I find it impossible to abandon it: the conceptions move me deeply, and they have never been wrought out before. There is not a thought or symbol that I do not long to use: but the whole requires recasting; and as I never recast anything before, I think of the issue very doubtfully. When one has to work out the dramatic action for one's self, under the inspiration of an idea, instead of having a grand myth or an Italian novel ready to one's hand, one feels anything but omnipotent. Not that I should have done any better if I had had the myth or the novel, for I am not a good

user of opportunities. I think I have the right *locus* and historic conditions, but much else is wanting.

I have not, of course, said half what I meant to say; but I hope opportunities of exchanging thoughts will not be wanting between us.

Letter to John Blackwood, 6th Sept. 1866.

It is so long since we exchanged letters, that I feel inclined to break the silence by telling you that I have been reading with much interest the "Operations of War," which you enriched me with. Also that I have had a pretty note, in aged handwriting, from Dean Ramsay, with a present of his "Reminiscences of Scottish Life." I suppose you know him quite well, but I never heard you mention him. Also — what will amuse you — that my readers take quite a tender care of my text, writing to me to tell me of a misprint, or of "one phrase" which they entreat to have altered, that no blemish may disfigure "Felix." Dr. Althaus has sent me word of a misprint which I am glad to know of, — or rather of a word slipped out in the third volume. "She *saw* streaks of light, &c. . . . *and* sounds." It must be corrected when the opportunity comes.

We are very well, and I am swimming in Spanish history and literature. I feel as if I were molesting you with a letter without any good excuse, but you are not bound to write again until a wet day makes golf impossible, and creates a dreariness in which even letter-writing seems like a recreation.

Letter to John Blackwood, 11th Sept. 1866.

I am glad to know that Dean Ramsay is a friend of yours. His sympathy was worth having, and I at once wrote to thank him. Another wonderfully lively old man — Sir Henry Holland — came to see me about two

Sundays ago, to bid me good-bye before going on an excursion to — North America! — and to tell me that he had just been re-reading "Adam Bede" for the fourth time. "I often read in it, you know, besides. But this is the fourth time quite through." I, of course, with the mother's egoism on behalf of the youngest born, was jealous for "Felix." Is there any possibility of satisfying an author? But one or two things that George read out to me from an article in "Macmillan's Magazine" by Mr. Morley did satisfy me. And yet I sicken again with despondency under the sense that the most carefully written books lie, both outside and inside people's minds, deep undermost in a heap of trash.

Sept. 15. — Finished Depping's "Juifs au Moyen Age." Reading Chaucer, to study English. Also reading on Acoustics, Musical instruments, &c. Journal, 1866.

Oct. 15. — Recommenced the "Spanish Gypsy," intending to give it a new form.

For a wonder, I remembered the day of the month, and felt a delightful confidence that I should have a letter from her who always remembers such things at the right moment. You will hardly believe in my imbecility. I can never be quite sure whether your birthday is the 21st or the 23d. I know every one must think the worse of me for this want of retentiveness that seems a part of affection; and it is only justice that they should. Nevertheless I am not quite destitute of lovingness and gratitude, and perhaps the consciousness of my own defect makes me feel your goodness the more keenly. I shall reckon it part of the next year's happiness for me if it brings a great deal of happiness to you. Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 22d Nov. 1866.

That will depend somewhat — perhaps chiefly — on the satisfaction you have in giving shape to your ideas. But you say nothing on that subject.

We knew about Faraday's preaching, but not of his loss of faculty. I begin to think of such things as very near to me, — I mean decay of power and health. But I find age has its fresh elements of cheerfulness.

Bless you, dear Sara, for all the kindness of many years, and for the newest kindness that comes to me this morning. I am very well now, and able to enjoy my happiness. One has happiness sometimes without being able to enjoy it.

Journal, 1866.

Nov. 22. — Reading Renan's "Histoire des Langues Sémitiques" — Ticknor's "Spanish Literature."

Dec. 6. — We returned from Tunbridge Wells, where we have been for a week. I have been reading Cornewall Lewis's "Astronomy of the Ancients," Ockley's "History of the Saracens," "Astronomical Geography," and Spanish ballads on Bernardo del Carpio.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 7th Dec. 1866.

We have been to Tunbridge Wells for a week, hoping to get plenty of fresh air, and walking in that sandy undulating country. But for three days it rained incessantly!

No; I don't feel as if my faculties were failing me. On the contrary, I enjoy all subjects — all study — more than I ever did in my life before. But that very fact makes me more in need of resignation to the certain approach of age and death. Science, history, poetry — I don't know which draws me most, and there is little time left me for any one of them. I learned Spanish last year but one, and see new vistas everywhere. That makes

me think of time thrown away when I was young, — time that I should be so glad of now. I could enjoy everything, from arithmetic to antiquarianism, if I had large spaces of life before me. But instead of that I have a very small space. Unfeigned, unselfish, cheerful resignation is difficult. But I strive to get it.

Dec. 11. — Ill ever since I came home, so that the days seem to have made a muddy flood, sweeping away all labour and all growth. Journal, 1866.

Just before we received Dr. Congreve's letter, we had changed our plans. George's increasing weakness, and the more and more frequent intervals in which he became unable to work, made me at last urge him to give up the idea of "finishing," which often besets us vainly. It will really be better for the work as well as for himself that he should let it wait. However, I care about nothing just now except that he should be doing all he can to get better. So we start next Thursday for Bordeaux, staying two days in Paris on our way. Madame Mohl writes us word that she hears from friends of the delicious weather — mild, sunny weather — to be had now on the French southwestern and southeastern coast. You will all wish us well on our journey, I know. But *I* wish I could carry a happier thought about you than that of your being an invalid. I shall write to you when we are at Biarritz or some other place that suits us, and when I have something good to tell. No; in any case I shall write, because I shall want to hear all about you. Tell Dr. Congreve we carry the "Politique" with us. Mr. Lewes gets more and more impressed by it, and also by what he is able to understand of Letter to Mrs. Congreve, 22d Dec. 1866.

the " Synthèse." I am writing in the dark. Farewell. With best love to Emily, and dutiful regards to Dr. Congreve.

Journal, 1866.

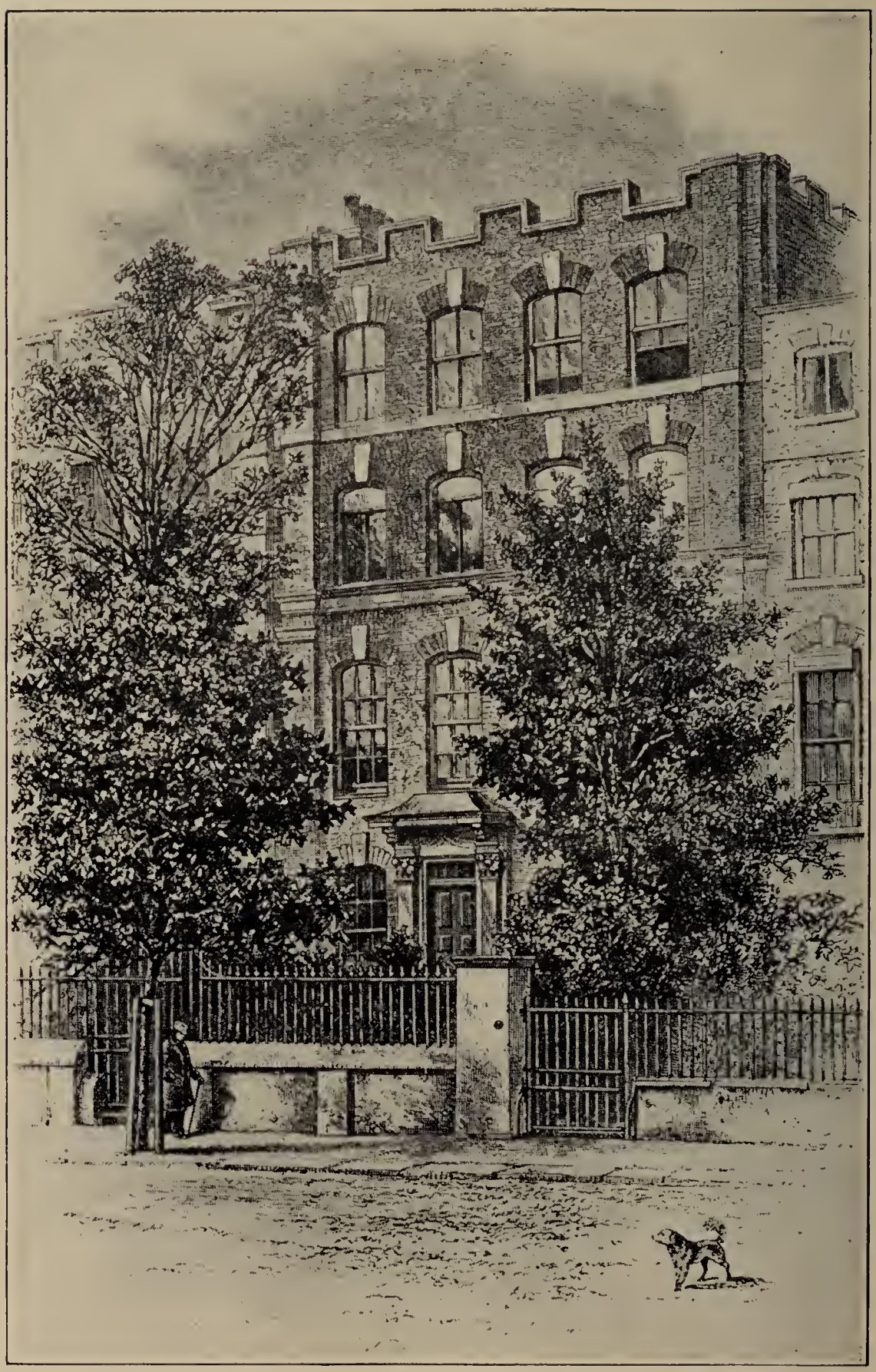
Dec. 27. — Set off in the evening on our journey to the south.

SUMMARY OF CHAPTER XIII

JANUARY, 1866, TO DECEMBER, 1866

Letters to Frederic Harrison on Industrial Co-operation — Consults him about law in "Felix Holt" — Asks his opinion on other questions — Letter to Mrs. Congreve — Visit to Tunbridge Wells — Reading Comte's "Synthèse" — Letter to F. Harrison on "case" for "Felix Holt" — Letter to Miss Hennell — Joy in the world getting better — Letter to Madame Bodichon — "Felix Holt" growing like a sickly child — Want of sincerity in England — Desire for knowledge increases — Blackwood offers £5000 for "Felix Holt" — Letters to John Blackwood renewing correspondence — Thanks for encouragement — Pains taken with "Felix Holt" — Letter to F. Harrison on legal points — The book finished — Inscription — Letter of adieu to Mrs. Congreve — Letter to Mrs. Bray — Excitement of finishing "Felix Holt" — Journey to Holland and Germany — Letter to Mrs. Congreve from Schwalbach — Return to The Priory — Letter to F. Harrison asking for sympathy — Letter to John Blackwood — Colonel Hamley — Letter to Miss Hennell describing German trip — Miracle play at Antwerp — Amsterdam synagogue — Takes up drama "The Spanish Gypsy" again — Reading on Spanish subjects — Letter to F. Harrison — Need of sympathy — Æsthetic teaching — Tells him of the proposed drama — Letters to John Blackwood — Dean Ramsay — Sir Henry Holland — Article on "Felix Holt" in "Macmillan's Magazine" — "The Spanish Gypsy" recommenced — Reading Renan's "Histoire des Langues Sémitiques" and Ticknor's "Spanish Literature" — Visit to Tunbridge Wells for a week — Reading Cornewall Lewis's "Astronomy of the Ancients" — Ockley's "History of the Saracens" and Spanish Ballads — Letter to Miss Hennell — Enjoyment of study — Depression — Letter of adieu to Mrs. Congreve — Set off on journey to Spain.

END OF VOL. II GEORGE ELIOT'S LIFE



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WORKS OF

GEORGE ELIOT

LIFE OF GEORGE ELIOT

PART THREE

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George Eliot's Life

CHAPTER XIV

THE new year of 1867 opens with the description of the journey to Spain.

We enjoyed our stay in Paris, in order to see Madame Mohl, who was very good to us: invited the Scherers and other interesting people to meet us at dinner on the 29th, and tempted us to stay and breakfast with her on the 31st, by promising to invite Renan, which she did successfully, and so procured us a bit of experience that we were glad to have, over and above the pleasure of seeing a little more of herself and M. Mohl. I like them both, and wish there were a chance of knowing them better. We paid for our pleasure by being obliged to walk in the rain (from the impossibility of getting a carriage) all the way from the Rue de Rivoli — where a charitable German printer, who had taken us up in his *fiacre*, was obliged to set us down — to the Hôtel du Helder, through streets literally jammed with carriages and omnibuses, carrying people who were doing the severe social duties of the last day in the year. The rain it raineth every day, with the exception of yesterday: we can't travel away from it apparently. But we start in desperation for Bayonne in half an hour.

Letter to Madame Bodichon, Jan. 1867, from Bordeaux.

Letter to Mrs. Congreve, 16th Jan. 1867, from Biarritz.

Snow on the ground here too — more, we are told, than has been seen here for fifteen years before. But it has been obliging enough to fall in the night, and the sky is glorious this morning, as it was yesterday. Sunday was the one exception since the 6th, when we arrived here to a state of weather which has allowed us to be out of doors the greater part of our daylight. We think it curious that among the many persons who have talked to us about Biarritz, the Brownings alone have ever spoken of its natural beauties; yet these are transcendent. We agree that the sea never seemed so magnificent to us before, though we have seen the Atlantic breaking on the rocks at Ilfracombe, and on the great granite walls of the Scilly Isles. In the southern division of the bay we see the sun set over the Pyrenees; and in the northern we have two splendid stretches of sand, one with huge fragments of dark rock scattered about for the waves to leap over, the other an unbroken level, firm to the feet, where the hindmost line of wave sends up its spray on the horizon like a suddenly rising cloud. This part of the bay is worthily called the Chambre de l'Amour; and we have its beauties all to ourselves, which, alas! in this stage of the world one can't help feeling to be an advantage. The few families and bachelors who are here (chiefly English) scarcely ever come across our path. The days pass so rapidly, we can hardly believe in their number when we come to count them. After breakfast we both read the "Politique," — George one volume and I another, interrupting each other continually with questions and remarks. That morning study keeps me in a state of enthusiasm through the day, — a moral glow, which is a sort of *milieu*

subjectif for the sublime sea and sky. Mr. Lewes is converted to the warmest admiration of the chapter on language in the third volume, which about three years ago he thought slightly of. I think the first chapter of the fourth volume is among the finest of all, and the most finely written. My gratitude increases continually for the illumination Comte has contributed to my life. But we both of us study with a sense of having still much to learn and to understand. About ten or half-past ten we go out for our morning walk, and then while we plunge about in the sand or march along the cliff, George draws out a book and tries my paces in Spanish, demanding a quick-as-light translation of nouns and phrases. Presently I retort upon him, and prove that it is easier to ask than to answer. We find this system of *vivâ-voce* mutual instruction so successful that we are disgusted with ourselves for not having used it before through all our many years of companionship; and we are making projects for giving new interest to Regent's Park, by pursuing all sorts of studies in the same way there. We seldom come indoors till one o'clock, and we turn out again at three, often remaining to see the sunset. One other thing I have been reading here which I must tell you of. It is a series of three papers by Saveney, in the "Revue des Deux Mondes" of last year, on "La Physique Moderne," — an excellent summary, giving a glimpse of the great vista opened in that region. I think you would like to read them when you are strong enough for that sort of exertion.

We stayed three days in Paris, and passed our time very agreeably. The first day we dined with Madame Mohl, who had kindly invited Professor

Scherer and his wife, Jules Simon, Lomenie, Lavergne, "and others," to meet us. That was on the Saturday, and she tempted us to stay the following Monday by saying she would invite Renan to breakfast with us. Renan's appearance is something between the Catholic priest and the dissenting minister. His manners are very amiable, his talk pleasant, but not distinguished. We are entertaining great projects as to our further journeying. It will be best for you to address *Poste Restante*, Barcelona.

Are you astonished to see our whereabouts? We left Biarritz for San Sebastian, where we stayed three days; and both there and all our way to Barcelona our life has been a succession of delights. We have had perfect weather, blue skies, and a warm sun. We travelled from San Sebastian to Saragossa, where we passed two nights; then to Lerida for one night, and yesterday to Barcelona. You know the scenery from San Sebastian to Alsasua, through the lower Pyrenees, because it lies on the way to Burgos and Madrid. At Alsasua we turned off through Navarre into Aragon, seeing famous Pampeluna, looking as beautiful as it did ages ago amongst the grand hills. At Saragossa the scene was thoroughly changed: all through Aragon, as far as we could see, I should think the country resembles the highlands of Central Spain. There is the most striking effect of hills, flanking the plain of Saragossa, I ever saw. They are of palish clay, washed by the rains into undulating forms, and some slight herbage upon them makes the shadows of an exquisite blue.

Letter to Madame Bodichon, 2d Feb. 1867.

These hills accompanied us in the distance all the way through Aragon, the snowy mountains

topping them in the far distance. The land is all pale brown; the numerous towns and villages just match the land, and so do the sheep-folds, built of mud or stone. The herbage is all of an ashy green. Perhaps if I had been in Africa, I should say as you do that the country reminded me of Africa: as it is, I think of all I have read about the East. The men who look on while others work at Saragossa also seem to belong to the East, with a great striped blanket wrapped grandly round them, and a kerchief tied about their hair. But though Aragon was held by the Moors longer than any part of Northern Spain, the features and skins of the people seem to me to bear less traces of the mixture there must have been than one would fairly expect. Saragossa has a grand character still, in spite of the stucco with which the people have daubed the beautiful small brick of which the houses are built. Here and there one sees a house left undesecrated by stucco; and all of them have the fluted tiles and the broad eaves beautifully ornamented. Again, one side of the old cathedral still shows the exquisite inlaid work which in the *façade* has been overlaid hideously. Gradually, as we left Aragon, and entered Catalonia, the face of the country changed, and we had almost every sort of beauty in succession: last of all, between Monserrat and Barcelona, a perfect garden, with the richest red soil, — blossoms on the plum and cherry trees, aloes thick in the hedges. At present we are waiting for the Spanish hardships to begin. Even at Lerida, a place scarcely at all affected by foreign travellers, we were perfectly comfortable, — and such sights! The people scattered on the brown slopes of rough earth round the fortress, — the women knitting, &c., the men playing at cards;

one wonderful gaudily dressed group, another of handsome gypsies. We are actually going by steamboat to Alicante, and from Alicante to Malaga. Then we mean to see Granada, Cordova, and Seville. We shall only stay here a few days — if this weather continues.

Letter to Frederic Harrison, 18th Feb. 1867, from Granada.

Your kind letter, written on the 5th, reached me here this morning. I had not heard of the criticism in the "Edinburgh." Mr. Lewes read the article, but did not tell me of the reviewer's legal wisdom, thinking that it would only vex me to no purpose. However, I had felt sure that something of that sort must have appeared in one review article or another. I am heartily glad and grateful that you have helped justice in general, as well as justice to me in particular, by getting the vindication written for the "Pall Mall." It was the best possible measure to adopt. Since we left Barcelona a fortnight ago, we have seen no English papers, so that we have been in the dark as to English news.

Were you not surprised to hear that we had come so far? The journey from San Sebastian by Saragossa and Lerida turned out to be so easy and delightful that we ceased to tremble, and determined to carry out our project of going by steamer to Alicante and Malaga. You cannot do better than follow our example, — I mean, so far as coming to Spain is concerned. Believe none of the fictions that bookmakers get printed about the horrors of Spanish hotels and cookery, or the hardships of Spanish travel, — still less about the rudeness of Spaniards. It is true that we have not yet endured the long railway journeys through Central Spain, but wherever we have been hitherto

we have found nothing formidable, even for our rickety bodies.

We came hither from Malaga in the *berlina* (*coupé*) of the diligence, and have assured ourselves that Mr. Blackburne's description of a supposed hen-roost, overturned in the Alameda at Malaga, which proved to be the Granada diligence, is an invention. The vehicle is comfortable enough, and the road is perfect: and at the end of it we have found ourselves in one of the loveliest scenes on earth.

We shall remain here till the 23d, and then go to Cordova first, to Seville next, and finally to Madrid, making our way homeward from thence by easy stages. We expect to be in the smoky haze of London again soon after the middle of March, if not before.

I wish I could believe that you were all having anything like the clear skies and warm sun which have cheered our journeying for the last month. At Alicante we walked among the palm-trees with their golden fruit hanging in rich clusters, and felt a more delightful warmth than that of an English summer. Last night we walked out and saw the towers of the Alhambra, the wide Vega, and the snowy mountains by the brilliant moonlight. You see we are getting a great deal of pleasure, but we are not working as you seem charitably to imagine. We tire ourselves, but only with seeing or going to see unforgettable things. You will say that we ought to work to better purpose when we get home. Amen. But just now we read nothing but Spanish novels — and not much of those. We said good-bye to philosophy and science when we packed up our trunks at Biarritz.

Please keep some friendship warm for us, that

we may not be too much chilled by the English weather when we get back.

We are both heartily rejoiced that we came to Spain. It was a great longing of mine, for, three years ago, I began to interest myself in Spanish history and literature, and have had a work lying by me, partly written, the subject of which is connected with Spain. Whether I shall ever bring it to maturity so as to satisfy myself sufficiently to print it, is a question not settled; but it is a work very near my heart. We have had perfect weather ever since the 27th of January, — magnificent skies and a summer sun. At Alicante, walking among the palm-trees, with the bare brown rocks and brown houses in the background, we fancied ourselves in the Tropics; and a gentleman who travelled with us, assured us that the aspect of the country closely resembled Aden on the Red Sea. Here, at Granada, of course it is much colder; but the sun shines uninterruptedly; and in the middle of the day, to stand in the sunshine against a wall, reminds me of my sensations at Florence in the beginning of June. The aspect of Granada as we first approached it was a slight disappointment to me, but the beauty of its position can hardly be surpassed. To stand on one of the towers of the Alhambra and see the sun set behind the dark mountains of Loja, and send its after-glow on the white summits of the Sierra Nevada, while the lovely Vega spreads below, ready to yield all things pleasant to the eye and good for food, is worth a very long, long journey. We shall start to-morrow evening for Cordova; then we shall go to Seville, back to Cordova, and on to Madrid.

Letter to John Blackwood, 21st Feb. 1867.

During our short stay in Paris we went a little into society, and saw, among other people who in-

terested us, Professor Scherer, of whom you know something. He charmed me greatly. He is a Genevese, you know, and does not talk in ready-made epigrams, like a clever Frenchman, but with well-chosen moderate words, intended to express what he really thinks and feels. He is highly cultivated; and his wife, who was with him, is an Englishwoman of refined simple manners.

Letter to Mrs. Congreve, 10th March, 1867, from Biarritz.

At Biarritz again, you see, after our long delightful journey, in which we have made a great loop all round the east and through the centre of Spain. Mr. Lewes says he thinks he never enjoyed a journey so much; and you will see him so changed — so much plumper and ruddier — that if pity has entered much into your regard for him, he will be in danger of losing something by his bodily prosperity. We crowned our pleasures in Spain with the sight of the pictures in the Madrid gallery. The skies were as blue at Madrid as they had been through the previous part of our journeying, but the air was bitterly cold: and naughty officials receive money for warming the museum, but find other uses for the money. I caught a severe cold the last day of our visit, and after an uncomfortable day and night's railway journey arrived at Biarritz, only fit for bed and coddling.

Journal, 1867.

March 16. — This evening we got home after a journey to the South of Spain. I go to my poem and the construction of two prose works — if possible.

Letter to John Blackwood, 18th March, 1867.

We got home on Saturday evening, after as fine a passage from Calais to Dover as we ever had, even in summer. Your letter was amongst the pleasant things that smiled at me on my return, and helped to rec-

oncile me to the rather rude transition from summer to winter which we have made in our journey from Biarritz. This morning it is snowing hard and the wind is roaring, — a sufficiently sharp contrast to the hot sun, the dust, and the mosquitoes of Seville.

We have had a glorious journey. The skies alone, both night and day, were worth travelling all the way to see. We went to Cordova and Seville, but we feared the cold of the central lands in the north, and resisted the temptation to see Toledo or anything else than the Madrid pictures, which are transcendent.

Among the letters awaiting me was one from an American travelling in Europe, who gives me the history of a copy of "Felix Holt," which, he says, has been read by no end of people, and is now on its way through Ireland, "where he found many friends anxious but unable to get it." It seems people nowadays economise in nothing but books. I found also the letter of a "Conveyancer" in the "Pall Mall," justifying the law of "Felix Holt" in answer to the "Edinburgh Reviewer." I did not know, before I was told of this letter in reply, that the "Edinburgh Reviewer" had found fault with my law.

March 21. — Received from Blackwood a cheque for £2166 13*s.* 4*d.*, being the second instalment of £1666 13*s.* 4*d.* towards the £5000 for "Felix Holt," together with £500 as the first instalment of £1000 for ten years' copyright of the cheap edition of my novels.

Journal, 1867.

Your letters, with the valuable enclosure of a cheque for £2166 13*s.* 4*d.*, have come to me this morning, and I am much obliged to you for your punctual attention.

Letter to John Blackwood, 21st March, 1867.

I long to see a specimen of the cheap edition of the novels. As to the illustrations, I have adjusted my hopes so as to save myself from any great shock. When I remember my own childish happiness in a frightfully illustrated copy of the "Vicar of Wakefield," I can believe that illustration may be a great good relatively, and that my own present liking has no weight in the question.

I fancy that the placarding at railway stations is an effective measure, for Ruskin was never more mistaken than in asserting that people have no spare time to observe anything in such places. I am a very poor reader of advertisements, but even I am forced to get them unpleasantly by heart at the stations.

It is rather a vexatious kind of tribute when people write, as my American correspondent did, to tell me of one paper-covered American copy of "Felix Holt" being brought to Europe, and serving for so many readers that it was in danger of being worn away under their hands. He — good man — finds it easy "to urge greater circulation by means of cheap sale," having "found so many friends in Ireland anxious but unable to obtain the book." I suppose putting it in a yellow cover with figures on it, reminding one of the outside of a show, and charging a shilling for it, is what we are expected to do for the good of mankind. Even then I fear it would hardly bear the rivalry of "The Pretty Milliner," or of "The Horrible Secret."

The work connected with Spain is not a romance. It is — prepare your fortitude — it is — a poem. I conceived the plot, and wrote nearly the whole as a drama, in 1864. Mr. Lewes advised me to put it by for a time and take it up again, with a view

to recasting it. He thinks hopefully of it. I need not tell you that I am *not* hopeful — but I am quite sure the subject is fine. It is not historic, but has merely historic connections. The plot was wrought out entirely as an incorporation of my own ideas. Of course, if it is ever finished to my satisfaction, it is not a work for us to get money by, but Mr. Lewes urges and insists that it shall be done. I have also my private projects about an English novel, but I am afraid of speaking as if I could depend on myself: at present I am rather dizzy, and not settled down to home habits of regular occupation.

I understand that the conveyancer who wrote to the "Pall Mall" is an excellent lawyer in his department, and the lecturer on Real Property at the Law Institution.

If a reviewer ever checked himself, by considering that a writer whom he thinks worth praising would take some pains to know the truth about a matter which is the very hinge of said writer's story, review articles would cut a shrunken figure.

Journal, 1867.

May 5. — We went to Bouverie Street to hear the first of a course of lectures on Positivism, delivered by Dr. Congreve. There were present seventy-five people, chiefly men.

May 11. — We had Mr. and Mrs. Call to dine with us, and an evening party afterwards.

May 12. — We went to hear Dr. Congreve's second lecture. The morning was thoroughly wet, — the audience smaller, but still good.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 13th May, 1867.

Yesterday we went to the second of a course of lectures which Dr. Congreve is delivering on Positivism in Bouverie Street. At the first lecture on the 5th there

was a considerable audience — about seventy-five, chiefly men — of various ranks, from lords and M.P.'s downwards, or upwards, for what is called social distinction seems to be in a shifting condition just now. Yesterday the wet weather doubtless helped to reduce the audience, — still it was good. Curiosity brings some, interest in the subject others, and the rest go with the wish to express adhesion more or less thorough.

I am afraid you have ceased to care much about pictures, else I should wish that you could see the Exhibition of historical portraits at Kensington. It is really worth a little fatigue to see the English of past generations in their habit as they lived, — especially when Gainsborough and Sir Joshua are the painters. But even Sir Godfrey Kneller delights me occasionally with a finely conceived portrait carefully painted. There is an unforgettable portrait of Newton by him.

May 27. — Went with G. to the Academy Exhibition. Journal, 1867.

May 29. — Went to the Exhibition of French pictures, — very agreeable and interesting.

I do sympathise with you most emphatically in the desire to see women socially elevated, — educated equally with men, and secured as far as possible along with every other breathing creature from suffering the exercise of any unrighteous power. That is a broader ground of sympathy than agreement as to the amount, and kind, of result that may be hoped for from a particular measure. But on this special point I am far from thinking myself an oracle, and on the whole I am inclined to hope for much good from the serious presentation of women's claims before Parliament. I thought Mill's speech sober

Letter to Mrs. Peter Taylor, 30th May, 1867.

and judicious from his point of view, — Karslake's an abomination.

Apropos of what you say about Mr. Congreve, I think you have mistaken his, or rather Comte's, position. There is no denial of an unknown cause, but only a denial that such a conception is the proper basis of a practical religion. It seems to me pre-eminently desirable that we should learn not to make our personal comfort a standard of truth.

Journal, 1867.

June 1 (Saturday). — Wrote up to the moment when Fedalma appears in the Plaça.

June 5. — Blackwood dined with us, and I read to him my poem down to page 56. He showed great delight.

June 26. — We went to Niton for a fortnight, returning July 10.

July 16. — Received £2166 13*s.* 4*d.* from Blackwood, being the final instalment for "Felix Holt," and (£500) copyright for ten years.

Again we take flight! To North Germany this time, and chiefly to Dresden, where we shall be accessible through the *Poste Restante*. I am ashamed of saying anything about our health, — we are both "objects" for compassion or contempt, according to the disposition of the subject who may contemplate us.

Letter to Mrs. Congreve, 28th July, 1867.

Mr. Beesly (I think it was he) sent us Dr. Congreve's pamphlet last night, and I read it aloud to George. We both felt a cordial satisfaction in it. We have been a good deal beset by little engagements with friends and acquaintances lately, and these, with the preparations for our journey, have been rather too much for me. Mr. Lewes is acting on the advice of Sir Henry

Holland in giving up zoologising for the present, because it obliges him to hang down his head. That is the reason we go inland, and not to the coast, as I think I hinted to you that we expected to do.

You are sympathetic enough to be glad to hear that we have had thoroughly cheerful and satisfactory letters from both our boys in Natal. They are established in their purchased farm, and are very happy together in their work. Impossible for mortals to have less trouble than we. I should have written to you earlier this week — for we start to-morrow — but that I have been laid prostrate with crushing headache one half of my time, and always going out or seeing some one the other half.

Farewell, dear. Don't write unless you have a real desire to gossip with me a little about yourself and our mutual friends. You know I always like to have news of you, but I shall not think it unkind — I shall only think you have other things to do — if you are silent.

July 29. — We went to Dover this evening as the start on a journey into Germany Journal, 1867. (North).

Oct. 1. — We returned home after revisiting the scenes of cherished memories, — Ilmenau, Dresden, and Berlin. Of new places we have seen Wetzlar, Cassel, Eisenach, and Hanover. At Ilmenau I wrote Fedalma's soliloquy after her scene with Silva, and the following dialogue between her and Juan. At Dresden I rewrote the whole scene between her and Zarca.

Oct. 9. — Reading "Los Judios en España," Percy's "Reliques," "Isis," occasionally aloud.

Oct. 10. —Reading the "Iliad," Book III.

Finished "Los Judios en España," a wretchedly poor book.

Oct. 11. — Began again Prescott's "Ferdinand and Isabella."

Oct. 19. — George returned last evening from a walking expedition in Surrey with Mr. Spencer.

This entry is an interesting one to me, as it fixes the date of the first acquaintance with my family. Mr. Herbert Spencer was an old friend of ours, and in the course of their walk, he and Mr. Lewes happened to pass through Weybridge, where my mother at that time lived. They came to pay a visit. Mr. Lewes with his wonderful social powers charmed all, and they passed a delightful evening. I was myself in America at the time, where I was in business as a banker at New York. My eldest sister had just then published a little volume of poems,[1] *which was kindly received by the press. On the invitation of Mr. Lewes, she went shortly afterwards to see George Eliot, — then in the zenith of her fame; nor did she ever forget the affectionate manner in which the great author greeted her. This was the beginning of a close friendship between the families, which lasted, and increased in intimacy, to the end. Mr. Spencer, in writing to tell me that it was he who first made Mr. Lewes acquainted with George Eliot, adds: "You will perhaps be struck by the curious coincidence that it was also by me that Lewes was introduced to your family at Weybridge, and remoter issues entailed."*

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 20th Oct. 1867.

Before I got your letter, I was about to write to you and direct your attention to an article in the forthcoming (October) number of the "Quarterly Review" on the Talmud. You really must go out of your way to read it. It is written by one of the greatest Oriental scholars, — the man among living men who probably knows the most about the Talmud; and you will appreciate the pregnancy of the article.

[1] "An Old Story and Other Poems," by Elizabeth D. Cross.

There are also beautiful soul-cheering things selected for quotation.

Oct. 31. — I have now inserted all that I think of for the first part of "The Spanish Gypsy." On Monday I wrote three new Lyrics. I have also rewritten the first scenes in the gypsy camp, to the end of the dialogue between Juan and Fedalma. But I have determined to make the commencement of the second part continue the picture of what goes forward in Bedmar.

Journal, 1867.

Nov. 1. — Began this morning Part II. — "Silva was marching homeward," &c.

About putting Fedalma in type. There would be advantages, but also disadvantages; and on these latter I wish to consult you. I have more than 3000 lines ready in the order I wish them to stand in, and it would be good to have them in print to read them critically. Defects reveal themselves more fully in type, and emendations might be more conveniently made on proofs, since I have given up the idea of copying the MS. as a whole. On the other hand, *could the thing be kept private when it had once been in the printing-office?* And I particularly wish not to have it set afloat, for various reasons. Among others — I want to keep myself free from all inducements to premature publication — I mean publication before I have given my work as much revision as I can hope to give it while my mind is still nursing it. Beyond this, delay would be useless. The theory of laying by poems for nine years may be a fine one, but it could not answer for me to apply it. I could no more live through one of my books a second time, than I can live through last year again. But I like to keep checks on myself, and not to create external temp-

Letter to John Blackwood, 9th Nov. 1867.

tations to do what I should think foolish in another. If you thought it possible to secure us against the oozing out of proofs and gossip, the other objections would be less important. One difficulty is, that in my MS. I have frequently two readings of the same passage, and being uncertain which of them is preferable, I wish them both to stand for future decision. But perhaps this might be managed in proof. The length of the poem is at present uncertain, but I feel so strongly what Mr. Lewes insists on — namely, the evil of making it too long — that I shall set it before me as a duty not to make it more than 9000 lines, and shall be glad if it turns out a little shorter.

Will you think over the whole question? I am sure your mind will supply any prudential considerations that I may have omitted.

I am vexed by the non-success of the serial edition. It is not, heaven knows, that I read my own books or am puffed up about them, but I have been of late quite astonished by the strengthening testimonies that have happened to come to me, of people who care about every one of my books, and continue to read them — especially young men, who are just the class I care most to influence. But what sort of data can one safely go upon with regard to the success of editions?

Felix Holt is immensely tempted by your suggestion,[1] but George Eliot is severely admonished by his domestic critic not to scatter his energies.

Mr. Lewes sends his best regards. He is in high spirits about the poem.

Journal, 1867. *Nov.* 22. — Began an address to the Working Men by Felix Holt, at Blackwood's repeated request.

[1] Address to the Working Men.

Yes, indeed,—when I do *not* reciprocate, "chaos is come again." I was quite sure your letter would come, and was grateful beforehand.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 22d Nov. 1867.

There is a scheme on foot for a Woman's College, or rather University, to be built between London and Cambridge, and to be in connection with the Cambridge University, — sharing its professors, examinations, and degrees! *Si muove.*

I have written to Miss Davies to ask her to come to see me on Tuesday.

Letter to Madame Bodichon, 1st Dec. (?) 1867.

I am much occupied just now, but the better education of women is one of the objects about which I have *no doubt*, and shall rejoice if this idea of a college can be carried out.

I see Miss Julia Smith's beautiful handwriting, and am glad to think of her as your guardian angel.

The author of the glorious article on the Talmud *is* " that bright little man " Mr. Deutsch, — a very dear, delightful creature.

Journal, 1867.

Dec. 4. — Sent off the MS. of the address to Edinburgh.

I agree with you about the phrase, " Masters of the country." [1] I wrote that part twice, and originally I distinctly said that the epithet was false. Afterwards, I left that out, preferring to make a stronger *argumentum ad hominem*, in case any workman believed himself a future master.

Letter to John Blackwood, 7th Dec. 1867

I think it will be better for you to write a preliminary note washing your hands of any overtrenchant statements on the part of the well-meaning radical. I much prefer that you should do so.

Whatever you agree with will have the advan-

[1] In the Address to the Working Men.

tage of not coming from one who can be suspected of being a special pleader.

What you say about Fedalma is very cheering. But I am chiefly anxious about the road still untravelled, — the road I have still *zurück zu legen.*

Mr. Lewes has to request several proofs of Fedalma — to facilitate revision. But I will leave him to say how many. We shall keep them strictly to ourselves, you may be sure, so that three or four will be enough, — one for him, one for me, and one for the resolution of our differences.

I am very grateful to you for your generous words about my work. That you not only feel so much sympathy, but are moved to express it so fully, is a real help to me.

Letter to John Blackwood, 12th Dec. 1867.

I am very glad to have had the revise of the "Address." I feel the danger of not being understood. Perhaps, by a good deal longer consideration and gradual shaping, I might have put the ideas into a more concrete easy form.

Mr. Lewes read the proof of the poem all through to himself for the first time last night, and expressed great satisfaction in the impression it produced. Your suggestion of having it put into type is a benefit for which we have reason to be obliged to you.

I cannot help saying again, that it is a strong cordial to me to have such letters as yours, and to know that I have such a *first reader* as you.

Journal, 1867.

Dec. 21. — Finished reading "Averroës and Averroisme," and "Les Médecins Juifs." Reading "First Principles."

Letter to Mrs. Congreve, 22d Dec. 1867.

Our Christmas will be very quiet. On the 27th Mr. Lewes means to start on a solitary journey to Bonn, and perhaps to Würzburg, for anatomical purposes. I

don't mean that he is going to offer himself as an anatomical subject, but that he wants to get answers to some questions bearing on the functions of the nerves. It is a bad time for him to travel in, but he hopes to be at home again in ten days or a fortnight, and *I* hope the run will do him good rather than harm.

Dec. 25. — George and I dined happily alone: he better for weeks than he has been all the summer before, — I more ailing than usual, but with much mental consolation, part of it being the delight he expresses in my poem, of which the first part is now in print.

Journal, 1867.

Thanks for the pretty remembrance. You were not unthought of before it came. Now, however, I rouse all my courage under the thick fog to tell you my inward wish, — which is, that the New Year, as it travels on towards its old age, may bring you many satisfactions undisturbed by bodily ailment.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 26th Dec. 1867.

Mr. Lewes is going to-morrow on an unprecedented expedition, — a rapid run to Bonn to make some anatomical researches with Professor Schultze there. If he needs more than he can get at Bonn, he may go to Heidelberg and Würzburg. But in any case he will not take more than a fortnight.

Public questions, which by a sad process of reduction become piteous private questions, hang cloudily over all prospects. The state of Europe, the threat of a general war, the starvation of multitudes, — one can't help thinking of these things at one's breakfast. Nevertheless there is much enjoyment going on, and abundance of rosy children's parties.

It is very good and sweet of you to propose to

come round for me on Sunday, and I shall cherish particularly the remembrance of that kindness.

Letter to Mrs. Congreve, 30th Dec. 1867.

But on our reading your letter, Mr. Lewes objected, on grounds which I think just, to my going to any public manifestation without him, since his absence could not be divined by outsiders.

I am companioned by dyspepsia, and feel life a struggle under the leaden sky. Mme. Bodichon writes that in Sussex the air is cold and clear, and the woods and lanes dressed in wintry loveliness of fresh grassy patches, mingled with the soft grays and browns of the trees and hedges. Mr. Harrison shed the agreeable light of his kind eyes on me yesterday for a brief space; but I hope I was more endurable to my visitors than to myself, else I think they will not come again. I object strongly to myself as a bundle of unpleasant sensations with a palpitating heart and awkward manners. Impossible to imagine the large charity I have for people who detest me. But don't you be one of them.

I am much obliged to you for your handsome cheque, and still more gratified that "The Address" has been a satisfaction to you.

Letter to John Blackwood, 30th Dec. 1867.

I am very glad to hear of your projected visit to town, and shall hope to have a good batch of MS. for you to carry back. Mr. Lewes is in an unprecedented state of delight with the poem, now that he is reading it with close care. He says he is astonished that he can't find more faults. He is especially pleased with the sense of variety it gives; and this testimony is worth the more, because he urged me to put the poem by (in 1865) on the ground of monotony. He is really exultant about it now, and after what

you have said to me I know this will please you.

Hearty wishes that the coming year may bring you much good, and that "The Spanish Gypsy" may contribute a little to that end.

SUMMARY OF CHAPTER XIV

JANUARY, 1867, TO DECEMBER, 1867

Letter to Madame Bodiehon from Bordeaux — Madame Mohl — Seherer — Renan — Letter to Mrs. Congreve from Biarritz — Delight in Comte's "Politique" — Gratitude to him for illumination — Learning Spanish — Papers in the "Revue des Deux Mondes" by Saveney — Letter to Madame Bodichon from Bareelona — Deseription of scenery — Pampeluna — Saragossa — Lerida — Letter to F. Harrison from Granada — The vindieation of the *law* in "Felix Holt" — Spanish travelling — Letter to John Blackwood from Granada — Alicante — Granada — Letter to Mrs. Congreve from Biarritz — Delight of the journey — Madrid pietures — Return to the Priory — Letter to John Blaekwood — "Felix Holt" — Cheap edition of novels — "The Spanish Gypsy" — Dr. Congreve's Lectures on Positivism — Letter to Miss Hennell — Historical Portraits at South Kensington — Letter to Mrs. Peter Taylor — Women's claims — Comte's position — Fortnight's visit to the Isle of Wight — Letter of adieu to Mrs. Congreve — Two months' visit to North Germany — Return to England — Reading on Spanish subjeets — Mr. Lewes and Mr. Speneer at Weybridge — Aequaintanee with Mrs. Cross and family — Letter to Miss Hennell — Deutseh's artiele on the Talmud — Letter to Blackwood about putting "The Spanish Gypsy" in type — Address to Working Men by Felix Holt — Letter to Miss Hennell — Girton College — Letter to Madame Bodichon — The higher edueation of women — Letter to John Blaekwood on "The Address" — Christmas Day at The Priory — Letter to Miss Hennell — Visit of Mr. Lewes to Bonn — Letter to Mrs. Congreve — Depression — Letter to John Blaekwood — Mr. Lewes on "The Spanish Gypsy."

CHAPTER XV

THERE is a good genius presiding over your gifts, — they are so felicitous. You always give me something of which I have felt the want beforehand, and can use continually. It is eminently so with my pretty mittens: there was no little appendage I wanted more; and they are just as warm at the wrist as I could have wished them to be, — warming, too, as a mark of affection at a time when all cheering things are doubly welcome.

Letter to Mrs. Congreve, 9th Jan. 1868.

Mr. Lewes came home last night, and you may imagine that I am glad. Between the bad weather, bad health, and solitude, I have been so far unlike the wicked, that I have not flourished like the green bay-tree. To make amends, he — Mr. Lewes, not the wicked — has had a brilliant time, gained great instruction, and seen some admirable men who have received him warmly.

I go out of doors very little, but I shall open the drawer and look at my mittens on the days when I don't put them on.

Jan. — Engaged in writing Part III. of "Spanish Gypsy."

Journal, 1868.

Feb. 27. — Returned last evening from a very pleasant visit to Cambridge.[1] I am still only at p. 5 of Part IV., having had a wretched month of *malaise*.

March 1. — Finished Guillemin on "The Heav-

[1] Visit to Mr. W. G. Clark and Mr. Oscar Browning.

ens," and the 4th Book of the "Iliad." I shall now read Grote.

March 6. — Reading Lubbock's "Prehistoric Ages."

March 8. — Saturday concert. Joachim and Piatti, with Schubert's Ottett.

We go to-morrow morning to Torquay for a month, and I can't bear to go without saying a word of farewell to you. How sadly little we have seen each other this winter! It will not be so any more, I hope, will it?

Letter to Mrs. Congreve, 17th March, 1868.

We are both much in need of the change, for Mr. Lewes has got rather out of sorts again lately. When we come back I shall ask you to come and look at us before the bloom is off. I should like to know how you all are; but you have been so little inspired for note-writing lately, that I am afraid to ask you to send me a line to the Post Office at Torquay. I really deserve nothing of my friends at present.

I don't know whether you have ever seen Torquay. It is pretty, but not comparable to Ilfracombe; and like all other easily accessible sea-places, it is sadly spoiled by wealth and fashion, which leave no secluded walks, and tattoo all the hills with ugly patterns of roads and villa gardens. Our selfishness does not adapt itself well to these oncomings of the millennium.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 22d March, 1868.

I am reading about savages and semi-savages, and think that our religious oracles would do well to study savage ideas by a method of comparison with their own. Also, I am studying that semi-savage poem, the "Iliad." How enviable it is to be a classic! When a verse in the "Iliad" bears six different meanings, and nobody knows which

is the right, a commentator finds this equivocalness in itself admirable!

Mr. Lewes quite agrees with you, that it is desirable to announce the poem. His suggestion is that it should be simply announced as "a poem" first, and then a little later as "The Spanish Gypsy," in order to give a new detail for observation in the second announcement. I chose the title, "The Spanish Gypsy," a long time ago, because it is a little in the fashion of the elder dramatists, with whom I have perhaps more cousinship than with recent poets. Fedalma might be mistaken for an Italian name, which would create a definite expectation of a mistaken kind, and is, on other grounds, less to my taste than "The Spanish Gypsy."

Letter to John Blackwood, end of March, 1868.

This place is becoming a little London, or London suburb. Everywhere houses and streets are being built, and Babbicombe will soon be joined to Torquay.

I almost envy you the excitement of golf, which helps the fresh air to exhilarate, and gives variety of exercise. Walking can never be so good as a game — if one loves the game. But when a friend of Mr. Lewes's urges him angrily to play raquets for his health, the prospect seems dreary.

We are afraid of being entangled in excursion trains, or crowds of Easter holiday-makers, in Easter week, and may possibly be driven back next Wednesday. But we are loth to have our stay so curtailed.

Mr. Lewes sends his kind regards, and pities all of us who are less interested in ganglionic cells. He is in a state of beatitude about the poem.

We find a few retired walks, and are the less discontented because the weather is perfect. I

hope you are sharing the delights of sunshine and moonlight. There are no waves here, as you know; but under such skies as we are having, sameness is so beautiful that we find no fault, — and there is a particular hill at Babbicombe of the richest Spanish red. On the whole, we are glad we came here, having avoided all trouble in journeying and settling. But we should not come again without special call, for in a few years all the hills will be parts of a London suburb.

Letter to Mrs. Congreve, 4th April, 1868.

How glorious this weather is for the hard workers who are looking forward to their Easter holiday! But for ourselves, we are rather afraid of the railway stations in holiday time. Certainly we are ill prepared for what Tennyson calls the "To-be," and it is good that we shall soon pass from this objective existence.

I think Ruskin has not been encouraged about women by his many and persistent attempts to teach them. He seems to have found them wanting in real scientific interest, — bent on sentimentalising in everything.

Letter to Madame Bodichon, 6th April, 1868.

What I should like to be sure of, as a result of higher education for women, — a result that will come to pass over my grave, — is their recognition of the great amount of social unproductive labour which needs to be done by women, and which is now either not done at all or done wretchedly. No good can come to women, more than to any class of male mortals, while each aims at doing the highest kind of work which ought rather to be held in sanctity as what only the few can do well. I believe, and I want it to be well shown, that a more thorough education will tend to do away with the

odious vulgarity of our notions about functions and employment, and to propagate the true gospel, that the deepest disgrace is to insist on doing work for which we are unfit, — to do work of any sort badly. There are many points of this kind that want being urged, but they do not come well from me.

Your letter came just at the right time to greet us. Thanks for that pretty remembrance. We are glad to be at home again with our home comforts around us, though we became deeply in love with Torquay in the daily heightening of spring beauties, and the glory of perpetual blue skies. The eight hours' journey (one hour more than we paid for) was rather disturbing; and, I think, Mr. Lewes has got more zoological experience than health from our month's delight — but a delight it really has been to us to have perfect quiet with the red hills, the sunshine, and the sea.

Letter to Mrs. Congreve, 17th April, 1868.

I shall be absorbed for the next fortnight, so that I cannot allow myself the sort of pleasure you kindly project for us; and when May begins, I want you to come and stay a night with us. I shall be ready by-and-by for such holiday-making, and you must be good to me. Will you give Dr. Congreve my thanks for his pamphlet, which I read at Torquay with great interest? All protests tell, however slowly and imperceptibly, and a protest against the doctrine that England is to keep Ireland under all conditions was what I had wished to be made. But in this matter he will have much more important concurrence than mine. I am bearing much in mind the great task of the translation. When it is completed, we shall be able and glad to do what we were not able to do in the case

of the "Discours Préliminaire," namely, to take our share, if we may, in the expenses of publication.

April 16. — Returned home, bringing Book IV. finished.

Journal, 1868.

April 18. — Went with Mr. Pigott to see Holman Hunt's great picture, "Isabella and the Pot of Basil."

I send you by to-day's post the manuscript of Book IV., that it may be at hand whenever there is opportunity for getting it into print, and letting me have it in that form for correction. It is desirable to get as forward as we can, in case of the Americans asking for delay after their reception of the sheets—if they venture to make any arrangement. I shall send the MS. of Book V. (the last) as soon as headache will permit, but that is an uncertain limit. We returned from Torquay on the 16th, leaving the glorious weather behind us. We were more in love with the place on a better acquaintance: the weather, and the spring buds, and the choirs of birds made it seem more of a paradise to us every day.

Letter to John Blackwood, 21st April, 1868.

The poem will be less tragic than I threatened: Mr. Lewes has prevailed on me to return to my original conception, and give up the additional development, which I determined on subsequently. The poem is rather shorter in consequence. Don't you think that my artistic deference and pliability deserve that it should also be better in consequence? I now end it as I determined to end it when I first conceived the story.

April 25. — Finished the last dialogue between Silva and Fedalma. Mr. and Mrs. Burne-Jones dined with us.

Journal, 1868.

April 29. — Finished "The Spanish Gypsy."

I send you by to-day's post the conclusion of the poem in MS., and the eighteen sheets of revise. The last book is brief, but I may truly use the old epigram, — that it would have taken less time to make it longer. It is a great bore that the name of my heroine is wrongly spelt in all the earlier sheets. It is a fresh proof of the fallibility of our impressions as to our own doings, that I would have confidently affirmed the name to be spelt Fedalma (as it ought to be) in my manuscript. Yet I suppose I should have affirmed falsely, for the *i* occurs in the slips constantly.

Letter to John Blackwood, 29th April, 1868.

As I shall not see these paged sheets again, will you charitably assure me that the alterations are safely made?

Among my wife's papers were four or five pages of MS. headed "Notes on the Spanish Gypsy and Tragedy in general." There is no evidence as to the date at which this fragment was written, and it seems to have been left unfinished. But there was evidently some care to preserve it; and as I think she would not have objected to its presentation, I give it here exactly as it stands. It completes the history of the poem.

The subject of "The Spanish Gypsy" was originally suggested to me by a picture which hangs in the Scuola di San Rocco at Venice, over the door of the large Sala containing Tintoretto's frescos. It is an Annunciation, said to be by Titian. Of course I had seen numerous pictures of this subject before, and the subject had always attracted me. But in this my second visit to the Scuola di San Rocco, this small picture of Titian's, pointed out to me for the first time, brought a new train of thought. It

Notes on "The Spanish Gypsy."

occurred to me that here was a great dramatic motive of the same class as those used by the Greek dramatists, yet specifically differing from them. A young maiden, believing herself to be on the eve of the chief event of her life — marriage — about to share in the ordinary lot of womanhood, full of young hope, has suddenly announced to her that she is chosen to fulfil a great destiny, entailing a terribly different experience from that of ordinary womanhood. She is chosen, not by any momentary arbitrariness, but as a result of foregoing hereditary conditions: she obeys. "Behold the handmaid of the Lord." Here, I thought, is a subject grander than that of Iphigenia, and it has never been used. I came home with this in my mind, meaning to give the motive a clothing in some suitable set of historical and local conditions. My reflections brought me nothing that would serve me except that moment in Spanish history when the struggle with the Moors was attaining its climax, and when there was the gypsy race present under such conditions as would enable me to get my heroine and the hereditary claim on her among the gypsies. I required the opposition of race to give the need for renouncing the expectation of marriage. I could not use the Jews or the Moors, because the facts of their history were too conspicuously opposed to the working out of my catastrophe. Meanwhile the subject had become more and more pregnant to me. I saw it might be taken as a symbol of the part which is played in the general human lot by hereditary conditions in the largest sense, and of the fact that what we call duty is entirely made up of such conditions; for even in cases of just antagonism to the narrow view of hereditary claims, the whole

background of the particular struggle is made up of our inherited nature. Suppose for a moment that our conduct at great epochs was determined entirely by reflection, without the immediate intervention of feeling which supersedes reflection, our determination as to the right would consist in an adjustment of our individual needs to the dire necessities of our lot, partly as to our natural constitution, partly as sharers of life with our fellow-beings. Tragedy consists in the terrible difficulty of this adjustment, —

> "The dire strife
> Of poor Humanity's afflicted will,
> Struggling in vain with ruthless destiny."

Looking at individual lots, I seemed to see in each the same story, wrought out with more or less of tragedy, and I determined the elements of my drama under the influence of these ideas.

In order to judge properly of the dramatic structure, it must not be considered first in the light of doctrinal symbolism, but in the light of a tragedy representing some grand collision in the human lot. And it must be judged accordingly. A good tragic subject must represent a possible, sufficiently probable, not a common action; and to be really tragic, it must represent irreparable collision between the individual and the general (in differing degrees of generality). It is the individual with whom we sympathise, and the general of which we recognise the irresistible power. The truth of this test will be seen by applying it to the greatest tragedies. The collision of Greek tragedy is often that between hereditary, entailed Nemesis, and the peculiar individual lot, awakening our sympathy, of the particular man or woman

whom the Nemesis is shown to grasp with terrific force. Sometimes, as in the "Oresteia," there is the clashing of two irreconcilable requirements, — two duties, as we should say in these times. The murder of the father must be avenged by the murder of the mother, which must again be avenged. These two tragic relations of the individual and general, and of two irreconcilable "oughts," may be — will be — seen to be almost always combined. The Greeks were not taking an artificial, entirely erroneous standpoint in their art, — a standpoint which disappeared altogether with their religion and their art. They had the same essential elements of life presented to them as we have, and their art symbolised these in grand schematic forms. The Prometheus represents the ineffectual struggle to redeem the small and miserable race of man, against the stronger adverse ordinances that govern the frame of things with a triumphant power. Coming to modern tragedies, what is it that makes "Othello" a great tragic subject? A story simply of a jealous husband is elevated into a most pathetic tragedy by the hereditary conditions of Othello's lot, which give him a subjective ground for distrust. Faust, Rigoletto ("Le Roi s'Amuse"), Brutus. It might be a reasonable ground of objection against the whole structure of "The Spanish Gypsy" if it were shown that the action is outrageously improbable, — lying outside all that can be congruously conceived of human actions. It is *not* a reasonable ground of objection that they would have done better to act otherwise, any more than it is a reasonable objection against the "Iphigenia" that Agamemnon would have done better not to sacrifice his daughter.

As renunciations coming under the same great class, take the renunciation of marriage where marriage cannot take place without entailing misery on the children.

A tragedy has not to expound why the individual must give way to the general: it has to show that it is compelled to give way, the tragedy consisting in the struggle involved, and often in the entirely calamitous issue in spite of a grand submission. Silva presents the tragedy of entire rebellion: Fedalma of a grand submission, which is rendered vain by the effects of Silva's rebellion: Zarca, the struggle for a great end, rendered vain by the surrounding conditions of life.

Now, what is the fact about our individual lots? A woman, say, finds herself on the earth with an inherited organisation: she may be lame, she may inherit a disease, or what is tantamount to a disease: she may be a negress, or have other marks of race repulsive in the community where she is born, &c., &c. One may go on for a long while without reaching the limits of the commonest inherited misfortunes. It is almost a mockery to say to such human beings, " Seek your own happiness." The utmost approach to well-being that can be made in such a case is through large resignation and acceptance of the inevitable, with as much effort to overcome any disadvantage as good sense will show to be attended with a likelihood of success. Any one may say, that is the dictate of mere rational reflection. But calm can, in hardly any human organism, be attained by rational reflection. Happily we are not left to that. Love, pity, constituting sympathy, and generous joy with regard to the lot of our fellow-men, comes in, — has been growing since the beginning, — enormously

enhanced by wider vision of results, by an imagination actively interested in the lot of mankind generally; and these feelings become piety, — *i. e.*, loving, willing submission, and heroic Promethean effort towards high possibilities, which may result from our individual life.

There is really no moral "sanction" but this inward impulse. The will of God is the same thing as the will of other men, compelling us to work and avoid what they have seen to be harmful to social existence. Disjoined from any perceived good, the divine will is simply so much as we have ascertained of the facts of existence which compel obedience at our peril. Any other notion comes from the supposition of arbitrary revelation.

That favourite view, expressed so often in Clough's poems, of doing duty in blindness as to the result, is likely to deepen the substitution of egoistic yearnings for really moral impulses. We cannot be utterly blind to the results of duty, since that cannot be duty which is not already judged to be for human good. To say the contrary is to say that mankind have reached no inductions as to what is for their good or evil.

The art which leaves the soul in despair is laming to the soul, and is denounced by the healthy sentiment of an active community. The consolatory elements in "The Spanish Gypsy" are derived from two convictions or sentiments which so conspicuously pervade it that they may be said to be its very warp on which the whole action is woven. These are (1) The importance of individual deeds; (2) The all-sufficiency of the soul's passions in determining sympathetic action.

In Silva is presented the claim of fidelity to

social pledges; in Fedalma, the claim constituted by an hereditary lot less consciously shared.

With regard to the supremacy of Love: if it were a fact without exception that man or woman never did renounce the joys of love, there could never have sprung up a notion that such renunciation could present itself as a duty. If no parents had ever cared for their children, how could parental affection have been reckoned among the elements of life? But what are the facts in relation to this matter? Will any one say that faithfulness to the marriage tie has never been regarded as a duty, in spite of the presence of the profoundest passion experienced after marriage? Is Guinevere's conduct the type of duty?

Letter to Mrs. Bray, 7th May, 1868.

Yes, I am at rest now — only a few pages of revise to look at more. My chief excitement and pleasure in the work are over; for when I have once written anything, and it is gone out of my power, I think of it as little as possible. Next to the doing of the thing, of course, Mr. Lewes's delight in it is the cream of all sympathy, though I care enough about the sympathy of others to be very grateful for any they give me. Don't you imagine how the people who consider writing simply as a money-getting profession will despise me for choosing a work by which I could only get hundreds, where for a novel I could get thousands? I cannot help asking you to admire what my husband is, compared with many possible husbands — I mean, in urging me to produce a poem rather than anything in a worldly sense more profitable. I expect a good deal of disgust to be felt towards me in many quarters for doing what was not looked for from

me, and becoming unreadable to many who have hitherto found me readable and debatable. Religion and novels every ignorant person feels competent to give an opinion upon, but *enfait de poésie*, a large number of them "only read Shakspeare." But enough of that.

Before we set off to Germany, I want to tell you that a copy of "The Spanish Gypsy" will be sent to you. If there had been time before our going away, I should have written on the fly-leaf that it was offered by the author "in grateful remembrance." For I especially desire that you should understand my reasons for asking you to accept the book to be retrospective and not prospective.

Letter to Frederic Harrison, 25th May, 1868.

And I am going out of reach of all letters, so that you are free from any need to write to me, and may let the book lie till you like to open it.

I give away my books only by exception, and in venturing to make you an exceptional person in this matter, I am urged by the strong wish to express my value for the help and sympathy you gave me two years ago.

The manuscript of "The Spanish Gypsy" bears the following inscription: —

"To my dear — every day dearer — Husband."

Yes, indeed, I not only remember your letter, but have always kept it at hand, and have read it many times. Within these latter months I have seemed to see in the distance a possible poem shaped on your idea. But it would be better for you to encourage the growth towards realisation in your own mind, rather than trust to transplantation.

Letter to Frederic Harrison, 26th(?) May, 1868.

My own faint conception is that of a frankly

Utopian construction, freeing the poet from all local embarrassments. Great epics have always been more or less of this character, — only the construction has been of the past, not of the future.

Write to me *Poste Restante*, Baden-Baden, within the next fortnight. My head will have got clearer then.

May 26. — We set out this evening on our journey to Baden, spending the night at Dover. Our route was by Tournay, Liège, Bonn, and Frankfort, to Baden, where we stayed nine days; then to Petersthal, where we stayed three weeks; then to Freiburg, St. Märgen, Basle, Thun, and Interlaken. From Interlaken we came by Fribourg, Neuchâtel, Dijon, to Paris and Folkestone. Journal, 1868.

Your welcome letter was forwarded to me in Germany, — in Germany whither we had set out at the beginning of June. When we found ourselves as far south as Basle, we indulged ourselves with the project of returning home by Geneva; but we finally gave up that pleasure for this year, because we found that the long railway journeying it involved would not be good for us at the end of our sanitary excursions among the pine-woods and mountains of the Black Forest. But we look forward with hope to some other Continental journey which will give us a route through Geneva. I long to see you and always-loved "Maman" again; and Mr. Lewes, besides the delight he takes in seeing those who have shown me so much sympathy and tenderness, wishes to make the acquaintance of some men of science who are your fellow-citizens. Letter to M. D'Albert, July, 1868.

It is always charming to me to read your letters. You have the happy talent of remembering all the

little details which have associations in my memory, and so making a little picture of the life around you. For example, that son of Mr. Heyer, whom you mention as an " étudiant en théologie," I remember to have seen standing on the table in my room as a tiny pretty boy! If the excellent parents remember me too, pray ask them to accept my kind regards. I have often spoken of them and described them to Mr. Lewes.

I imagine " Maman " looking beautiful with the beauty of age, as upright as ever, and still a presiding genius of order and comfort in the household. It is very pretty that her sister can still travel all the way from Trieste to spend the summer months with her.

We are increasingly happy, although the years carry away with them some of our strength and buoyancy. Our life is absolutely untroubled, and I grow much more cheerful as I grow older. We have good news (although too rarely) from our exiled boys in Africa; and Charlie's lot is altogether satisfactory to us, — prosperous outwardly, and with evidence of constant improvement in his mind and character.

We should often remain longer on the Continent than the two months which we usually allow ourselves at a time, but that Mr. Lewes's mother is very aged (82), and does not of course like him to go very far beyond easy reach for months together. Otherwise we should perhaps carry out a plan of going to the East before we get too old for that daring enterprise.

My poem has been a great source of added happiness to me, — all the more, or rather principally, because it has been a deeper joy to Mr. Lewes than any work I have done before. I seem to

have gained a new organ, a new medium that my nature had languished for. The public here and in America has received it very kindly, and it has sold well. I care for the sale, not in a monetary light (for one does not write poems as the most marketable commodity), but because sale means large distribution. We are so happy now as to be independent of all monetary considerations, and Mr. Lewes plunges at his will into the least lucrative of studies, while I, on my side, follow tastes not much in keeping with these of our noisy, hurrying, ostentatious times.

Letter to John Blackwood, 7th July, 1868.

We got your letter yesterday here among the peaceful mountain-tops. After ascending gradually (in a carriage) for nearly four hours, we found ourselves in a region of grass, corn, and pine woods, so beautifully varied that we seem to be walking in a great park laid out for our special delight. The monks as usual found out the friendly solitude, and this place of St. Märgen was originally nothing but an Augustinian monastery. About three miles off is another place of like origin, called St. Peter's, formerly a Benedictine monastery, and still used as a place of preparation for the Catholic priesthood. The monks have all vanished, but the people are devout Catholics. At every half-mile by the roadside is a carefully kept crucifix; and last night, as we were having our supper in the common room of the inn, we suddenly heard sounds that seemed to me like those of an accordion. "Is that a zither?" said Mr. Lewes to the German lady by his side. "No, — it is prayer." The servants, by themselves — the host and hostess were in the same room with us — were saying their evening prayers, men's and women's voices blending in unusually correct

harmony. The same loud prayer is heard at morning, noon, and evening, from the shepherds and workers in the fields. We suppose that the believers in Mr. Home and in Madame Rachel would pronounce these people "grossly superstitious." The land is cultivated by rich peasant proprietors, and the people here, as in Petersthal, look healthy and contented. This really adds to one's pleasure in seeing natural beauties. In North Germany, at Ilmenau, we were constantly pained by meeting peasants who looked underfed and miserable. Unhappily, the weather is too cold and damp, and our accommodations are too scanty under such circumstances, for us to remain here and enjoy the endless walks and the sunsets that would make up for other negatives in fine warm weather. We return to Freiburg to-morrow, and from thence we shall go on by easy stages through Switzerland, by Thun and Vevay to Geneva, where I want to see my old friends once more.

We shall be so constantly on the move that it might be a vain trouble on your part to shoot another letter after such flying birds.

Journal, 1868.

July 23. — Arrived at home (from Baden journey).

We got home last night, — sooner than we expected, because we gave up the round by Geneva, as too long and exciting. I daresay the three weeks since we heard from you seem very short to you, passed amid your usual occupations. To us they seem long, for we have been constantly changing our scene. Our two months have been spent delightfully in seeing fresh natural beauties, and with the occasional cheering influence of kind people. But I think we were hardly ever, except in Spain, so

Letter to John Blackwood, 24th July, 1868.

long ignorant of home sayings and doings, for we have been chiefly in regions innocent even of "Galignani." The weather with us has never been oppressively hot; and storms or quiet rains have been frequent. But our bit of burnt-up lawn is significant of the dryness here. I believe I did not thank you for the offer of "Kinglake," which we gratefully accept. And will you kindly order a copy of the poem to be sent to Gerald Massey, Hemel-Hempstead?

A friendly gentleman at Belfast sends me a list of emendations for some of my verses, which are very characteristic and amusing.

I hope you have kept well through the heat. We are come back in great force — for such feeble wretches.

As to the reviews, we expected them to be written by omniscient personages, but we did *not* expect so bad a review as that Mr. Lewes found in the "Pall Mall." I have read no notice except that in the "Spectator," which was modest in tone. A very silly gentleman, Mr. Lewes says, undertakes to admonish me in the "Westminster;" and he thinks the best *literary* notice of the poem that has come before him is in the "Athenæum." After all, I think there would have been good reason to doubt that the poem had either novelty or any other considerable intrinsic reason to justify its being written, if the periodicals had cried out "Hosanna!" I am sure you appreciate all the conditions better than I can, after your long experience of the relations between authors and critics. I am serene, because I only expected the unfavourable. To-day the heat is so great that it is hardly possible even to read a book that re-

Letter to John Blackwood, 28th July, 1868.

quires any thought. London is a bad exchange for the mountains.

I enclose a list of corrections for the reprint. I am indebted to my friendly correspondent from Belfast for pointing out several oversights, which I am ashamed of, after all the proof-reading. But among the well-established truths of which I never doubt, the fallibility of my own brain stands first.

Letter to John Blackwood, 30th July, 1868.

I suppose Mudie and the other librarians will not part with their copies of the poems quite as soon as they would part with their more abundant copies of a novel. And this supposition, if warranted, would be an encouragement to reprint another moderate edition at the same price. Perhaps before a cheaper edition is prepared, I may add to the corrections, but at present my mind resists strongly the effort to go back on its old work.

I think I never mentioned to you that the occasional use of irregular verses, and especially verses of twelve syllables, has been a principle with me, and is found in all the finest writers of blank verse. I mention it now because, as you have a certain *solidarité* with my poetical doings, I would not have your soul vexed by the detective wisdom of critics. Do you happen to remember that saying of Balzac's, — " When I want the world to praise my novels, I write a drama; when I want them to praise my drama, I write a novel "?

On the whole, however, I should think I have more to be grateful for than to grumble at. Mr. Lewes read me out last night some very generous passages from the " St. Paul's Magazine."

The author of " The Spanish Gypsy " begs to thank the Rev. W. MacIlwaine for the care he

has kindly shown in sending her a list of errata, which would have been acknowledged long ago but for her absence on the Continent.

Letter to the Rev. Canon Macllwaine, 30th July, 1868.

Some of the passages marked by Mr. Mac-Ilwaine for revision were deliberately chosen irregularities, but others are real oversights in the correction of the press. These will be thankfully attended to in the immediate reprint, and the suggestion of them is the more acceptable because the author is at present unable to give the work any close revision.

George Eliot adheres strongly to the principles, (1) That metrical time must be frequently determined in despite of syllable-counting; and (2) That redundant lines are a power in blank verse. But the principles may be true, while her particular application of them is often mistaken. She hopes always to keep in mind that distinction between strong theory and feeble practice.

August. — Reading 1st Book of Lucretius, 6th Book of the "Iliad," "Samson Agonistes," Warton's "History of English Poetry," Grote, 2d volume, "Marcus Aurelius," "Vita Nuova," vol. iv. chap. i. of the "Politique Positive," Guest on "English Rhythms," Maurice's "Lectures on Casuistry."

Journal, 1868.

From one of the poems which you have kindly sent me, I gather that you knew intimately the late Dr. Craik, who was also one of Mr. Lewes's earliest and most revered friends. Those who have such a reverence in common are not quite strangers.

Letter to the Rev. Canon Macllwaine, 10th Aug. 1868.

I am sincerely obliged to you for your expressions of sympathy, which are the more valuable

to me now that I know them to have come from one of long experience.

I assure you I shall not cease carefully to study the great medium of verse, bearing in mind, however, that what are called laws in the "art which nature makes" were at one time undiscovered possibilities, and that some such possibilities may yet lie in store for watchful spirits.

It seems to me that Milton wrote his grand verse partly in virtue of such hopeful watching, — such listening for new melodies and harmonies with *instructed* ears. He is very daring, and often shocks the weaklings who think that verse is singsong. — Believe me, my dear sir, gratefully and sincerely yours.

Journal, 1868.

Sept. 19. — We returned from a visit to Yorkshire. On Monday we went to Leeds, and were received by Dr. Clifford Allbutt, with whom we stayed till the middle of the day on Wednesday. Then we went by train to Ilkley, and from thence took a carriage to Bolton. The weather had been grey for two days, but on this evening the sun shone out, and we had a delightful stroll before dinner, getting our first view of The Priory. On Thursday we spent the whole day in rambling through the woods to Barden Tower and back. Our comfortable little inn was the Red Lion, and we were tempted to lengthen our stay. But on Friday morning the sky was threatening, so we started for Newark, which we had visited in old days on our expedition to Gainsborough. At Newark we found our old inn, the Ram, opposite the ruins of the castle, and then we went for a stroll along the banks of the Trent, seeing some charming quiet landscapes.

This note comes to greet you on your return

home, but it cannot greet you so sweetly as your letter did me on our arrival from Leeds last night. I think it gave me a deeper pleasure than any I have had for a long while. I am very grateful to you for it.

Letter to Mrs. Congreve, 20th Sept. 1868.

We went to Leeds on Monday, and stayed two days with Dr. Allbutt. Dr. Bridges dined with us one day, and we had a great deal of delightful chat. But I will tell you everything when we see you. Let that be soon — will you not? We shall be glad of any arrangement that will give us the pleasure of seeing you, Dr. Congreve, and Emily, either separately or all together. Please forgive me if I seem very fussy about your all coming. I want you to understand that we shall feel it the greatest kindness in you if you will all choose to come, and also choose *how* to come, — either to lunch or dinner, and either apart or all together. I hope to find that you are much the better for your journey, — better both in body and soul. One has immense need of encouragement, but it seems to come more easily from the dead than from the living.

Your letter gave an additional gusto to my tea and toast this morning. The greater confidence of the trade in subscribing for the second edition is, on several grounds, a satisfactory indication; but, as you observe, we shall be still better pleased to know that the copies are not slumbering on the counters, but having an active life in the hands of readers.

Letter to John Blackwood, 24th Sept. 1868.

I am now going carefully through the poem for the sake of correction. I have read it through once, and have at present found some ten or twelve *small* alterations to be added to those already made. But I shall go through it again more than once,

for I wish to be able to put "revised" to the third edition, and to leave nothing that my conscience is not ready to swear by. I think it will be desirable for me to see proofs. It is possible in many closely consecutive readings not to see errors which strike one immediately on taking up the pages after a good long interval.

We are feeling much obliged for a copy of "Kinglake," which I am reading aloud to Mr. Lewes as a part of our evening's entertainment and edification, beginning again from the beginning.

This week we have had perfect autumnal days, though last week, when we were in Yorkshire, we also thought that the time of outside chills and inside fires was beginning.

We do not often see a place which is a good foil for London, but certainly Leeds is in a lower circle of the great town — *Inferno*.

Letter to Madame Bodichon, 25th Sept. 1868.

I can imagine how delicious your country home has been under the glorious skies we have been having, — glorious even in London. Yesterday we had Dr. and Mrs. Congreve, and went with them to the Zoological Gardens, and on our return, about 5 o'clock, I could not help pausing and exclaiming at the exquisite beauty of the light on Regent's Park, exalting it into something that the young Turner would have wanted to paint.

We went to Leeds last week, — saw your favourite David Cox, and thought of you the while. Certainly there was nothing finer there in landscape than that Welsh funeral. Among the figure-painters Watts and old Philip are supreme.

We went on from Leeds to Bolton, and spent a day in wandering through the grand woods on the banks of the Wharfe. Altogether our visit to

Yorkshire was extremely agreeable. Our host, Dr. Allbutt, is a good, clever, graceful man, enough to enable one to be cheerful under the horrible smoke of ugly Leeds; and the fine hospital, which, he says, is admirably fitted for its purpose, is another mitigation. You would like to see the tasteful subdued ornamentation in the rooms which are to be sick-wards. Each physician is accumulating ornamental objects for his own ward — chromo-lithographs, &c. — such as will soothe sick eyes.

It was quite cold in that northerly region. Your picture keeps a memory of sunshine on my wall even on this dark morning.

I have gone through the poem twice for the sake of revision, and have a crop of small corrections, — only in one case extending to the insertion of a new line. But I wish to see the proof-sheets, so that "Revised by the Author" may be put in the advertisement and on the titlepage.

Letter to John Blackwood, 21st Oct. 1868.

Unhappily my health has been unusually bad since we returned from abroad, so that the time has been a good deal wasted on the endurance of *malaise;* but I am brooding over many things, and hope that coming months will not be barren. As to the criticisms, I suppose that better poets than I have gone through worse receptions. In spite of my reason and of my low expectations, I am too susceptible to all discouragement not to have been depressingly affected by some few things in the shape of criticism which I have been obliged to know. Yet I am ashamed of caring about anything that cannot be taken as strict evidence against the value of my book. So far as I have been able to understand, there is a striking disagreement among the reviewers as to what is best and what

is worst; and the weight of agreement, even on the latter point, is considerably diminished by the reflection that three different reviews may be three different phases of the same gentleman, taking the opportunity of earning as many guineas as he can by making easy remarks on George Eliot. But as dear Scott's characters say, "Let that flee stick in the wa' — when the dirt 's dry it 'll rub out." I shall look at "Doubles and Quits," as you recommend. I read the two first numbers of "Madame Amelia," and thought them promising.

I sympathise with your melancholy at the prospect of quitting the country, — though compared with London, beautiful Edinburgh is country. Perhaps some good thick mists will come to reconcile you with the migration.

We have been using the fine autumn days for flights into Kent between Sundays. The rich woods about Sevenoaks and Chiselhurst are a delight to the eyes, and the stillness is a rest to every nerve.

Journal, 1868.

Oct. 22. — Received a letter from Blackwood, saying that "The Spanish Gypsy" must soon go into a third edition. I sent my corrections for it.

Letter to Mrs. Congreve, 27th Oct. 1868.

At last I have spirit enough in me to thank you for your valuable gift, which Emily kindly brought me in her hand. I am grateful for it, — not only because the medallion [1] is a possession which I shall always hold precious, but also because you thought of me among those whom you would choose to be its owners.

I hope you are able to enjoy some walking in these sunshiny mornings. We had a long drive

[1] Of Comte.

round by Hendon and Finchley yesterday morning, and drank so much clear air and joy from the sight of trees and fields, that I am quite a new-old creature.

I think you will not be sorry to hear that "The Spanish Gypsy" is so nearly out of print again, that the publishers are preparing a new cheaper edition. The second edition was all bought up (subscribed for) by the booksellers the first day.

Your pretty letter is irresistible. May we then be with you on Tuesday somewhere about twelve, and return home on Wednesday by afternoon daylight? If the weather should be very cold or wet on Tuesday, we must renounce or defer our pleasure, because we are both too rickety to run the risk of taking cold. So you see we are very much in need of such sweet friendliness as yours gives us faith in, to keep us cheerful under the burthen of the flesh.

Letter to Mrs. Congreve, 30th Oct. 1868.

Nov. 3. — Went to dine and sleep at the Congreves at Wandsworth.

Journal, 1868.

Nov. 4. — We set off for Sheffield, where we went over a great iron and steel factory, under the guidance of Mr. Benzon. On Saturday, the 7th, we went to Matlock, and stayed till Tuesday. I recognised the objects which I had seen with my father nearly thirty years before, — the turn of the road at Cromford, the Arkwrights' house, and the cottages with the stone floors chalked in patterns. The landscape was still rich with autumn leaves.

We got home last night, after delicious days spent at Matlock. I was so renovated that my head was clearer, and I was more unconscious of my body, than at the best of times for many months. But it seemed suddenly colder when we were in London,

Letter to Mrs. Congreve, Thursday evening, 12th Nov. 1868.

and old uneasy sensations are revisiting us both to-day.

I wonder whether you will soon want to come to town, and will send me word that you will come and take shelter with us for the night? The bed is no softer and no broader; but will you not be tempted by a new carpet and a new bit of matting for your bath? — perhaps there will even be a new fender? If you want to shop, I will take you in the brougham.

I think you will be just able to make out this note, written, by a sudden impulse, on my knee over the fire.

No oracle would dare to predict what will be our next migration. Don't be surprised if we go to the borders of the White Sea, to escape the fitful fast and loose, hot and cold, of the London climate.

Letter to Madame Bodichon, 16th Nov. 1868.

We enjoyed our journey to the North. It was a great experience to me to see the stupendous iron-works at Sheffield; and then, for a variety, we went to the quiet and beauty of Matlock, and I recognised all the spots I had carried in my memory for more than five-and-twenty years. I drove through that region with my father when I was a young grig, — not very full of hope about my woman's future. I am one of those perhaps exceptional people whose early childish dreams were much less happy than the real outcome of life.

I think your birthday comes after mine; but I am determined to write beforehand to prove to you that I bear you in my thoughts without any external reminder.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 20th Nov. 1868.

I suppose we are both getting too old to care about being wished *many* happy returns of the

day. We shall be content to wish each other as many more years as can carry with them some joy and calm satisfaction in the sense of living. But there is one definite prospect for you which I may fairly hope for, as I do most tenderly, — the prospect that this time next year you will be looking back on your achieved work as a good seed-sowing. Some sadness there must always be in saying good-bye to a work which is done with love; but there may — I trust there *will* — be a compensating good in feeling that the thing you yearned to do is gone safely out of reach of casualties that might have cut it short.

We have been to Sheffield at the seducing invitation of a friend, who showed us the miraculous iron-works there; and afterwards we turned aside to beautiful Matlock, where I found again the spots, the turns of road, the rows of stone cottages, the rushing river Derwent, and the Arkwright mills, — among which I drove with my father when I was in my teens. We had glorious weather, and I was quite regenerated by the bracing air. Our friend Mr. Spencer is growing younger with the years. He really looks brighter and more enjoying than he ever did before, since he was in the really young, happy time of fresh discussion and inquiry. His is a friendship which wears well, because of his truthfulness. He always asks with sympathetic interest how you are going on.

Nov. 22. — The return of this St. Cecilia's Day finds me in better health than has been usual with me in these last six months. But I am not yet engaged in any work that makes a higher life for me, — a life that is young and grows, though in my other life I am getting old and decaying. It is a day for resolves and de- Journal, 1868.

terminations. I am meditating the subject of Timoleon.

Letter to Mrs. Bray, 30th Nov. 1868.

I like to think of you painting the physiological charts, although they tire your eyes a little; for you must be sure that the good of such work is of a kind that goes deep into young lives. "Fearfully and wonderfully made" are words quite unshaken by any theory as to the making; and I think a great awe in the contemplation of man's delicate structure, freighted with terrible destinies, is one of the most important parts of education. A much-writing acquaintance of ours, one day expressed his alarm for "the masses" at the departure of a religion which had *terror* in it. Surely terror is provided for sufficiently in this life of ours, — if only the dread could be directed towards the really dreadful.

Letter to Madame Bodichon, 12th Dec. 1868.

We have been having a little company, and are rejoicing to think that our duties of this sort are done for the present. We like our studies and our dual solitude too well to feel company desirable more than one day a-week. I wish our affection may be with you as some little cheering influence through the dark months. We hardly estimate enough the difference of feeling that would come to us, if we did not imagine friendly souls scattered here and there in places that make the chief part of the world, so far as we have known it.

Letter to Mrs. Congreve, 16th Dec. 1868.

Tell Dr. Congreve that the "mass of Positivism," in the shape of "The Spanish Gypsy," is so rapidly finding acceptance with the public, that, the second edition being all sold, the third, just published, has already been demanded to above 700. Do not think

that I am becoming an egotistical author. The news concerns the doctrine, not the writer.

I am moved to congratulate you on writing against the ballot, with such admirably good sense, — having just read your " slip " at the breakfast-table. It has been a source of amazement to me that men acquainted with practical life can believe in the suppression of bribery by the ballot, as if bribery in all its protean forms could ever disappear by means of a single external arrangement. They might as well say that our female vanity would disappear at an order that women should wear felt hats and cloth dresses. It seems to me that you have put the main unanswerable arguments against the ballot with vigorous brevity.

Letter to the Brays, 19th Dec. 1868.

Thanks for letting me know about the meeting. I shall not be able to join it bodily, but I am glad always to have the possibility of being with you in thought. I have a twofold sympathy on the occasion, for I cannot help entering specially into your own wifely anxieties, and I shall be glad to be assured that Dr. Congreve has borne the excitement without being afterwards conscious of an excessive strain.

Letter to Mrs. Congreve, 29th Dec. 1868.

Dec. 30. — I make to-day the last record that I shall enter of the old year 1868. It has been as rich in blessings as any preceding year of our double life, and I enjoy a more and more even cheerfulness and continually increasing power of dwelling on the good that is given to me, and dismissing the thought of small evils. The chief event of the year to us has been the publication and friendly reception by the public of " The Spanish Gypsy." The greatest happiness (after our growing love) which has sprung and flowed

Journal, 1868.

onward during the latter part of the year, is George's interest in his psychological inquiries. I have, perhaps, gained a little higher ground and firmer footing in some studies, notwithstanding the yearly loss of retentive power. We have made some new friendships that cheer us with the sense of new admiration of actual living beings whom we know in the flesh, and who are kindly disposed towards us. And we have had no real trouble. I wish we were not in a minority of our fellow-men! I desire no added blessing for the coming year but this, — that I may do some good lasting work, and make both my outward and inward habits less imperfect, — that is, more directly tending to the best uses of life.

Many thanks for the cheque, which I received yesterday afternoon. Mr. Lewes is eminently satisfied with the sales; and, indeed, it does appear from authoritative testimony that the number sold is unusually large even for what is called a successful poem.

Letter to John Blackwood, 31st Dec. 1868.

The cheap edition of the novels is so exceptionally attractive in print, paper, and binding for 3*s.* 6*d.* that I cannot help fretting a little at its not getting a more rapid sale. The fact rather puzzles me, too, in presence of the various proofs that the books really are liked. I suppose there is some mystery of reduced prices accounting for the abundant presentation of certain works and series on the bookstalls at the railways, and the absence of others, else surely those pretty volumes would have a good chance of being bought by the travellers, whose taste shrinks from the diabolical red-and-yellow-pictured series. I am sure you must often be in a state of wonderment as to how the business of the world gets done, so as not to ruin two-thirds

of the people concerned in it; for judging from the silly propositions and requests sometimes made to me by bald-headed, experienced men, there must be a very thin allowance of wisdom to the majority of their transactions.

Mr. Lewes is attracted by the biographical studies of George the Second's time; but last night, after he had done reading about Berkeley, I heard him laughing over "Doubles and Quits." It is agreeable to think that I have that bit of cheerful reading in store.

Our first snow fell yesterday, and melted immediately. This morning the sun is warm on me as I write. The doctors say that the season has been horribly unhealthy, and that they have been afraid to perform some operations from the low state of vitality in the patients, due to the atmospheric conditions. This looks like very wise writing, and worthy of Molière's "Médecin."

Mr. Lewes joins me in sincere good wishes to Mr. William Blackwood, as well as yourself, for the coming year, — wishes for general happiness. The chief particular wish would be that we should all in common look back next Christmas on something achieved in which we share each other's satisfaction.

Letter to Hon. Robert Lytton (now Lord Lytton). No date. Probably in 1868.

I am much obliged to you for mentioning, in your letter to Mr. Lewes, the two cases of inaccuracy (I fear there may be more) which you remembered in "The Spanish Gypsy." How I came to write Zincálo instead of Zíncalo is an instance which may be added to many sadder examples of that mental infirmity which makes our senses of little use to us in the presence of a strong prepossession. As soon as I had conceived my story

with its gypsy element, I tried to learn all I could about the names by which the gypsies called themselves, feeling that I should occasionally need a musical name, remote from the vulgar English associations which cling to "gypsy." I rejected Gitana, because I found that the gypsies themselves held the name to be opprobrious; and Zíncalo — which, with a fine capacity for being wrong, I at once got into my head as Zincálo — seemed to be, both in sound and meaning, just what I wanted. Among the books from which I made notes was "Pott, die Zigeuner," &c.; and in these notes I find that I have copied the sign of the tonic accent in Romanó, while in the very same sentence I have not copied it in Zíncalo, though a renewed reference to Pott shows it in the one word as well as the other. But "my eyes were held" — by a demon prepossession — "so that I should not see it." Behold the fallibility of the human brain, and especially of George Eliot's.

I have been questioned about my use of Andalus for Andalusia, but I had a sufficient authority for that in the "Mohammedan Dynasties," translated by Gayangos.

It may interest you, who are familiar with Spanish literature, to know that after the first sketch of my book was written, I read Cervantes's novel "La Gitanélla," where the hero turns gypsy for love. The novel promises well in the earlier part, but falls into sad commonplace towards the end. I have written my explanation, partly to show how much I value your kind help towards correcting my error, and partly to prove that I was not careless, but simply stupid. For in authorship I hold carelessness to be a mortal sin.

SUMMARY OF CHAPTER XV

JANUARY, 1868, TO DECEMBER, 1868

Letter to Mrs. Congreve — Mr. Lewes's return from Bonn — First visit to Cambridge — Letter to Mrs. Congreve — Month's visit to Torquay — Letter to Miss Hennell — Reading the "Iliad" — Letter to John Blackwood — Title of "Spanish Gypsy" — Letter to Madame Bodichon — Women's work — Letter to Mrs. Congreve — England and Ireland — Translation of the "Politique" — Return to London from Torquay — Letter to M. D'Albert — Letter to John Blackwood — Ending of "Spanish Gypsy" — The poem finished — George Eliot's "Notes on the Spanish Gypsy and Tragedy in general" — Suggestion of the poem an Annunciation by Titian at Venice — Motive — Hereditary conditions — Gypsy race — Determination of conduct — Nature of tragedy — Collision between the individual and the general — Greek tragedy — Hereditary misfortunes — Growth of human sympathy — Moral sanction is obedience to facts — Duty what tends to human good — Letter to Mrs. Bray on the writing of poetry instead of novels — Letter to F. Harrison presenting copy of "Spanish Gypsy" — Inscription on MS. of "Spanish Gypsy" — Letter to F. Harrison on suggestion of a poem — Six weeks' journey to Baden, &c. — Letter to John Blackwood from St. Märgen — Catholic worship — Return to London — Letters to John Blackwood — "Pall Mall" review of "Spanish Gypsy" — Saying of Balzac — Letters to Rev. Canon MacIlwaine — Milton's verse — Reading Lucretius, Homer, Milton, Warton, "Marcus Aurelius," Dante, Comte, Guest, Maurice — Visit to Dr. Clifford Allbutt at Leeds — Visit to Newark — Letter to Mrs. Congreve — Letters to John Blackwood — Second edition of "Spanish Gypsy" — "Kinglake" — Criticisms on "Spanish Gypsy" — Visit to the Congreves — Visit to Sheffield with Mr. Benzon — Matlock — Letters to Madame Bodichon and Miss Hennell on Sheffield journey — Herbert Spencer — Meditating subject of Timoleon — Letter to Mrs. Bray — Physiological charts — Letter to Madame Bodichon on influence of friends — Letter to Mrs. Congreve — Positivism in "Spanish Gypsy" — Letter to Charles Bray on vote by ballot — Retrospect of 1868 — Letter to John Blackwood — The cheap edition of novels — Letter to the Hon. Robert Lytton — Pronunciation in "Spanish Gypsy" — Cervantes's "La Gitanélla."

CHAPTER XVI

Journal, 1869.

JAN. 1. — I have set myself many tasks for the year — I wonder how many will be accomplished? — a novel called "Middlemarch," a long poem on Timoleon, and several minor poems.

Jan. 23. — Since I wrote last, I have finished a little poem on old Agatha. But the last week or two I have been so disturbed in health that no work prospers. I have made a little way in constructing my new tale; have been reading a little on philology; have finished the 24th Book of the "Iliad," the 1st Book of the "Faery Queene," Clough's poems, and a little about Etruscan things, in Mrs. Grey and Dennis. Aloud to G. I have been reading some Italian, Ben Jonson's "Alchemist" and "Volpone," and Bright's speeches, which I am still reading — besides the first four cantos of "Don Juan." But the last two or three days I have seemed to live under a leaden pressure, — all movement, mental or bodily, is grievous to me. In the evening read aloud Bright's fourth speech on India, and a story in Italian. In the "Spectator" some interesting facts about loss of memory and "double life." In the "Revue des Cours," a lecture by Sir W. Thomson, of Edinburgh, on the retardation of the earth's motion round its axis.

Jan. 27. — The last two days I have been writing a rhymed poem on Boccaccio's story of "Lisa." Aloud I have read Bright's speeches, and "I Promessi Sposi." To myself I have read Mommsen's "Rome."

Feb. 6. — We went to the third concert. Madame Schumann played finely in Mendelssohn's quintet, and a trio of Beethoven's. As a solo she played the sonata in D minor. In the evening I read aloud a short speech of Bright's on Ireland, delivered twenty years ago, in which he insists that nothing will be a remedy for the woes of that country unless the Church Establishment be annulled: after the lapse of twenty years, the measure is going to be adopted. Then I read aloud a bit of the "Promessi Sposi," and afterwards the "Spectator," in which there is a deservedly high appreciation of Lowell's poems.

Feb. 14. — Finished the poem from Boccaccio. We had rather a numerous gathering of friends to-day, and among the rest came Browning, who talked and quoted admirably *apropos* of versification. The Rector of Lincoln thinks the French have the most perfect system of versification in these modern times!

Feb. 15. — I prepared and sent off "How Lisa loved the King" to Edinburgh.

I have looked back to the verses in Browning's poem about Elisha, and I find no mystery in them. The foregoing context for three pages describes that function of genius which revivifies the past. Man, says Browning (I am writing from recollection of his general meaning), cannot create, but he can restore: the poet gives forth of his own spirit, and reanimates the forms that lie breathless. His use of Elisha's story is manifestly symbolical, as his mention of Faust is, — the illustration which he abandons the moment before, to take up that of the Hebrew Seer. I presume you did not read the context yourself, but only had the two concluding verses

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 15th Feb. 1869.

pointed out or quoted to you by your friends. It is one of the afflictions of authorship to know that the brains which should be used in understanding a book are wasted in discussing the hastiest misconceptions about it; and I am sure you will sympathise enough in this affliction to set any one right, when you can, about this quotation from Browning.

Journal, 1869.

Feb. 20. — A glorious concert: Hallé, Joachim, and Piatti, winding up with Schubert's trio.

Feb. 21. — Mr. Deutsch and Mrs. Pattison lunched with us, — he in farewell before going to the East. A rather pleasant gathering of friends afterwards.

Feb. 24. — I am reading about plants, and Helmholtz on music. A new idea of a poem came to me yesterday.

March 3. — We started on our fourth visit to Italy, *viâ* France and the Cornice.

Letter to Mrs. Congreve, 4th May, 1869, from Paris.

I found your letter at Florence on our arrival there (on the 23d); but until now, bodily ease and leisure enough to write to you have never happened to me in the same moments. Our long journey since we left home on the 3d March, seen from a point of view which, happily, no one shares with me, has been a history of ailments. In shunning the English March, we found one quite as disagreeable, without the mitigation of home comforts; and though we went even as far as Naples in search of warmth, we never found it until we settled in Rome, at the beginning of April. Here we had many days of unbroken sunshine, and enjoyed what we were never able to enjoy during our month's stay in 1860, — the many glorious views of the city and

the mountains. The chief novelty to us in our long route has been the sight of Assisi and Ravenna: the rest has been a revisiting of scenes already in our memories; and to most of them we have probably said our last good-bye. Enough of us and our travels. The only remarkable thing people can tell of their doings in these days is, that they have stayed at home.

The "Fortnightly" lay uncut at Mr. Trollope's, and Mr. Lewes had nothing more pressing to do than to cut it open at the reply to Professor Huxley.[1] He presently came to me, and said it was excellent. It delighted him the more because he had just before, at Rome, alighted on the "Pall Mall" account of the article, which falsely represented it as entirely apologetic. At the first spare moment I plunged into an easy-chair, and read, with thorough satisfaction in the admirable temper and the force of the reply. We intend to start for Calais this evening; and as the rain prevents us from doing anything agreeable out of doors, I have nothing to hinder me from sitting, with my knees up to my chin, and scribbling, now that I am become a little sounder in head and in body generally than beautiful Italy allowed me to be. As beautiful as ever — more beautiful — it has looked to me on this last visit; and it is the fault of my *physique* if it did not agree with me. Pray offer my warmest sympathy to Dr. Congreve in the anxieties of his difficult task. What hard work it seems to go on living sometimes! Blessed are the dead.

May 5. — We reached home after our nine weeks' absence. In that time we have been through

[1] Dr. Congreve's article, "Mr. Huxley on M. Comte," in "Fortnightly Review," April, 1869.

France to Marseilles, along the Cornice to Spezia, then to Pisa, Florence, Naples, Rome, Assisi, Perugia, Florence again, Ravenna, Bologna, Verona; across the Brenner Pass to Munich; then to Paris *viâ* Strasburg. In such a journey there was necessarily much interest both in renewing old memories and recording new; but I never had such continuous bad health in travelling as I have had during these nine weeks. On our arrival at home, I found a delightful letter from Mrs. H. B. Stowe, whom I have never seen, addressing me as her "dear friend."

Journal, 1869.

It was during this journey that I, for the first time, saw my future wife at Rome. My eldest sister had married Mr. W. H. Bullock (now Mr. W. H. Hall), of Six-Mile Bottom, Cambridgeshire, and they were on their wedding journey at Rome, when they happened to meet Mr. and Mrs. Lewes by chance in the Pamfili Doria Gardens. They saw a good deal of one another, and when I arrived with my mother and another sister, we went by invitation to call at the Hotel Minerva, where Mr. Lewes had found rooms on their first arrival in Rome. I have a very vivid recollection of George Eliot sitting on a sofa with my mother by her side, entirely engrossed with her. Mr. Lewes entertained my sister and me on the other side of the room. But I was very anxious to hear also the conversation on the sofa, as I was better acquainted with George Eliot's books than with any other literature. And through the dimness of these fifteen years, and all that has happened in them, I still seem to hear, as I first heard them, the low, earnest, deep musical tones of her voice: I still seem to see the fine brows, with the abundant auburn-brown hair framing them, the long head broadening at the back, the grey-blue eyes, constantly changing in expression, but always with a very loving, almost deprecating, look at my mother, the finely formed, thin, transparent hands, and a whole Wesen *that seemed in complete harmony with everything one expected to*

find in the author of "Romola." The next day Mr. and Mrs. Lewes went on to Assisi and we to Naples, and we did not meet again till the following August at Weybridge.

Letter to Mrs. H. B. Stowe, 8th May, 1869.

I value very highly the warrant to call you friend which your letter has given me. It lay awaiting me on our return the other night from a nine weeks' absence in Italy, and it made me almost wish that you could have a momentary vision of the discouragement — nay, paralysing despondency — in which many days of my writing life have been passed, in order that you might fully understand the good I find in such sympathy as yours, — in such an assurance as you give me that my work has been worth doing. But I will not dwell on any mental sickness of mine. The best joy your words give me is the sense of that sweet, generous feeling in you which dictated them, and I shall always be the richer because you have in this way made me know you better. I must tell you that my first glimpse of you as a woman came through a letter of yours, and charmed me very much. The letter was addressed to Mrs. Follen; and one morning when I called on her in London (how many years ago![1]), she was kind enough to read it to me because it contained a little history of your life, and a sketch of your domestic circumstances. I remember thinking that it was very kind of you to write that long letter in reply to the inquiries of one who was personally unknown to you; and looking back with my present experience, I think it was still kinder than it then appeared. For at that time you must have been much oppressed with the immediate results of your fame. I remember, too, that you

[1] See *ante*, vol. xviii. p. 226.

wrote of your husband as one who was richer in Hebrew and Greek than in pounds or shillings; and as the ardent scholar has always been a character of peculiar interest to me, I have rarely had your image in my mind without the accompanying image (more or less erroneous) of such a scholar by your side. I shall welcome the fruit of his Goethe studies, whenever it comes. In the meantime, let me assure you that whoever else gave you that description of my husband's "History of Philosophy," — namely, "that it was to solve and settle all things," — he himself never saw it in that light. The work has been greatly altered, as well as enlarged, in three successive editions; and his mind is so far from being a captive to his own written words that he is now engaged in physiological and psychological researches which are leading him to issues at variance in some important respects with the views expressed in some of his published works. He is one of the few human beings I have known who will often, in the heat of an argument, see, and straightway confess, that he is in the wrong, instead of trying to shift his ground or use any other device of vanity.

I have good hopes that your fears are groundless as to the obstacles your new book may find here from its thorough American character. Most readers who are likely to be really influenced by writing above the common order, will find that special aspect an added reason for interest and study; and I daresay you have long seen, as I am beginning to see with new clearness, that if a book which has any sort of exquisiteness happens also to be a popular, widely circulated book, its power over the social mind for any good is, after all, due to its reception by a few appreciative natures, and

is the slow result of radiation from that narrow circle. I mean, that you can affect a few souls, and that each of these in turn may affect a few more, but that no exquisite book tells properly and directly on a multitude, however largely it may be spread by type and paper. Witness the things the multitude will say about it, if one is so unhappy as to be obliged to hear their sayings. I do not write this cynically, but in pure sadness and pity. Both travelling abroad and staying at home among our English sights and sports, one must continually feel how slowly the centuries work towards the moral good of men. And that thought lies very close to what you say as to your wonder or conjecture concerning my religious point of view. I believe that religion, too, has to be modified, — "developed," according to the dominant phrase, — and that a religion more perfect than any yet prevalent must express less care for personal consolation, and a more deeply awing sense of responsibility to man, springing from sympathy with that which of all things is most certainly known to us, the difficulty of the human lot. I do not find my temple in Pantheism, which, whatever might be its value speculatively, could not yield a practical religion, since it is an attempt to look at the universe from the outside of our relations to it (that universe) as human beings. As healthy, sane human beings, we must love and hate, — love what is good for mankind, hate what is evil for mankind. For years of my youth I dwelt in dreams of a pantheistic sort, falsely supposing that I was enlarging my sympathy. But I have travelled far away from that time. Letters are necessarily narrow and fragmentary, and when one writes on wide subjects, are liable to create

more misunderstanding than illumination. But I have little anxiety of that kind in writing to you, dear friend and fellow-labourer, for you have had longer experience than I as a writer, and fuller experience as a woman, since you have borne children and known the mother's history from the beginning. I trust your quick and long-taught mind as an interpreter little liable to mistake me.

When you say, "We live in an orange grove and are planting many more," and when I think that you must have abundant family love to cheer you, it seems to me that you must have a paradise about you. But no list of circumstances will make a paradise. Nevertheless, I must believe that the joyous, tender humour of your books clings about your more immediate life, and makes some of that sunshine for yourself which you have given to us.

I see the advertisement of "Old Town Folks," and shall eagerly expect it.

That and every other new link between us will be reverentially valued.

Journal, 1869.

May 8 (Saturday). — Poor Thornie arrived from Natal, sadly wasted by suffering.

May 24. — Sold "Agatha" to Fields & Osgood, for the "Atlantic Monthly," for £300.

Letter to Mrs. Congreve, 26th May, 1869.

That "disturbance" in my favourite work, with which you and Dr. Congreve are good enough to sympathise, is unhappily greater now than it has been for years before. Our poor Thornie came back to us about seventeen days ago. We can never rejoice enough that we were already at home, seeing that we held it impossible for him to set out on his voyage until at least six weeks later than he did. Since he arrived, our lives have been chiefly absorbed by cares for him; and though we now have a nurse to

attend on him constantly, we spend several hours of the day by his side. There is joy in the midst of our trouble, from the tenderness towards the sufferer being altogether unchecked by anything unlovable in him. Thornie's disposition seems to have become sweeter than ever with the added six years; and there is nothing that we discern in his character or habits to cause us grief. Enough of our troubles. I gather from your welcome letter, received this morning, that there is a good deal of enjoyment for you in your temporary home, in spite of bad weather and face ache, which I hope will have passed away when you read this.

Mr. Beesly[1] wrote to me to tell me of his engagement, and on Sunday we had the pleasure of shaking him by the hand and seeing him look very happy. His is one of a group of prospective marriages which we have had announced to us since we came home. Besides Mr. Harrison's, there is Dr. Allbutt's, our charming friend at Leeds. I told Mr. Beesly that I thought myself magnanimous in really rejoicing at the engagements of men friends, because, of course, they will be comparatively indifferent to their old intimates.

Dear Madame Bodichon is a precious help to us. She comes twice a-week to sit with Thornie, and she is wonderfully clever in talking to young people. One finds out those who have real practical sympathy in times of trouble.

Letter to Frederic Harrison, 6th June, 1869.

Your letter has fulfilled two wishes of mine. It shows me that you keep me in your kind thoughts, and that you are very happy. I had been told by our friends

[1] Professor Edmund Spenser Beesly, — a well-known member of the Positivist body, who married Miss Crompton, daughter of Mr. Justice Crompton.

the Nortons of your engagement, but I knew nothing more than that bare fact, and your letter gives me more of a picture. A very pretty picture,— for I like to think of your love having grown imperceptibly along with sweet family affections. I do heartily share in your happiness; for however space and time may keep us asunder, you will never to my mind be lost in the distance, but will hold a place of marked and valued interest quite apart from those more public hopes about you which I shall not cease to cherish.

Both Mr. Lewes and I shall be delighted to see you any evening. I imagine that when you are obliged to stay in town, the evening will be the easiest time for you to get out to us. Any time after eight you will find us thoroughly glad to shake hands with you. Do come when you can.

Journal, 1869.

July 3. — Finished my reading in Lucretius. Reading Victor Hugo's "L'homme qui rit;" also the Frau von Hillern's novel, "Ein Arzt der Seele." This week G. and I have been to Sevenoaks, but were driven home again by the cold winds and cloudy skies. "Sonnets on Childhood" — five — finished.

July 10. — I wrote to Mrs. Stowe, in answer to a second letter of hers, accompanied by one from her husband.

Letter to Mrs. H. B. Stowe, 11th July, 1869.

I hoped before this to have seen our friend Mrs. Fields on her return from Scotland, and to have begged her to send you word of a domestic affliction, which has prevented me from writing to you since I received your and your husband's valued letters. Immediately on our return from Italy, Mr. Lewes's second son, a fine young man of five-and-twenty, returned to us from Natal, wasted by suffering from a long-

standing spinal injury. This was on the 8th of May, and since then we have both been absorbed in our duties to this poor child, and have felt our own health and nervous energy insufficient for our needful activity of body and mind. He is at present no better, and we look forward to a long trial. Nothing but a trouble so great as this would have prevented me from writing again to you, not only to thank you and Professor Stowe for your letters, but also to tell you that I have received and read "Old Town Folks." I think few of your many readers can have felt more interest than I have felt in that picture of an elder generation; for my interest in it has a double root, — one in my own love for our old-fashioned provincial life, which had its affinities with a contemporary life, even all across the Atlantic, and of which I have gathered glimpses in different phases, from my father and mother with their relations; the other is, my experimental acquaintance with some shades of Calvinistic orthodoxy. I think your way of presenting the religious convictions which are not your own except by indirect fellowship, is a triumph of insight and true tolerance. A thorough comprehension of the mixed moral influence shed on society by dogmatic systems is rare even among writers, and one misses it altogether in English drawing-room talk. I thank you sincerely for the gift (in every sense) of this book, which, I can see, has been a labour of love.

Both Mr. Lewes and I are deeply interested in the indications which the Professor gives of his peculiar psychological experience, and we should feel it a great privilege to learn much more of it from his lips. It is a rare thing to have such an opportunity of studying exceptional experience in

the testimony of a truthful and in every way distinguished mind. He will, I am sure, accept the brief thanks which I can give in this letter, for all that he has generously written to me. He says, "I have had no connection with any of the modern movements, except as father confessor;" and I can well believe that he must be peculiarly sensitive to the repulsive aspects which those movements present. Your view as to the cause of that "great wave of spiritualism" which is rushing over America — namely, that it is a sort of Rachel-cry of bereavement towards the invisible existence of the loved ones — is deeply affecting. But so far as "spiritualism" (by which I mean, of course, spirit-communication, by rapping, guidance of the pencil, &c.) has come within reach of my judgment on our side of the water, it has appeared to me either as degrading folly, imbecile in the estimate of evidence, or else as impudent imposture. So far as my observation and experience have hitherto gone, it has even seemed to me an impiety to withdraw from the more assured methods of studying the open secret of the universe any large amount of attention to alleged manifestations which are so defiled by low adventurers and their palpable trickeries, so hopelessly involved in all the doubtfulness of individual testimonies as to phenomena witnessed, — which testimonies are no more true objectively because they are honest subjectively, than the Ptolemaic system is true because it seemed to Tycho Brahé a better explanation of the heavenly movements than the Copernican. This is a brief statement of my position on the subject, which your letter shows me to have an aspect much more compulsory on serious attention in America than I can perceive it to have in England. I should

not be as simply truthful as my deep respect for you demands, if I did not tell you exactly what is my mental attitude in relation to the phenomena in question. But whatever you print on the subject and will send me, I shall read with attention; and the idea you give me of the hold which spiritualism has gained on the public mind in the United States, is already a fact of historic importance.

Forgive me, dear friend, if I write in the scantiest manner, unworthily responding to letters which have touched me profoundly. You have known so much of life, both in its more external trials and in the peculiar struggles of a nature which is made twofold in its demands by the yearnings of the author as well as of the woman, that I can count on your indulgence and power of understanding my present inability to correspond by letter.

May I add my kind remembrances to your daughter to the high regard which I offer to your husband?

July 14. — Returned from Hatfield, after two days' stay.

Journal, 1869.

July 15. — Began Nisard's "History of French Literature" — Villehardouin, Joinville, Froissart, Christine de Pisan, Philippe de Comines, Villers.

July 16. — Read the articles "Phœnicia" and "Carthage" in "Ancient Geography." Looked into Jewitt's "Universal History" again for Carthaginian religion. Looked into Sismondi's "Littérature du Midi" for "Roman de la Rose;" and ran through the first chapter about the formation of the Romance languages. Read about *Thallogens* and *Acrogens* in the "Vegetable World." Read Drayton's "Nymphidia," — a

charming poem, — a few pages of his "Polyolbion." Re-read Grote, v.-vii., on Sicilian affairs, down to rise of Dionysius.

July 18. — Miss Nannie Smith came, after a long absence from England; Professor Masson and Dr. Bastian, Madame Bodichon and Dr. Payne. Some conversation about Saint Simonism, *apropos* of the meeting on Woman's Suffrage the day before, — M. Arlès Dufour being uneasy because Mill did not in his speech recognise what women owed to Saint Simon.

July 19. — Writing an introduction to "Middlemarch." I have just re-read the fifteenth Idyll of Theocritus, and have written three more sonnets. My head uneasy. We went in the afternoon to the old water-colours, finding that the exhibition was to close at the end of the week. Burne-Jones's Circe and St. George affected me by their colours more than any of the other pictures, — they are poems. In the evening read Nisard on Rabelais and Marot.

July 22. — Read Reybaud's book on "Les Réformateurs Modernes." In the afternoon Mrs. P. Taylor came, and saw Thornie, who has been more uneasy this week, and unwilling to move or come out on the lawn.

July 23. — Read Theocritus, Id. 16. Meditated characters for "Middlemarch." Mrs. F. Malleson came.

July 24. — Still not quite well and clear-headed, so that little progress is made. I read aloud Fourier and Owen, and thought of writing something about Utopists.

July 25. — Read Plato's "Republic" in various parts. After lunch Miss Nannie Smith, Miss Blythe, Mr. Burton, and Mr. Deutsch. In the evening I read Nisard, and Littré on Comte.

Aug. 1. — Since last Sunday I have had an uncomfortable week from mental and bodily disturbance. I have finished eleven sonnets on "Brother and Sister," read Littré, Nisard, part of 22d Idyll of Theocritus, Sainte-Beuve aloud to G. two evenings. Monday evening looked through Dickson's "Fallacies of the Faculty." On Tuesday afternoon we went to the British Museum to see a new bronze, and I was enchanted with some fragments of glass in the Slade collection, with dyes of sunset in them. Yesterday, sitting in Thornie's room, I read through all Shakspeare's sonnets. Poor Thornie has had a miserably unsatisfactory week, making no progress. After lunch came Miss N. Smith and Miss Blythe, Mr. Burton, Mr. and Mrs. Burne-Jones, and Mr. Sanderson.

My last words to you might appear to imply something laughably opposed to my real meaning. "Think of me only as an example" meant — an example to be avoided. It was an allusion in my mind to the servant-girl who, being arrested for theft, said to her fellow-servant, "Take example by me, Sally." With the usual caprice of language, we say, "Make an example of her," in that sense of holding up for a warning, which the poor girl and I intended.

Letter to Mrs. Congreve, 1st Aug. 1869.

Aug. 2. — Began "Middlemarch" (the Vincy and Featherstone parts).

Journal, 1869.

Aug. 5. — Thornie during the last two or three days gives much more hopeful signs: has been much more lively, with more regular appetite and quieter nights. This morning I finished the first chapter of "Middlemarch." I am reading Renouard's "History of Medicine."

Aug. 31. — We went to Weybridge, walked on St. George's Hill, and lunched with Mrs. Cross and her family.

This visit to Weybridge is a very memorable one to me, because there my own first intimacy with George Eliot began, and the bonds with my family were knitted very much closer. Mr. and Mrs. Bullock were staying with us; and my sister, who had some gift for music, had set one or two of the songs from "The Spanish Gypsy." She sang one of them, — "On through the woods, the pillared pines," — and it affected George Eliot deeply. She moved quickly to the piano, and kissed Mrs. Bullock very warmly in her tears. Mr. and Mrs. Lewes were in deep trouble, owing to the illness of Thornton Lewes; we were also in much anxiety as to the approaching confinement of my sister with her first child; and I was on the eve of departure for America. Sympathetic feelings were strong enough to overleap the barrier (often hard to pass) which separates acquaintanceship from friendship. A day did the work of years. Our visitors had come to the house as acquaintances, they left it as lifelong friends. And the sequel of that day greatly intensified the intimacy. For within a month my sister had died in childbirth, and her death called forth one of the most beautiful of George Eliot's letters. A month later Thornton Lewes died.

Journal, 1869.

Sept. 1. — I meditated characters and conditions for "Middlemarch," which stands still in the beginning of chapter iii.

Sept. 2. — We spent the morning in Hatfield Park, arriving at home again at half-past three.

Sept. 10. — I have achieved little during the last week, except reading on medical subjects — Encyclopædia about the Medical Colleges, "Cullen's Life," Russell's "Heroes of Medicine," &c. I have also read Aristophanes's "Ecclesiazusæ," and "Macbeth."

Sept. 11. — I do not feel very confident that I can make anything satisfactory of "Middlemarch." I have need to remember that other things which have been accomplished by me were begun under the same cloud. G. has been reading "Romola" again, and expresses profound admiration. This is encouraging.

Sept. 15. — George and I went to Sevenoaks for a couple of nights, and had some delicious walks.

Sept. 21. — Finished studying again Becker's "Charikles." I am reading Mandeville's Travels. As to my work, *in Stich gerathen.* Mrs. Congreve and Miss Bury came; and I asked Mrs. Congreve to get me some information about provincial hospitals, which is necessary to my imagining the conditions of my hero.

As to the Byron subject, nothing can outweigh to my mind the heavy social injury of familiarising young minds with the desecration of family ties. The discussion of the subject in newspapers, periodicals, and pamphlets is simply odious to me, and I think it a pestilence likely to leave very ugly marks. One trembles to think how easily that moral wealth may be lost which it has been the work of ages to produce in the refinement and differencing of the affectionate relations. As to the high-flown stuff which is being reproduced about Byron and his poetry, I am utterly out of sympathy with it. He seems to me the most *vulgar-minded* genius that ever produced a great effect in literature.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 21st Sept. 1869.

Sept. 22. — We went down to Watford for a change.

Journal, 1869.

Sept. 24. — Returned home this morning because of the unpromising weather. It is worth while to record my great depression of spirits, that

I may remember one more resurrection from the pit of melancholy. And yet what love is given to me! What abundance of good I possess! All my circumstances are blessed, and the defect is only in my own organism. Courage and effort!

Oct. 5. — Ever since the 28th I have been good for little, ailing in body and disabled in mind. On Sunday an interesting Russian pair came to see us, — M. and Mme. Kovilevsky: she, a pretty creature, with charming modest voice and speech, who is studying mathematics (by allowance through the aid of Kirchhoff) at Heidelberg; he, amiable and intelligent, studying the concrete sciences apparently, — especially geology; and about to go to Vienna for six months for this purpose, leaving his wife at Heidelberg!

I have begun a long-meditated poem, "The Legend of Jubal," but have not written more than twenty or thirty verses.

Oct. 13. — Yesterday Mr. W. G. Clark of Cambridge came to see us, and told of his intention to give up his oratorship and renounce his connection with the Church.

I have read rapidly through Max Müller's "History of Sanskrit Literature," and am now reading Lecky's "History of Morals." I have also finished Herbert Spencer's last number of his "Psychology." My head has been sadly feeble, and my whole body ailing of late. I have written about 100 verses of my poem. Poor Thornie seems to us in a state of growing weakness.

Oct. 19. — This evening at half-past six our dear Thornie died. He went quite peacefully. For three days he was not more than fitfully and imperfectly conscious of the things around him. He went to Natal on the 17th October, 1863, and came

back to us ill on the 8th May, 1869. Through the six months of his illness, his frank impulsive mind disclosed no trace of evil feeling. He was a sweet-natured boy, — still a boy, though he had lived for twenty-five years and a half. On the 9th of August he had an attack of paraplegia, and although he partially recovered from it, it made a marked change in him. After that he lost a great deal of his vivacity, but he suffered less pain. This death seems to me the beginning of our own.

The day after our dear boy's funeral we went into the quietest and most beautiful part of Surrey, four miles and a half from any railway station. I was very much shaken in mind and body, and nothing but the deep calm of fields and woods would have had a beneficent effect on me. We both of us felt, more than ever before, the blessedness of being in the country, and we are come back much restored. It will interest you, I think, to know that a friend of ours, Mr. W. G. Clark, the public orator at Cambridge, laid down his oratorship as a preparatory step to writing a letter to his bishop renouncing, or rather claiming to be free from, his clerical status, because he no longer believes what it presupposes him to believe. Two other men whom we know are about to renounce Cambridge fellowships on the same ground.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 15th Dec. 1869.

We shall be delighted to have you on Monday. I hope you will get your business done early enough to be by a good fire in our drawing-room before lunch. Mr. Doyle is coming to dine with us, but you will not mind that. He is a dear man, a good Catholic, full of varied sympathies and picturesque knowledge.

Letter to Mrs. Congreve, 31st Dec. 1869.

Letter to Frederic Harrison, 15th Jan. 1870.

I am moved to write to you rather by the inclination to remind you of me, than by the sense of having anything to say. On reading "The Positivist Problem"[1] a second time, I gained a stronger impression of its general value, and I also felt less jarred by the more personal part at the close. Mr. Lewes would tell you that I have an unreasonable aversion to personal statements, and when I come to like them it is usually by a hard process of *con*version. But my second reading gave me a new and very strong sense that the last two or three pages have the air of an appendix, added at some distance of time from the original writing of the article. Some more thoroughly explanatory account of your non-adhesion seems requisite as a nexus, — since the statement of your non-adhesion had to be mentioned after an argument for the system against the outer Gentile world. However, it is more important for me to say that I felt the thorough justice of your words, when, in conversation with me, you said, "I don't see why there should be any mystification: having come to a resolution after much inward debate, it is better to state the resolution." Something like that you said, and I give a hearty "Amen," praying that I may not be too apt myself to prefer the haze to the clearness. But the fact is, I shrink from decided "deliverances" on momentous subjects from the dread of coming to swear by my own "deliverances," and sinking into an insistent echo of myself. That is a horrible destiny, — and one cannot help seeing that many of the most powerful men fall into it.

Cara has told me about your republication of the

[1] An article by Mr. Frederic Harrison in the "Fortnightly Review" of November. 1869.

"Inquiry," and I have a longing to write — not intrusively I hope — just to say "thank you" for the good it does me to know of your being engaged in that act of piety to your brother's memory. I delight in the act itself, and in the satisfaction which I know you have in performing it. When I remember my own obligation to the book, I must believe that among the many new readers a cheap edition will reach, there must be minds to whom it will bring welcome light in studying the New Testament, — sober, serious help toward a conception of the past, instead of stage-lights and make-ups. And this value is, I think, independent of the opinions that might be held as to the different degrees of success in the construction of probabilities or in particular interpretations. Throughout there is the presence of grave sincerity. I would gladly have a word or two directly from yourself when you can scribble a note without feeling me a bore for wanting it. People who write many letters without being forced to do so are fathomless wonders to me, but you have a special faculty for writing such letters as one cares to read, so it is a pity that the accomplishment should lie quite unused. I wonder if you have read Emerson's new essays. I like them very much.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 16th March, 1870.

We shall leave Berlin on Tuesday, so that I must ask you to send me the much-desired news of you to Vienna, addressed to the Hon. Robert Lytton, British Embassy. We do not yet know the name of the hotel where rooms have been taken for us. Our journey has not been unfortunate hitherto. The weather has been cold and cheerless; but we expected this, and on the 1st of April the sun began to shine.

Letter to Mrs. Congreve, 3d April, 1870.

As for my *Wenigkeit*, it has never known a day of real bodily comfort since we got to Berlin; headache, sore throat, and *Schnupfen* have been alternately my companions, and have made my enjoyment very languid. But think of this as all past when you get my letter; for this morning I have a clearer head, the sun is shining, and the better time seems to be come for me. Mr. Lewes has had a good deal of satisfaction in his visits to laboratories and to the *Charité*, where he is just now gone for the third time to see more varieties of mad people, and hear more about Psychiatrie from Dr. Westphal, a quiet, unpretending little man, who seems to have been delighted with George's sympathetic interest in this (to me) hideous branch of practice. I speak with all reverence: the world can't do without hideous studies.

People have been very kind to us, and have overwhelmed us with attentions, but we have felt a little weary in the midst of our gratitude, and since my cold has become worse, we have been obliged to cut off further invitations.

We have seen many and various men and women, but except Mommsen, Bunsen, and Du Bois Reymond, hardly any whose names would be known to you. If I had been in good health, I should probably have continued to be more amused than tired of sitting on a sofa and having one person after another brought up to bow to me, and pay me the same compliment. Even as it was, I felt my heart go out to some good women who seemed really to have an affectionate feeling towards me for the sake of my books. But the sick animal longs for quiet and darkness.

The other night at Dr. Westphal's I saw a young English lady marvellously like Emily in

face, figure, and voice. I made advances to her on the strength of that external resemblance, and found it carried out in the quickness of her remarks. But new gentlemen to be introduced soon divided us. Another elegant, pretty woman there was old Boeckh's daughter. One enters on all subjects by turns in these evening parties, which are something like reading the "Conversations-Lexicon" in a nightmare. Among lighter entertainments, we have been four times to the opera, being tempted at the very beginning of our stay by Gluck, Mozart, and an opportunity of hearing Tannhäuser for the second time. Also we have enjoyed some fine orchestral concerts, which are to be had for sixpence! Berlin has been growing very fast since our former stay here, and luxury in all forms has increased so much that one only here and there gets a glimpse of the old-fashioned German housekeeping. But though later hours are becoming fashionable, the members of the Reichstag who have other business than politics complain of having to begin their sitting at eleven, ending, instead of beginning, at four, when the solid day is almost gone. We went to the Reichstag one morning, and were so fortunate as to hear Bismarck speak. But the question was one of currency, and his speech was merely a brief winding up.

Now I shall think that I have earned a letter telling me all about you. May there be nothing but good to tell of! Pray give my best love to Emily, and my earnest wishes to Dr. Congreve, that he may have satisfaction in new work.

I gladly and gratefully keep the portrait.[1] For my own part, I should have said, without hesita-

[1] Portrait of Charles Hennell.

tion, " prefix it to the ' Inquiry.' " One must not be unreasonable about portraits. How can a thing which is always the same be an adequate representation of a living being who is always varying, — especially of a living being who is sensitive, bright, many-sided, as your brother was? But I think the impression which this portrait gives excites interest. I am often sorry for people who lose half their possible good in the world by being more alive to deficiencies than to positive merits.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 18th May, 1870.

I like to know that you have felt in common with me while you read " Jubal." Curiously enough, Mr. Lewes, when I first read it to him, made just the remark you make about the scene of Jubal coming with the Lyre. We laughed at Mr. Bray's sharp criticism. Tell him it is not the fashion for authors ever to be in the wrong. They have always justifying reasons. But also it is the fashion for critics to know everything, so that the authors don't think it needful to tell their reasons.

May 20. — I am fond of my little old book in which I have recorded so many changes, and shall take to writing in it again. It will perhaps last me all through the life that is left to me. Since I wrote in it last, the day after Thornie's death, the chief epochs have been our stay at Limpsfield, in Surrey, till near the beginning of December; my writing of " Jubal," which I finished on the 13th of January; the publication of the poem in the May number of " Macmillan's Magazine;" and our journey to Berlin and Vienna, from which we returned on the 6th of this month, after an absence of eight weeks. This is a fortnight ago, and little has been done by me in the interim. My health is in an uncomfortable

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state, and I seem to be all the weaker for the continual depression produced by cold and sore throat, which stretched itself all through our long journey. These small bodily grievances make life less desirable to me, though every one of my best blessings — my one perfect love, and the sympathy shown towards me for the sake of my works and the personal regard of a few friends — have become much intensified in these latter days. I am not hopeful about future work. I am languid, and my novel languishes too. But to-morrow may be better than to-day.

May 25. — We started for Oxford, where we were to stay with the Rector of Lincoln and his wife. After luncheon G. and I walked alone through the town, which, on this first view, was rather disappointing to me. Presently we turned through Christ Church into the meadows, and walked along by the river. This was beautiful to my heart's content. The buttercups and hawthorns were in their glory, the chestnuts still in sufficiently untarnished bloom, and the grand elms made a border towards the town. After tea we went with Mrs. Pattison and the Rector to the croquet ground near the Museum. On our way we saw Sir Benjamin Brodie, and on the ground Professor Rawlinson, the "narrow-headed man;" Mrs. Thursfield, and her son, who is a Fellow (I think of Jesus); Miss Arnold, daughter of Mr. Thomas Arnold, and Professor Phillips, the geologist. At supper we had Mr. Bywater and Miss Arnold, and in chat with them the evening was passed.

May 26. — G. and I went to the Museum, and had an interesting morning with Dr. Rolleston, who dissected a brain for me. After lunch we went again to the Museum, and spent the after-

noon with Sir Benjamin Brodie seeing various objects in his laboratories, — amongst others, the method by which weighing has been superseded in delicate matters by *measuring* in a graduated glass tube. Afterwards Mrs. Pattison took me a drive in her little pony carriage round by their country refuge, the Firs, Haddington, and by Littlemore, where I saw J. H. Newman's little conventual dwelling. Returning, we had a fine view of the Oxford towers. To supper came Sir Benjamin and Lady Brodie.

May 27. — In the morning we walked to see the two Martyrs' Memorial, and then to Sir Benjamin Brodie's pretty place near the river and bridge. Close by their grounds is the original ford whence the place took its name. The Miss Gaskells were staying with them, and after chatting some time, we two walked with Sir Benjamin to New College, where we saw the gardens surrounded by the old city wall; the chapel where William of Wykeham's crozier is kept; and the cloisters, which are fine but gloomy, and less beautiful than those of Magdalen, which we saw in our walk on Thursday before going to the Museum. After lunch we went to the Bodleian, and then to the Sheldonian Theatre, where there was a meeting *apropos* of Palestine Exploration. Captain Warren, conductor of the Exploration at Jerusalem, read a paper; and then Mr. Deutsch gave an account of the interpretation, as hitherto arrived at, of the Moabite Stone. I saw squeezes of this stone for the first time, with photographs taken from the squeezes. After tea, Mrs. Thursfield kindly took us to see a boat race. We saw it from the Oriel barge, under the escort of Mr. Creighton, Fellow of Merton, who, on our return, took us through the lovely

gardens of his college. At supper were Mr. Jowett, Professor Henry Smith, and Miss Smith, his sister, Mr. Fowler, author of "Deductive Logic," &c.

May 28. — After a walk to St. John's College, we started by the train for London, and arrived at home about two o'clock.

May 29. — Mr. Spencer, Mrs. Burne-Jones, and Mr. Crompton came. I read aloud No. 3 of "Edwin Drood."

May 30. — We went to see the autotypes of Michael Angelo's frescos at 36 Rathbone Place. I began Grove on the "Correlation of the Physical Forces," — needing to read it again — with new interest, after the lapse of years.

Dr. Reynolds advises Mr. Lewes to leave London again, and go to the bracing air of the Yorkshire coast. I said that we should be here till the beginning of August, but the internal order proposes and the external order disposes, — if we are to be so priggish as to alter all our old proverbs into agreement with new formulas! Dickens's death came as a great shock to us. He lunched with us just before we went abroad, and was telling us a story of President Lincoln having told the Council, on the day he was shot, that something remarkable would happen, because he had just dreamt, for the third time, a dream which twice before had preceded events momentous to the nation. The dream was that he was in a boat on a great river, all alone, and he ended with the words, — "I drift — I drift — I drift." Dickens told this very finely. I thought him looking dreadfully shattered then. It is probable that he never recovered from the effect of the terrible railway accident.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 13th June, 1870.

Letter to Madame Bodichon, 23d June, 1870, from Cromer.

We have been driven away from home again by the state of Mr. Lewes's health. Dr. Reynolds recommended the Yorkshire coast; but we wanted to know Cromer, and so we came here first, for the sake of variety. To me the most desirable thing just now seems to be to have one home, and stay there till death comes to take me away. I get more and more disinclined to the perpetual makeshifts of a migratory life, and care more and more for the order and habitual objects of home. However, there are many in the world whose whole existence is a makeshift, and perhaps the formula which would fit the largest number of lives is "a doing without, more or less patiently." The air just now is not very invigorating anywhere, I imagine, and one begins to be very anxious about the nation generally, on account of the threatening drought.

Letter to the Hon. Mrs. Robert Lytton[1] (now Lady Lytton), 8th July, 1870, from Harrogate.

I did not like to write to you until Mr. Lytton sent word that I might do so, because I had not the intimate knowledge that would have enabled me to measure your trouble; and one dreads of all things to speak or write a wrong or unseasonable word when words are the only signs of interest and sympathy that one has to give. I know now, from what your dear husband has told us, that your loss is very keenly felt by you, — that it has first made you acquainted with acute grief, and this makes me think of you very much. For learning to love any one is like an increase of property, — it increases care, and brings many new fears lest precious things should come to harm. I find myself often thinking of you with

[1] Written after the death of Lord Clarendon, who, Lady Lytton tells me, had been like a father to her.

that sort of proprietor's anxiety, wanting you to have gentle weather all through your life, so that your face may never look worn and storm-beaten, and wanting your husband to be and do the very best, lest anything short of that should be disappointment to you. At present the thought of you is all the more with me, because your trouble has been brought by death; and for nearly a year death seems to me my most intimate daily companion. I mingle the thought of it with every other, not sadly, but as one mingles the thought of some one who is nearest in love and duty with all one's motives. I try to delight in the sunshine that will be when I shall never see it any more. And I think it is possible for this sort of impersonal life to attain great intensity, — possible for us to gain much more independence than is usually believed of the small bundle of facts that make our own personality. I don't know why I should say this to you, except that my pen is chatting as my tongue would if you were here. We women are always in danger of living too exclusively in the affections; and though our affections are perhaps the best gifts we have, we ought also to have our share of the more independent life, — some joy in things for their own sake. It is piteous to see the helplessness of some sweet women when their affections are disappointed, — because all their teaching has been, that they can only delight in study of any kind for the sake of a personal love. They have never contemplated an independent delight in ideas as an experience which they could confess without being laughed at. Yet surely women need this sort of defence against passionate affliction even more than men. Just under the pressure of grief, I do not believe there is any

consolation. The word seems to me to be drapery for falsities. Sorrow must be sorrow, ill must be ill, till duty and love towards all who remain recover their rightful predominance. Your life is so full of those claims that you will not have time for brooding over the unchangeable. Do not spend any of your valuable time now in writing to me, but be satisfied with sending me news of you through Mr. Lytton when he has occasion to write to Mr. Lewes.

Letter to the Hon. Mrs. Robert Lytton, 8th July, 1870.

I have lately finished reading aloud Mendelssohn's "Letters," which we had often resolved and failed to read before. They have been quite cheering to us, from the sense they give of communion with an eminently pure, refined nature, with the most rigorous conscience in art. In the evening we have always a concert to listen to, — a concert of modest pretensions, but well conducted enough to be agreeable.

I hope this letter of chit-chat will not reach you at a wrong moment. In any case, forgive all mistakes on the part of one who is always yours sincerely and affectionately.

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Aug. 4. — Two months have been spent since the last record. Their result is not rich, for we have been sent wandering again by G.'s want of health. On the 15th June we went to Cromer, on the 30th to Harrogate, and on the 18th July to Whitby, where Mrs. Burne-Jones also arrived on the same day. On Monday, August 1, we came home again for a week only, having arranged to go to Limpsfield next Monday. To-day, under much depression, I begin a little dramatic poem,[1] the subject of which engaged my interest at Harrogate.

We too, you see, have come back to a well-tried

[1] "Armgart."

refuge, — the same place that soothed us in our troubles last October, — and we especially delight in this deep country after the fuss which belongs even to quiet watering-places, such as Cromer, Harrogate, and Whitby, which are, after all, "alleys where the gentle folks live." We are excited, even among the still woods and fields, by the vicissitudes of the war, and chiefly concerned because we cannot succeed in getting the day's "Times." We have entered into the period which will be marked in future historical charts as "The period of German ascendancy." But how saddening to think of the iniquities that the great harvest moon is looking down on! I am less grieved for the bloodshed than for the hateful trust in lies which is continually disclosed. Meanwhile Jowett's "Translation of Plato" is being prepared for publication, and he has kindly sent us the sheets of one volume. So I pass from discussions of French lying and the Nemesis that awaits it, to discussions about rhetorical lying at Athens in the fourth century before Christ. The translations and introductions to the Dialogues seem to be charmingly done.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 12th Aug. 1870.

We shall return to town on Monday, various small reasons concurring to make us resolve on quitting this earthly paradise. I am very sorry for the sufferings of the French nation; but I think these sufferings are better for the moral welfare of the people than victory would have been. The war has been drawn down on them by an iniquitous Government; but in a great proportion of the French people there has been nourished a wicked glorification of selfish pride, which, like all other conceit, is a sort of stupidity, excluding any true

Letter to Madame Bodichon, 25th Aug. 1870.

conception of what lies outside their own vain wishes. The Germans, it seems, were expected to stand like toy-soldiers for the French to knock them down. It is quite true that the war is in some respects the conflict of two differing forms of civilisation. But whatever charm we may see in the Southern Latin races, this ought not to blind us to the great contributions which the German energies have made in all sorts of ways to the common treasure of mankind. And who that has any spirit of justice can help sympathising with them in their grand repulse of the French project to invade and divide them? If I were a Frenchwoman, much as I might wail over French sufferings, I cannot help believing that I should detest the French talk about the "Prussians." They wanted to throttle the electric eel for their own purposes.

But I imagine that you and the doctor would not find us in much disagreement with you in these matters. One thing that is pleasant to think of is the effort made everywhere to help the wounded.

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Oct. 27. — On Monday the 8th August we went to our favourite Surrey retreat, — Limpsfield, — and enjoyed three weeks there reading and walking together. The weather was perfect, and the place seemed more lovely to us than before. Aloud I read the concluding part of Walter Scott's life, which we had begun at Harrogate; two volumes of Froude's "History of England," and Comte's "Correspondence with Valat." We returned on Monday the 29th.

During our stay at Limpsfield I wrote the greater part of "Armgart," and finished it at intervals during September. Since then I have been continually suffering from headache and depres-

sion, with almost total despair of future work. I look into this little book now to assure myself that this is not unprecedented.

Yesterday, for the first time we went to hear A. (a popular preacher). I remembered what you had said about his vulgar, false emphasis; but there remained the fact of his celebrity. I was glad of the opportunity. But my impressions fell below the lowest judgment I ever heard passed upon him. He has the gift of a fine voice, very flexible and various; he is admirably fluent and clear in his language, and every now and then his enunciation is effective. But I never heard any pulpit reading and speaking which, in its level tone, was more utterly common and empty of guiding intelligence or emotion: it was as if the words had been learned by heart and uttered without comprehension by a man who had no instinct of rhythm or music in his soul. And the doctrine! It was a libel on Calvinism that it should be presented in such a form. I never heard any attempt to exhibit the soul's experience that was more destitute of insight. The sermon was against Fear, in the elect Christian, as being a distrust of God; but never once did he touch the true ground of fear, — the doubt whether the signs of God's choice are present in the soul. We had plenty of anecdotes, but they were all poor and pointless, — Tract Society anecdotes of the feeblest kind. It was the most superficial grocer's-back-parlour view of Calvinistic Christianity; and I was shocked to find how low the mental pitch of our society must be, judged by the standard of this man's celebrity.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 18th Nov. 1870, from the Priory.

Mr. Lewes was struck with some of his tones as good actor's tones, and was not so wroth as I was.

But just now, with all Europe stirred by events that make every conscience tremble after some great principle as a consolation and guide, it was too exasperating to sit and listen to doctrine that seemed to look no farther than the retail Christian's tea and muffins. He said, "Let us approach the throne of God," very much as he might have invited you to take a chair; and then followed this fine touch, — "We feel no love to God because He hears the prayers of others: it is because He hears *my* prayer that I love Him."

You see I am relieving myself by pouring out my disgust to you. Oh, how short life — how near death — seems to me! But this is not an uncheerful thought. The only great dread is the protraction of life into imbecility or the visitation of lingering pain. That seems to me the insurmountable calamity, though there is an ignorant affectation in many people of underrating what they call bodily suffering. I systematically abstain from correspondence, yet the number of acquaintances and consequent little appeals so constantly increases that I often find myself inwardly rebelling against the amount of note-writing that I cannot avoid. Have the great events of these months interfered with your freedom of spirit in writing? One has to dwell continually on the permanent, growing influence of ideas in spite of temporary reactions, however violent, in order to get courage and perseverance for any work which lies aloof from the immediate wants of society. You remember Goethe's contempt for the Revolution of '30 compared with the researches on the Vertebrate Structure of the Skull? "My good friend, I was not thinking of those people." But the changes we are seeing cannot be doffed aside in that way.

Lying awake early in the morning, according to a bad practice of mine, I was visited with much compunction and self-disgust that I had ever said a word to you about the faults of a friend whose good qualities are made the more sacred by the endurance his lot has in many ways demanded. I think you may fairly set down a full half of any alleged grievances to my own susceptibility, and other faults of mine which necessarily call forth less agreeable manifestations from others than as many virtues would do, if I had them. I trust to your good sense to have judged well in spite of my errors in the presentation of any matter. But I wish to protest against myself, that I may, as much as possible, cut off the temptation to what I should like utterly to purify myself from for the few remaining years of my life, — the disposition to dwell for a moment on the faults of a friend.

Letter to Madame Bodichon, Nov. 1870.

Tell the flower and fern giver, whoever it may be, that some strength comes to me this morning from the pretty proof of sympathy.

I have it on my conscience that I may not have given you a clear impression of my wishes about the poor pensioner who was in question between us to-day, so I write at once to secure us both against a possible misunderstanding. I would rather not apply any more money in that direction, because I know of other channels — especially a plan which is being energetically carried out for helping a considerable group of people without almsgiving, and solely by inducing them to work — into which I shall be glad to pour a little more aid.[1] The repugnance

Letter to Mrs. Congreve, 2d Dec. 1870.

[1] Walmer Street Industrial Experiment, tried by Canon Fremantle under Miss Octavia Hill's supervision.

to have relief from the parish was a feeling which it was good to encourage in the old days of contra-encouragement to sturdy pauperism; but I question whether one ought now to indulge it, and not rather point out the reasons why, in a case of real helplessness, there is no indignity in receiving from a public fund.

After you had left me, it rang in my ears that I had spoken of my greater cheerfulness as due to a reduced anxiety about myself and my doings, and had not seemed to recognise that the deficit or evil in other lives could be a cause of depression. I was not really so ludicrously selfish while dressing myself up in the costume of unselfishness. But my strong egoism has caused me so much melancholy, which is traceable simply to a fastidious yet hungry ambition, that I am relieved by the comparative quietude of personal cravings which age is bringing. That is the utmost I have to boast of, and really to be cheerful in these times could only be a virtue in the sense in which it was felt to be so by the old Romans, when they thanked their general for not despairing of the Republic.

I have been reading aloud to Mr. Lewes this evening Mr. Harrison's article on Bismarckism, which made me cry, — it is in some passages movingly eloquent.

Dec. 2. — I am experimenting in a story ("Miss Brooke") which I began without any very serious intention of carrying it out lengthily. It is a subject which has been recorded among my possible themes ever since I began to write fiction, but will probably take new shapes in the development. I am to-day at p. 44. I am reading Wolf's "Prolegomena to Homer." In the evening aloud "Wilhelm Meister" again!

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Dec. 10. — George's mother died this morning quite peacefully as she sat in her chair.

Dec. 17. — Reading "Quintus Fixlein" aloud to G. in the evening. Grote on Sicilian history.

Dec. 31. — On Wednesday the 21st we went to Ryde to see Madame Bodichon at Swanmore Parsonage, a house which she had taken for two months. We had a pleasant and healthy visit, walking much in the frosty air. On Christmas Day I went with her to the Ritualist Church which is attached to the parsonage, and heard some excellent intoning by the delicate-faced, tenor-voiced clergyman. On Wednesday last, the 28th, Barbara came up to town with us. We found the cold here more severe than at Ryde; and the papers tell us of still harder weather about Paris, where our fellow-men are suffering and inflicting horrors.

Here is the last day of 1870. I have written only 100 pages — good printed pages — of a story which I began about the opening of November, and at present mean to call "Miss Brooke." Poetry halts just now.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 2d Jan. 1871.

We spent our Christmas in the Isle of Wight, and on Christmas Day I went to a Ritualist Church, and heard some fine intoning of the service by a clear, strong, tenor voice, sweet singing from boys' throats, and all sorts of Catholic ceremonial in a miniature way.

It is good to see what our neighbours are doing. To live in seclusion with one's own thoughts is apt to give one very false notions as to the possibilities of the present time in the matter of conversion either to superstition or anti-superstition.

In this cruel time, I no sooner hear of an afflic-

tion than I see it multiplied in some one of the endless forms of suffering created by this hellish war. In the beginning I could feel entirely with the Germans, and could say of that calamity called "victory" — I am glad. But now I can be glad of nothing. No people can carry on a long fierce war without being brutalised by it, more or less, and it pains me that the educated voices have not a higher moral tone about national and international duties and prospects. But, like every one else, I feel that the war is too much with me, and am rather anxious to avoid unwise speech about it than to utter what may seem to me to be wisdom. The pain is, that one can *do* so little.

I have not read "Sir Harry Hotspur," but as to your general question, I reply that there certainly are some women who love in that way, but "their sex as well as I may chide them for it." Men are very fond of glorifying that sort of dog-like attachment. It is one thing to love because you falsely imagine goodness, — that belongs to the finest natures, — and another to go on loving when you have found out your mistake. But married constancy is a different affair. I have seen a grandly heroic woman who, out of her view as to the responsibilities of the married relation, condoned everything, took her drunken husband to her home again, and at last nursed and watched him into penitence and decency. But there may be two opinions even about this sort of endurance, —*i. e.*, about its ultimate tendency, not about the beauty of nature which prompts it. This is quite distinct from mere animal constancy. It is duty and human pity.

I write to say God bless you for your letter to

the "Times" of this morning. It contains the best expression of right principle — I was almost ready to say, the only good sensible words — that I have yet seen on the actual state of things between the Germans and the French.

Letter to Colonel Hamley (now General Sir Edward Hamley), 24th Jan. 1871.

You will not pause, I trust, but go on doing what can be done only by one who is at once a soldier, a writer, and a clear-headed man of principle.

I had a great longing to hear from you, and I confess I had almost suspected you of having ceased to think of me.

Letter to M. D'Albert, 27th Jan. 1871.

That was an unworthy suspicion, for since I had not ceased to think of you, I had the best reason for trusting in your faithful kindness as greater than my own. It is unspeakably sweet to me to have some intimation of what you and dear Madame D'Albert have been feeling and doing in these late months. Seventy-one! I imagine how beautifully venerable she must look now. Is it not nearly ten years since I saw her, with her fine figure as firm and upright as ever? I bless her from my heart. She is one of the sweet memories of my life. This war has been a personal sorrow to every human creature with any sympathy, who has been within reach of hearing about it, still more to those who have gone out to see and help the sufferers. Several of our friends have been among these latter. But even we who have stayed at home have seen as well as heard the effects of the great calamity, for the French who are among us are many of them half or wholly ruined. Last Sunday we had the eminent *paysagiste* D'Aubigny to see us, — a grave, amiable, simple-mannered man. His house on the Loire, full of

his own painting and all family memories, has been completely destroyed. He is now lodging with his parents in small lodgings at Kensington. This is but a mild sample of the myriad sorrows produced by the regression of barbarism from that historical tomb where we thought it so picturesquely buried, — if indeed we ought not to beg pardon of barbarism, which had no weapons for making eight wounds at once in our body, and rather call the present warfare that of the devil and all his legions. Enough! I like better to think how Madame D'Albert would exert herself in all helpfulness as long as she had strength to do it.

Journal, 1871.

March 19 (Sunday). — It is grievous to me how little, from one cause or other, chiefly languor and occasionally positive ailments, I manage to get done. I have written about 236 pages (print) of my novel, which I want to get off my hands by next November. My present fear is that I have too much matter, — too many *momenti.*

Letter to Mrs. Bray, 3d April, 1871.

I happened to-day to be talking to a very sweet-faced woman (the sister of Dr. Bridges, whom I think you know something of), and she mentioned, *apropos* of educating children in the love of animals, that she had felt the want of some good little book as a help in this matter. I told her of yours, and when I said that it was written by Mrs. Bray, the author of "Physiology for Schools," she said, "Oh, I know that book well." I have made her a present of my copy of "Duty to Animals," feeling that this was a good quarter in which to plant that offset. For she had been telling me of her practical interest in the infant and other schools in Suffolk, where she lives. We have had a great pleasure to-day in

learning that our friend Miss Bury is engaged to be married to Mr. Geddes, a Scotch gentleman. There is a streak of sadness for her family in the fact that she is to go to India with her husband next November, but all else is bright in her prospect. It is very sweet to see, and think of, the happiness of the young. I am scribbling with an infirm head, at the end of the day, just for the sake of letting you know one proof, in addition doubtless to many others which you have already had, that your pretty little book is likely to supply a want.

We are very much obliged to you for your kind methodical thoughtfulness as to all which is necessary for our accommodation at Brookbank, and also for your hints about the points of beauty to be sought for in our walks. That "sense of standing on a round world," which you speak of, is precisely what I most care for amongst out-of-door delights. The last time I had it fully was at St. Märgen, near Freiburg, on green hill-tops, whence we could see the Rhine and poor France.

Letter to Mrs. Gilchrist, 19th April, 1871.

The garden has been, and is being, attended to, and I trust that we shall not find the commissariat unendurable.

It seems like a resurrection of a buried-alive friendship once more to have a letter from you. Welcome back from your absorption in the Franchise! Somebody else ought to have your share of work now, and you ought to rest.

Letter to Mrs. Peter Taylor, 6th June, 1871.

Ever since the 1st of May we have been living in this queer cottage, which belongs to Mrs. Gilchrist, wife of the Gilchrist who wrote the life of William Blake the artist. We have a ravishing

country round us, and pure air and water — in short, all the conditions of health, if the east wind were away. We have old prints for our dumb companions, — charming children of Sir Joshua's, and large hatted ladies of his and Romney's. I read aloud — almost all the evening — books of German science, and other gravities. So you see we are like two secluded owls, wise with unfashionable wisdom, and knowing nothing of pictures and French plays. I confess that I should have gone often to see Got act, if I had been in town; he is so really great as an actor. And yet one is ashamed of seeking amusement in connection with anything that belongs to poor unhappy France. I am saved from the shame by being safely shut out from the amusement.

Letter to Madame Bodichon, 17th June, 1871.

How about Madame Mohl and her husband? I have been wondering through all the horrors whether M. Mohl had returned to Paris, and whether their house, containing too probably the results of much studious work, lies buried among ruins. But I will not further recall the sorrows in that direction.

I am glad to see the words, "very satisfactory," in connection with the visit to Hitchin and Cambridge. Ely Cathedral I saw last year, but too cursorily. It has more of the massive grandeur that one adores in Le Mans and Chartres than most of our English cathedrals, — though I am ready to recall the comparison as preposterous.

I don't know how long we shall stay here, — perhaps, more or less, till the end of August; for I have given up the idea of going to the Scott Festival at Edinburgh, to which I had accepted an invitation. The fatigue of the long journey,

with the crowd at the end, would be too much for me.

Let us know beforehand when you are about coming.

George is gloriously well and studying, writing, walking, eating, and sleeping with equal vigour. He is enjoying the life here immensely. Our country could hardly be surpassed in its particular kind of beauty, — perpetual undulation of heath and copse, and clear views of hurrying water, with here and there a grand pine wood, steep wood-clothed promontories, and gleaming pools.

If you want delightful reading, get Lowell's "My Study Windows," and read the essays called "My Garden Acquaintances" and "Winter."

Get the volumes of a very cheap publication, — the "Deutscher Novellenschatz." Some of the tales are remarkably fine. I am reading aloud the last three volumes, which are even better than the others. I have just been so deeply interested in one of the stories — "Diethelm von Buchenberg" — that I want everybody to have the same pleasure who can read German.

We are greatly obliged to you for the trouble you have so sympathetically taken on our behalf, and we shall prepare to quit our quiet shelter on Wednesday the 2d of August. During the first weeks of our stay I did not imagine that I should ever be so fond of the place as I am now. The departure of the bitter winds, some improvement in my health, and the gradual revelation of fresh and fresh beauties in the scenery, especially under a hopeful sky such as we have sometimes had, — all these conditions have made me love our little world here, and wish not to quit it until we can settle in our London home.

Letter to Mrs. Gilchrist, 3d July, 1871.

I have the regret of thinking that it was my original indifference about it (I hardly ever like things until they are familiar) that hindered us from securing the cottage until the end of September, for the chance of coming to it again after a temporary absence. But all regrets ought to be merged in thankfulness for the agreeable weeks we have had, and probably shall have till the end of July. And amongst the virtues of Brookbank, we shall always reckon this, — that our correspondence about it has been with you rather than with any one else, so that along with the country we have had a glimpse of your ready, quick-thoughted kindness.

Letter to Mrs. Congreve, 13th July, 1871.

One word to you in response to Emily's note, which comes to me this morning, and lets me know that by this time she is probably in the last hours of her unmarried life. My thoughts and love and tender anxiety are with her and with all of you. When you receive this she will, I suppose, be far away, and it is of little consequence that I can make no new sign to her of my joy in her joy.

For the next few weeks my anxiety will be concentrated on you and yours at Yarmouth. Pray, when your mind and body are sufficiently free from absorbing occupation, remember my need of news about you, and write to me. The other day I seemed to get a glimpse of you through Mrs. Call, who told me that you looked like a new creature, — so much stronger than you were wont; and she told me of Dr. Congreve's address at the school, which raised my keenest sympathy, and made me feel myself a very helpless friend.

Please give my love to the children, and tell Sophy especially, that I think her happy in this, —

that there is a place made for all the effort of her young life to fill it with something like the goodness and brightness which she has known and has just now to part with. I expect her to be your guardian angel, perhaps in a new way, — namely, in saving you from some fatigue about details.

I still feel that I owe you my thanks for your kind letter, although Mr. Lewes undertook to deliver them in the first instance. You certainly made a seat at the Commemoration table [1] look more tempting to me than it had done before; but I think that prudence advises me to abstain from the fatigue and excitement of a long railway journey, with a great gathering at the end of it. If there is a chance that "Middlemarch" will be good for anything, I don't want to break down and die without finishing it. And whatever "the tow on my distaff" may be, my strength to unwind it has not been abundant lately.

Letter to John Blackwood, 15th July, 1871.

Apropos of bodily prosperity, I am sincerely rejoiced to know, by your postscript this morning, that Mr. Simpson is recovered. I hope he will not object to my considering him a good friend of mine, though it is so long since I saw him. The blank that is left when thorough workers like him are disabled is felt not only near at hand, but a great way off. I often say — after the fashion of people who are getting older — that the capacity for good work, of the kind that goes on without trumpets, is diminishing in the world.

The continuous absence of sunshine is depressing in every way, and makes one fear for the harvest, and so grave a fear that one is ashamed of

[1] Scott Commemoration.

mentioning one's private dreariness. You cannot play golf in the rain, and I cannot feel hopeful without the sunlight; but I daresay you work all the more, whereas when my spirits flag my work flags too.

I should have liked to see Principal Tulloch again, and to have made the acquaintance of Captain Lockhart, whose writing is so jaunty and cheery, yet so thoroughly refined in feeling. Perhaps I may still have this pleasure in town, when he comes up at the same time with you. Please give my kind regards to Mr. William Blackwood.

Letter to John Blackwood, 24th July, 1871.

Thanks for the prompt return of the MS., which arrived this morning.

I don't see how I can leave anything out, because I hope there is nothing that will be seen to be irrelevant to my design, which is to show the gradual action of ordinary causes rather than exceptional, and to show this in some directions which have not been from time immemorial the beaten path,—the Cremorne walks and shows of fiction. But the best intentions are good for nothing until execution has justified them. And you know I am always compassed about with fears. I am in danger in all my designs of parodying dear Goldsmith's satire on Burke, and think of refining when novel-readers only think of skipping.

We are obliged to turn out of this queer cottage next week; but we have been fortunate enough to get the more comfortable house on the other side of the road, so that we can move without any trouble. Thus our address will continue to be the same until the end of August.

Tennyson, who is one of the "hill-folk" about here, has found us out.

Letter to the Hon. Mrs. Robert Lytton[1] (now Lady Lytton), 25th July, 1871.

This morning your husband's letter came to us, but if I did not know that it would be nearly a week before any words of mine could reach you, I should abstain from writing just yet, feeling that in the first days of sorrowing it is better to keep silence. For a long while after a great bereavement our only companionship is with the lost one. Yet I hope it will not be without good to you to have signs of love from your friends, and to be reminded that you have a home in their affections, which is made larger for you by your trouble. For weeks my thought has been continually going out to you, and the absence of news has made me so fearful that I have mourned beforehand. I have been feeling that probably you were undergoing the bitterest grief you had ever known. But under the heart-stroke, is there anything better than to grieve? — Strength will come back for the duty and the fellowship which gradually bring new contentments, but at first there is no joy to be desired that would displace sorrow.

What is better than to love and live with the loved? — But that must sometimes bring us to live with the dead; and this too turns at last into a very tranquil and sweet tie, safe from change and injury.

You see, I make myself a warrant out of my regard for you, to write as if we had long been near each other. And I cannot help wishing that we were physically nearer, — that you were not on the other side of Europe. We shall trust in Mr. Lytton's kindness to let us hear of you by-and-by. But you must never write except to satisfy your own longing. May all true help surround you,

[1] Written just before the death of Mrs. Lytton's eldest boy.

dear Mrs. Lytton, and whenever you can think of me, believe in me as yours with sincere affection.

Letter to Miss Mary Cross, 31st July, 1871.

I read your touching story [1] aloud yesterday to Mr. Lewes, and we both cried over it. Your brother wrote to me that you had doubts about giving your name. My faith is, that signature is right in the absence of weighty special reasons against it.

We think of you all very often, and feel ourselves much the richer for having a whole dear family to reckon among our friends. We are to stay here till the end of the month. When the trees are yellow, I hope you will be coming to see us in St. John's Wood. How little like the woods we have around us! I suppose Weybridge is more agreeable than other places at present, if it has any of its extra warmth in this arctic season.

Our best love, to your dear mother supremely, and then to all.

Letter to Mrs. Peter Taylor, 2d Aug. 1871.

I always say that those people are the happiest who have a peremptory reason for staying in one place rather than another. Else I should be sorry for you that you are kept in London, — by Parliamentary business, of course.

There is sunshine over our fields now, but the thermometer is only 64° in the house; and in the warmest part of the day I, having a talent for being cold, sit shivering, sometimes even with a warm water-bottle at my feet. I wonder if you went to the French plays to see the supreme Got. That is a refined pleasure which I enjoyed so much in Paris a few years ago, that I was sorry to be out of reach of it this spring.

About the Crystal Palace music, I remember

[1] "Marie of Villefranche," — "Macmillan's Magazine," August, 1871.

feeling just what you mention, — the sublime effect of the Handel choruses, and the total futility of the solos.

Thanks for your little picture of things. Eminently acceptable in place of vague conjectures. I am a bitter enemy to make-believe about the human lot, but I think there is a true alleviation of distress in thinking of the intense enjoyment which accompanies a spontaneous, confident, intellectual activity. This may not be a counterpoise to the existing evils, but it is at least a share of mortal good, and good of an exquisite kind.

Letter to Mrs. Bray, 3d Aug. 1871.

Are you not happy in the long-wished-for sunshine? I have a pretty lawn before me, with hills in the background. The train rushes by every now and then to make one more glad of the usual silence.

A good man writes to me from Scotland this morning, asking me if he is not right in pronouncing Romŏla, in defiance of the world around him (not a large world, I hope) who *will* say Romōla. Such is correspondence in these days; so that quantity is magnificent *en gros* but shabby *en détail*, — *i. e.*, in single letters like this.

You have been rightly inspired in pronouncing Romŏla, and in conceiving Romŏla as the Italian equivalent of Romulus. I can assure you that the Italians say Romŏlo, and consequently Romŏla. The music of the name is quite lost in the painful quantity Romōla. So pray go on defying an evil custom — if custom it be.

Letter to Alex. Main,[1] 3d Aug. 1871.

I am touched by the sympathy you express with

[1] The collector of the "Wise, Witty, and Tender Sayings, in Prose and Verse: Selected from the Works of George Eliot."

a book ("Romola") which was an intense occupation of my feeling as well as thought for three years before it was completed in print.

The general ignorance of old Florentine literature, and the false conceptions of Italy bred by idle travelling (with the sort of culture which combines Shakspeare and the musical glasses), have caused many parts of "Romola" to be entirely misunderstood, — the scene of the quack doctor and the monkey, for example, which is a specimen, not of humuor as I relish it, but of the practical joking which was the amusement of the gravest old Florentines, and without which no conception of them would be historical. The whole piquancy of the scene in question was intended to lie in the antithesis between the puerility which stood for wit and humour in the old Republic, and the majesty of its front in graver matters.

I suppose that our beloved Walter Scott's imagination was under the influence of a like historical need when he represented the chase of the false herald in "Quentin Durward" as a joke which made Louis XI. and Charles of Burgundy laugh even to tears, and turned their new political amity into a genuine fellowship of buffoonery.

I like to tell you that my worship for Scott is peculiar. I began to read him when I was seven years old; and afterwards, when I was grown-up and living alone with my father, I was able to make the evenings cheerful for him during the last five or six years of his life by reading aloud to him Scott's novels. No other writer would serve as a substitute for Scott, and my life at that time would have been much more difficult without

Letter to Alex. Main, 9th Aug. 1871.

him. It is a personal grief, a heart-wound to me, when I hear a depreciatory or slighting word about Scott.

We shall stay here only till the end of this month, — at least I have no hope that our *propriétaires* will be induced to protract their absence; and if the lingering smell of paint does not drive us away from The Priory again, we expect to stay there from the first of September, without projects of travel for many, many months.

Letter to Mrs. Congreve, 14th Aug. 1871.

We enjoy our roomy house and pretty lawn greatly. Imagine me seated near a window, opening under a verandah, with flower-beds and lawn and pretty hills in sight, my feet on a warm water-bottle, and my writing on my knees. In that attitude my mornings are passed. We dine at two; and at four, when the tea comes in, I begin to read aloud. About six or half-past we walk to the commons and see the great sky over our head. At eight we are usually in the house again, and fill our evening with physics, chemistry, or other wisdom if our heads are at par; if not, we take to folly, in the shape of Alfred de Musset's poems, or something akin to them.

Perhaps you do not imagine me as a writer who suffers much from self-distrust and despondency. If I had not had a husband who is not only sympathetic, but so sagacious in criticism that I can rely on his pleasure in my writing as a satisfactory test, it would be difficult for me to bring myself into print, especially as I have the conviction that excessive literary production is a social offence.

Letter to Alex. Main, 11th Sept. 1871.

These facts will help you to believe that your letters have been a cup of strength to me.

Letter to M. D'Albert, 13th Sept. 1871.

Your letters are always delightful to me, because I imagine you speaking while I read them: you have that power of easy description and narration in your letters and your talk which is exceedingly rare among us English. We are for the most part hesitating, clumsy talkers, and our letters are either curt or laboured.

You must know that I am very busy now, preparing a long, long book; but when I have finished it, one of my first plans will be to visit Geneva. My husband is equally inclined to make that our next journey, — in the first place, because he is always inclined to do what I wish; and in the next, because he will enjoy seeing not only you and Madame D'Albert, but certain scientific men of whom you can boast, as the fine writers say, though I fancy you have never used that privilege of boasting.

I suppose I shall not be at liberty to get so far away from home until next year, — probably in July, if I live so long.

Your mention of Madame Chancel quite startled me, for I had believed that she was dead. It was very prettily done of the German Empress to visit her old governess *incognita*. I have heard from those who know the Empress that she is a thoughtful and sympathetic woman, much subdued by experience. But you, of course, have heard abundant details about her from Madame Chancel. How one pities these royal people, who are necessarily human monstrosities, having little experience in common with the multitude of their fellow-men — except in their diseases. I suppose a royal toothache is much like a bourgeoise toothache. But the royal point of view about every-

thing else, even the stars, changes the very quality of knowledge. The German princes, in some instances, have a better chance of being tolerably common human beings than any other royalties.

Pray pardon me for writing a hasty letter. I have been ill since we came back, and my strength will not permit me to write anything but my necessary, or rather my voluntary, author's work in the mornings. Even that I can only do irregularly, so I scribble my letters at night before going to bed.

Yesterday we returned from Weybridge, where, for a few days, I have been petted by kind friends (delightful Scotch people), and have had delicious drives in the pure autumn air. That must be my farewell to invalidism and holiday making. I am really better, — not robust or fat, but perhaps as well as I am likely to be till death mends me.

Letter to John Blackwood, 29th Oct. 1871.

Your account of Mr. Main sets my mind at ease about him; for in this case I would rather have your judgment than any opportunity of forming my own. The one thing that gave me confidence was his power of putting his finger on the right passages, and giving emphasis to the right idea (in relation to the author's feeling and purpose). Apart from that, enthusiasm would have been of little value.

One feels rather ashamed of authoresses this week, after the correspondence in the "Times." One hardly knows which letter is in the worst taste. However, if we are to begin with marvelling at the little wisdom with which the world is governed, we can hardly expect that much wisdom will go to the making of novels.

I should think it quite a compliment if the General got through "Miss Brooke." Mr. Lewes

amused himself with the immeasurable contempt that Mr. Casaubon would be the object of in the General's mind.

I hardly dare hope that the second part will take quite so well as the first, the effects being more subtle and dispersed; but Mr. Lewes seems to like the third part better than anything that has gone before it. But can anything be more uncertain than the reception of a book by the public? I am glad to see that the "Coming Race" has got into a fourth edition. Let us hope that the Koom Posh may be at least mitigated by the sale of a good book or two.

As for me, I get more and more unable to be anything more than a feeble sceptic about all publishing plans, and am thankful to have so many good heads at work for me. *Allah illah allah!*

I will not longer await the packet of extracts which Mr. Lewes is expecting from you, before I thank you for all the feeling and intelligence you have given to that best part of me which has long ago taken paper wings, and left me rather a shrunken residue. I have too long made no sign to you of the gratitude I feel towards a mind whose emotions and judgments have given me the encouraging response which I find both in your letters and in your selection of passages. Over the latter I have not done more than run my eyes hastily, but I believe that when your book appears I shall be almost like one of the public in making acquaintance with it. For I have read my own books hardly at all after once giving them forth — dreading to find them other than I wish. And now I am haunted by the fear that I am only saying again what I have already said in better fashion. For

Letter to Alex. Main, 9th Nov. 1871.

we all of us have our little store — our two or three beliefs which are the outcome of our character and experience; and there is equal danger of our harping on these too long, and of our taking up other strains which are not at all our beliefs, but mere borrowing and echo. From both of these dangers, Good Sense, deliver us! — that Good Sense which includes good conscience and a high estimate of the author's function. Every one who contributes to the "too much" of literature is doing grave social injury. And that thought naturally makes one anxious.

I was very glad to find that you are young and have a long future in prospect. The value you attach to anything I may have said becomes all the more promising of result that may tell on other lives. You speak of having had trouble, but —

> "He who hath never warr'd with misery,
> Nor ever tugg'd with danger and distress,
> Hath had n' occasion nor no field to try
> The strength and forces of his worthiness."

That quatrain of old Daniel brings up — does it not? — Goethe's famous

> "Wer nie sein Brod mit Thränen ass" —

and these sayings will remain true while this earth is a world of suffering. For who could be prepared for true fellowship without having had his share of sorrow as well as joy?

We who are getting old together have the tie of common infirmities. But I don't find that the young troubles seem lighter on looking back. I prefer my years now to any that have gone before. I wish you could tell me the same thing about yourself. And surely writing your book is on the whole a joy to you, — it is a large share in the meagre lot of mankind.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 22d Nov. 1871.

All hail for the morrow! How many sweet laughs — how much serious pleasure in the great things others have done — you and I have had together in a past islet of time that remains very sunny in my remembrance.

Dec. 1. — This day the first part of "Middlemarch" was published. I ought by this time to have finished the fourth part, but an illness which began soon after our return from Haslemere has robbed me of two months.

Journal, 1871.

If you have not yet fallen in with Dickens's "Life," be on the lookout for it, because of the interest there is in his boyish experience, and also in his rapid development during his first travels in America. The book is ill organised, and stuffed with criticism and other matter which would be better in limbo; but the information about the childhood, and the letters from America, make it worth reading. We have just got a photograph of Dickens, taken when he was writing, or had just written, "David Copperfield," — satisfactory refutation of that keepsakey, impossible face which Maclise gave him, and which has been engraved for the "Life" in all its odious beautification. This photograph is the young Dickens, corresponding to the older Dickens whom I knew, — the same face, without the unusually severe wear and tear of years which his latest looks exhibited.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 15th Dec. 1871.

Dec. 20. — My health has become very troublesome during the last three weeks, and I can get on but tardily. Even now I am only at p. 227 of my fourth part. But I have been also retarded by construction, which, once done, serves as good wheels for progress.

Journal, 1871.

Your gift — what gift can be more precious

than the patient care which helps to save the seed of one's soul from perishing? — has come to brighten a Christmas in which my large share of good has been somewhat dimmed by bad health. One of the memorable events of this closing year to me will always be the acquisition of you as a known friend, — a friend of the only sort I now desire much to acquire: one who takes into his own life the spiritual outcome of mine. Let it be a memorable year to you in this light, — that you have given me a lasting source of encouragement in those often-recurring hours of despondency which, after cramping my activity ever since I began to write, continue still to beset me with, I fear, a malign influence on my writing. I don't suppose I could assure you of anything better for you to know, than that you have planted something to be a sweet shade and fruit for your elder fellow-traveller. I have been looking through the " Sayings " with that sort of delight which comes from seeing that another mind underlines the words one has most cared for in writing them.

Letter to Alex. Main, 28th Dec. 1871.

In one sense the book is marvellously new to me, — since I had forgotten the greater part of what I had written. In another sense it is rather startlingly familiar, — namely, that I find my old self (meaning my past self) very much like my present self. If there is any progress, I fear it is downhill.

Your good wishes and pleasant bits of news made the best part of my breakfast this morning. I am glad to think that, in desiring happiness for you during the new year, I am only desiring the continuance of good which you already possess.

Letter to John Blackwood, 1st Jan. 1872.

I suppose we two, also, are among the happiest of mortals, yet we have had a rather doleful Christmas, the one great lack — that of health — having made itself particularly conspicuous in the surrounding fog. Having no grandchildren to get up a Christmas-tree for, we had nothing to divert our attention from our headaches.

Mr. Main's book broke the clouds a little, and now the heavens have altogether cleared, so that we are hoping to come back from a visit of three days to Weybridge with our strength renewed — if not like the eagle's, at least like a convalescent tomtit's.

The "Sayings" are set off by delightful paper and print, and a binding which opens with inviting ease. I am really grateful to every one concerned in the volume, and am anxious that it should not be in any way a disappointment. The selections seem to me to be made with an exquisite sensibility to the various lights and shades of life; and all Mr. Main's letters show the same quality. It is a great help to me to have such an indication that there exist careful readers for whom no subtlest intention is lost.

We have both read the story of the "Megæra" [1] with the deepest interest, — indeed with a quite exceptional enjoyment of its direct unexaggerated painting.

The prescription of two days' golfing per week will, I hope, keep up your condition to the excellent pitch at which it was on your return from Paris. Good news usually acts as a tonic when one's case is not too desperate; and I shall be glad if you and we can get it in the form of more success for "Middlemarch." Dickens's "Life," you

[1] "Blackwood's Magazine," January, 1872.

see, finds a large public ready to pay more. But the British mind has long entertained the purchase of expensive biographies. The proofs lately given that one's books don't necessarily go out like lucifer matches, never to be taken up again, make one content with moderate immediate results, which perhaps are as much as can reasonably be expected for any writing which does not address itself either to fashions or corporate interests of an exclusive kind.

Letter to John Blackwood, 18th Jan. 1872.

It is like your kindness to write me your encouraging impressions on reading the third book. I suppose it is my poor health that just now makes me think my writing duller than usual. For certainly the reception of the first book by my old readers is quite beyond my most daring hopes. One of them, who is a great champion of "Adam Bede" and "Romola," told Mr. Lewes yesterday that he thought "Middlemarch" surpassed them. All this is very wonderful to me. I am thoroughly comforted as to the half of the work which is already written; but there remains the terror about the *un*written. Mr. Lewes is much satisfied with the fourth book, which opens with the continuation of the Featherstone drama.

We went yesterday to the Tichborne trial, which was an experience of great interest to me. We had to come away after the third hour of Coleridge's speaking; but it was a great enjoyment to me to hear what I did. Coleridge is a rare orator — not of the declamatory but of the argumentative order.

Thanks — not formal, but sincerely felt — for the photographs. This likeness will always carry me back to the first time I saw you, in our

little Richmond lodging, when I was thinking anxiously of "Adam Bede," as I now am of "Middlemarch."

I felt something like a shudder when Sir Henry Maine asked me last Sunday whether this would not be a very long book, — saying, when I told him it would be four good volumes, that that was what he had calculated. However, it will not be longer than Thackeray's books, if so long. And I don't see how the sort of thing I want to do could have been done briefly.

I have to be grateful for the gift of "Brougham's Life," which will be a welcome addition to my means of knowing the time "when his ugliness had not passed its bloom."

Your letter seems to pierce the rainy fog with a little sunlight. Cold and clearness are the reverse of what we are usually having here. Until the last few days my chief consciousness has been that of struggling against inward as well as outward fog; but I am now better, and have only been dragged back into headachiness by a little too much fatigue from visitors. I give you this account as a preface to my renunciation of a journey to Dover, which would be very delightful, if I had not already lost too much time to be warranted in taking a holiday.

Letter to Mrs. Congreve, 22d Jan. 1872.

Next Saturday we are going to have a party, — six to dine, and a small rush of people after dinner, for the sake of music. I think it is four years at least since we undertook anything of that kind.

A great domestic event for us has been the arrival of a new dog, who has all Ben's virtues, with more intelligence, and a begging attitude of irre-

sistible charm. He is a dark-brown spaniel. You see what infantine innocence we live in!

Glad you are reading my demigod Milton! We also are rather old-fashioned in our light reading just now; for I have rejected Heyse's German stories, brand new, in favour of dear old Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," which I read aloud in my old age with a delicious revival of girlish impressions.

The weather, I suppose, is as depressing with you as it is here. The low barometer with almost constant rain tells unfavourably on us whose nervous energy is already below the mark.

Letter to Alex. Main, 26th Jan. 1872.

"Count no author happy until all his books have been written," is my present version of Solon's wisdom, and I am more depressed by the possibility of what is to come than cheered by the sense of what has been already done. You see, I have a great talent for anxiety, especially when I am out of health.

Jan. 29. — It is now the last day but one of January. I have finished the fourth part — *i. e.*, the second volume — of "Middlemarch." The first part, published on December 1, has been excellently well received; and the second part will be published the day after to-morrow. About Christmas, a volume of extracts from my works was published, under the title, "Wise, Witty, and Tender Sayings, in Prose and Verse." It was proposed and executed by Alexander Main, a young man of thirty, who began a correspondence with me, by asking me how to pronounce Romola, in the summer, when we were at Shottermill. Blackwood proposed that we should share the profits, but we refused.

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Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 29th Jan. 1872.

I do lead rather a crawling life under these rainy fogs and low behaviour of the barometer. But I am a little better, on the whole, though just now overdone with the fatigue of company. We have been to hear Coleridge addressing the jury on the Tichborne trial, — a very interesting occasion to me. He is a marvellous speaker among Englishmen; has an exquisitely melodious voice, perfect gesture, and a power of keeping the thread of his syntax to the end of his sentence, which makes him delightful to follow. We are going some other day, if possible to hear a cross-examination of Ballantyne's. The digest of the evidence which Coleridge gives is one of the best illustrations of the value or valuelessness of testimony that could be given. I wonder if the world, which retails Guppy anecdotes, will be anything the wiser for it.

Letter to John Blackwood, 21st Feb. 1872.

To hear of a friend's illness after he has got well through it, is the least painful way of learning the bad news. I hope that your attack has been a payment of insurance.

You probably know what it grieved us deeply to learn the other day, — that our excellent friend Mr. William Smith is dangerously ill. They have been so entirely happy and wrapped up in each other that we cannot bear to think of Mrs. Smith's grief.

Thanks for the list of sales since February 12th. Things are encouraging, and the voices that reach us are enthusiastic. But you can understand how people's interest in the book heightens my anxiety that the remainder should be up to the mark. It has caused me some uneasiness that the third part is two sheets less than the first. But Mr. Lewes insisted that the death of old Featherstone was the

right point to pause at; and he cites your approbation of the part as a proof that effectiveness is secured in spite of diminished quantity. Still it irks me to ask 5*s.* for a smaller amount than that already given at the same price. Perhaps I must regard the value as made up solely by effectiveness, and certainly the book will be long enough.

I am still below par in strength, and am too much beset with visitors and kind attentions. I long for the quiet spaces of time and the absence of social solicitations that one enjoys in the country, out of everybody's reach.

I am glad to hear of the pleasure "Middlemarch" gives in your household: that makes quite a little preliminary public for me.

Letter to Mrs. H. B. Stowe, 4th March, 1872.

I can understand very easily that the two last years have been full for you of other and more imperative work than the writing of letters not absolutely demanded either by charity or business. The proof that you still think of me affectionately is very welcome now it is come, and all the more cheering because it enables me to think of you as enjoying your retreat in your orange orchard, — your western Sorrento, — the beloved Rabbi still beside you. I am sure it must be a great blessing to you to bathe in that quietude, — as it always is to us when we go out of reach of London influences, and have the large space of country days to study, walk, and talk in. Last year we spent our summer months in Surrey, and did not leave England. Unhappily the country was not so favourable to my bodily health as to my spiritual, and on our return to town I had an illness which was the climax of the summer's *malaise*. That illness robbed me of two months, and I have never quite

recovered a condition in which the strict duties of the day are not felt as a weight. But just now we are having some clear spring days, and I am in hope of prospering better, the sunshine being to me the greatest visible good of life, — what I call the wealth of life, after love and trust.

When I am more at liberty, I will certainly read Mr. Owen's books, if he is good enough to send them to me. I desire on all subjects to keep an open mind, but hitherto the various phenomena reported or attested in connection with ideas of spirit-intercourse have come before me here in the painful form of the lowest *charlatanerie*. Take Mr. H. as an example of what I mean. I could not choose to enter a room where he held a *séance*. He is an object of moral disgust to me; and nothing of late reported by Mr. Crookes, Lord Lindsay, and the rest, carries conviction to my mind that Mr. H. is not simply an impostor, whose professedly abnormal manifestations have varied their fashion in order to create a new market, just as if they were *papier mâché* wares or pomades for the idle rich. But apart from personal contact with people who get money by public exhibitions as mediums, or with semi-idiots, such as those who make a court for a Mrs. Guppy or other feminine personage of that kind, I would not willingly place any barriers between my mind and any possible channel of truth affecting the human lot.

The spirit in which you have written in the paper you kindly sent me, is likely to teach others to rouse them at least to attention in a case where you have been deeply impressed.

I write to you quite openly, dear friend, but very imperfectly, for my letters are always written in shreds of time.

Thanks for the budget of this morning. The sales, we think, are very cheering, and we may well be content if they continue in the same ratio. But the Greek proverb about the beginning being the half of the whole, wants as much defining and excepting from as most other proverbs.

Letter to John Blackwood, 14th March, 1872.

I have just had sent me a copy of the magazine "Für die Literatur des Auslandes," containing a review of "Miss Brooke," which is satisfactory as an intelligent appreciation. It mentions at the end the appearance of Mr. Main's book, "The Sayings." A Frenchman, apparently accomplished, a M. Landolphe, who has made some important translations, is going to translate the whole of "Middlemarch;" and one of the contributors to the "Revue des Deux Mondes" has written for leave to extract Dorothea's history.

The Germans are excellent readers of our books. I was astonished to find so many in Berlin who really knew one's books, and did not merely pay compliments after the fashion of the admirers who made Rousseau savage, — running after him to pay him visits, and not knowing a word of his writing.

You and other good readers have spoiled me, and made me rather shudder at being read only once; and you may imagine how little satisfaction I get from people who mean to please me by saying that they shall wait till "Middlemarch" is finished, and then sit up to read it "at one go-off."

We are looking for a country retreat not too far from town, so that we may run up easily. There is nothing wanting to our happiness except that "Middlemarch" should be well ended without growing signs of its author's debility.

Before I received your letter this morning, I was going to write you a word of sympathy, knowing how deeply you would be feeling the death of Mazzini. Such a man leaves behind him a wider good than the loss of his personal presence can take away.

Letter to Mrs. Peter Taylor, 17th March, 1872.

> "The greatest gift the hero leaves his race,
> Is to have been a hero."

I must be excused for quoting my own words, because they are my *credo*. I enter thoroughly into your sense of wealth in having known him.

Brighton does not suit Mr. Lewes. But he was near going there for a night a little while ago to see our friends Mr. and Mrs. William Smith. He (the author of "Thorndale," &c.) is, I fear, wasting fatally with organic disease, and we grieve much at the too probably near parting of a husband and wife who have been among the perfectly happy couples of the world. She is a charming woman, and I wish that you may happen to know her.

Owing to my loss of two months in illness, and my infirm health ever since, I have not yet finished the writing of "Middlemarch." This payment of wintry arrears makes one prefer the comforts of a London home; but we are obliged to see more company than my health is equal to, and for this reason I daresay we shall soon migrate. To-day we have been to our last morning concert — or Saturday Pop — held on a Friday because of the University boat-race to-morrow. These concerts are an easy pleasure which we are sorry to part with. This is one of my bad weeks, owing probably to the change in the

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 22d March, 1872.

weather; and I am constantly struggling with hemicrania and *malaise*. Even writing this scrap of a note is the feather too much, and I must leave off. You have known too much of nervous weakness not to understand this.

You know already that the thought you give to me and my book is a seed of comfort to me. I should not like the praise if it were not accompanied with the proof that you know what I mean, and care the most for those elements in my writing which I myself care the most for. Try to keep from forecast of Dorothea's lot, and that sort of construction beforehand which makes everything that actually happens a disappointment. I need not tell you that my book will not present my own feeling about human life if it produces on readers whose minds are really receptive the impression of blank melancholy and despair. I can't help wondering at the high estimate made of "Middlemarch" in proportion to my other books. I suppose the depressed state of my health makes my writing seem more than usually below the mark of my desires, and I am too anxious about its completion — too fearful lest the impression which it might make (I mean for the good of those who read) should turn to nought — to look at it in mental sunshine.

Letter to Alex. Main, Good Friday evening, 1872.

May 8. — I have been reposing for more than a week in the hope of getting stronger, — my life having been lately a swamp of illness, with only here and there a bit of firm walking. In consequence of this incessant interruption (almost every week having been half nullified for me so far as my work has been concerned), I have only finished the fifth book, and

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have still three books to write, — equal to a large volume and a half.

The reception of the book hitherto has been quite beyond what I could have believed beforehand, people exalting it above everything else I have written. Kohn is publishing an English edition in Germany;[1] Duncker is to publish a translation; and Harpers pay me £1200 for reprinting it in America.

I am glad to know that you are having a time of refreshing in fine scenery, with entire freedom to paint. I am in a corresponding state of relief from the noises and small excitements that break up the day and scatter one's nervous energy in London.

Letter to Madame Bodichon, 4th June, 1872.

We have been in our hiding-place about twelve days now, and I am enjoying it more and more, — getting more bodily ease and mental clearness than I have had for the last six months. Our house is not in the least beautiful, but it is well situated and comfortable, perfectly still, in the middle of a garden surrounded by fields and meadows, and yet within reach of shops and civilisation.

We managed to get to the Academy one day before leaving town. I was delighted with Walker's picture — were you? — and Mason's unfinished Reaper, and a few, very few, others.

Also we went twice to the opera in order to save ourselves from any yearnings after it when we should have settled in the country.

We tell no one our address, and have our letters sent on from The Priory.

We too are in a country refuge, you see, and

[1] The author was subsequently induced to publish "Daniel Deronda" and her succeeding works again in the Tauchnitz Edition. Baron Tauchnitz paid £250 for "Daniel Deronda."

this bit of Surrey, as I daresay you know, is full of beauty of the too garden-like sort for which you pity us. How different from your lodge in the wilderness! I have read your description three or four times, — it enchants me so thoroughly; and Mr. Lewes is just as much enamoured of it. We shall never see it, I imagine, except in the mirror of your loving words; but thanks many and warm, dear friend, for saying that our presence would be welcome. I have always had delight in descriptions of American forests since the early days when I read "Atala," which I believe that you would criticise as half unveracious. I dwelt on the descriptions in "Dred" with much enjoyment.

Letter to Mrs. H. B. Stowe, 4th June, 1872.

Pray give my special thanks to the Professor for his letter. His handwriting, which does really look like Arabic, — a very graceful character, surely, — happens to be remarkably legible to me, and I did not hesitate over a single word. Some of the words, as expressions of fellowship, were very precious to me; and I hold it very good of him to write to me that best sort of encouragement. I was much impressed with the fact — which you had told me — that he was the original of the "visionary boy" in "Old Town Folks;" and it must be deeply interesting to talk with him on his experience. Perhaps I am inclined, under the influence of the facts, physiological and psychological, which have been gathered of late years, to give larger place to the interpretation of vision-seeing as *subjective* than the Professor would approve. It seems difficult to limit — at least to limit with any precision — the possibility of confounding sense by impressions, derived from inward conditions, with those which are directly dependent on

external stimulus. In fact, the division between within and without in this sense seems to become every year a more subtle and bewildering problem.

Your experience with the *planchette* is amazing; but that the words which you found it to have written were dictated by the spirit of Charlotte Brontë is to me (whether rightly or not) so enormously improbable that I could only accept it if every condition were laid bare, and every other explanation demonstrated to be impossible. If it were another spirit aping Charlotte Brontë, — if here and there at rare spots and among people of a certain temperament, or even at many spots and among people of all temperaments, tricksy spirits are liable to rise as a sort of earth-bubbles and set furniture in movement, and tell things which we either know already or should be as well without knowing, — I must frankly confess that I have but a feeble interest in these doings, feeling my life very short for the supreme and awful revelations of a more orderly and intelligible kind which I shall die with an imperfect knowledge of. If there were miserable spirits whom we could help — then I think we should pause and have patience with their trivial-mindedness; but otherwise I don't feel bound to study them more than I am bound to study the special follies of a particular phase of human society. Others, who feel differently, and are attracted towards this study, are making an experiment for us as to whether anything better than bewilderment can come of it. At present it seems to me that to rest any fundamental part of religion on such a basis is a melancholy misguidance of men's minds from the true sources of high and pure emotion.

I am comforted to think that you partly agree with me there.

I have not time to write more than this very imperfect fragmentary sketch of *only one* aspect which the question of spirit-communications wears to me at present, — being always rather brain-weary after my morning's work, and called for by my husband to walk with him and read aloud to him. I spend nearly three hours every day in this exercise of reading aloud, which, happily, I can carry on without fatigue of lungs. Yet it takes strength as well as time.

Mr. Lewes is gone into town to-day, so I have an additional hour at liberty, and have been glad to be able to send you a letter which is not worth anything indeed, but which satisfies my need to thank you and the Professor for your sweet friendliness, — very sweet to me, I assure you. Please accept my entire frankness as a proof of that high value I set on you. And do not call anything I may have written a prejudice, — it is simply a statement of how certain things appear to my inward eyesight, which I am ready to have rectified by more light.

About photographs — I have *no* photograph of myself, having always avoided having one taken. That makes me seem very selfish in being particularly glad to get yours.

Mrs. Fields, with the beautiful face and charming manners, sent me a letter a little while ago, inviting us in the most tempting way to go to Boston. She said that this pretty action was done at your prompting, which is just like you as you have always shown yourself to me.

Dear friend, how much you have lived through both in the flesh and in the spirit! My experience

has been narrow compared with yours. I assure you I feel this, so do not misinterpret anything I say to you as being written in a flippant or critical spirit. One always feels the want of the voice and eyes to accompany a letter, and give it the right tone.

Letter to Mrs. Congreve, 4th July, 1872.

You were very good and dear to want to give me the pleasure of knowing that the news was good, instead of leaving me to my small stock of hopefulness. Ask Emily to care a little even now, with baby on her mind, that her old friends are the better for hearing that she is well. Four or five months ago it happens that I was writing some playfulness about a baby and baby's hair, which is now in print, to appear next month. I am not afraid that Emily should be revolted by my blasphemy!

Mr. Lewes had "a lovely time" from Saturday to Monday at Weybridge. He was feeling languid, and yet was tempted to sit at his desk. The little change has been very serviceable, and he is now bright.

Our first book, read aloud by me after we came down, was Wallace's "Eastern Archipelago," which, I think, you had spoken well of to Mr. Lewes. It is delightful. The biography of the infant ourang-outang alone is worth getting the book for. We are now in the middle of Tylor's "Primitive Culture," which is worth studying, and useful for reference on special points, if you happen to want knowledge about the ideas of the savage tribes.

Our days go by in delicious peace, unbroken except by my little inward anxieties about all unfinished work.

This morning came the joyful news that Ger-

trude has a fine healthy baby, — a daughter. We have just been saying in our walk, that by the end of this century our one-day-old granddaughter will probably be married and have children of her own, while we are pretty sure to be at rest. This obvious kind of wisdom does very well for discourse in the delicious sunshine as we wander over a hilly, half fern-clad, half grassy wilderness called South Park from which we can overlook two fertile bosky valleys. We like this bit of country better and better. As to health, I am not quite so prosperous as I was at first; but to make amends, Mr. Lewes is in a good average condition, and only now and then has a morning in which he is forced to wander about, instead of going to his beloved work. We have had much happiness here, much sympathy in letters from far-off friends unknown in the flesh, and peaceful enjoyment of our occupations. But we have longed for more continuous warmth and brightness, and to-day may perhaps be the beginning of that one wanting condition.

Letter to Mrs. Congreve, 19th July, 1872.

The death of that honoured, good creature, Mr. William Smith, touched us particularly, because of the perfect marriage-bond which had made the last eleven years of his life unspeakably precious both to him and his wife. Mr. Lewes offered to go to Brighton to see him; but he was so reduced — so very feeble in body, though he kept to the last much brightness of mind — that Mrs. Smith feared for him the excitement of seeing friends who came, specially, from a distance.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 1st Aug. 1872.(?)

I like to think that your journey was a success. But I had felt sure that unless bad health or bad

weather overtook you, both Mrs. Blackwood and you must have great happiness in taking that bright, lovely daughter abroad, and watching her fresh impressions. I imagine her laudable indignation at the crushing of the little lizard! Those little creatures darting about the stones seem part of the happiness of Italian sunshine, as the small birds hopping after the rain seem part of the moist happiness at home.

Letter to John Blackwood, 4th Aug. 1872.

I shall send Part VII. in a few days. Since Mr. Lewes tells me that the "Spectator" considers me the most melancholy of authors, it will perhaps be a welcome assurance to you that there is no unredeemed tragedy in the solution of the story.

Mr. Lewes examines the newspapers before I see them, and cuts out any criticisms which refer to me, so as to save me from these spiritual chills, — though, alas! he cannot save me from the physical chills which retard my work more seriously. I had hoped to have the manuscript well out of my hands before we left this place at the end of the month, but the return of my dyspeptic troubles makes me unable to reckon on such a result.

It will be a good plan, I think, to quicken the publication towards the end; but we feel convinced that the slow plan of publication has been of immense advantage to the book in deepening the impression it produces. Still I shudder a little to think what a long book it will be, — not so long as "Vanity Fair" or "Pendennis," however, according to my calculation.

How good the articles on French manners and domestic life are in "Maga." The spirit in which they are written is excellent.

The manuscript of "Middlemarch" bears the following inscription:

"To my dear Husband, George Henry Lewes, in this nineteenth year of our blessed union."

Letter to Mrs. Cross, Sept. 1872.

I am tired of behaving like an ungrateful wretch, — making no sign in answer to affectionate words which have come to me with cheering effect. And I want to tell you and Mr. Hall (alas! for the dear old name[1] which had such cherished associations) that I long too much to see you all at Six-Mile Bottom, to give up utterly the prospect of that good. We imagine that the place is near Ipswich, which is no more than an hour and fifty minutes from London. If so, the journey would be easily managed, and would be worth taking for the sake of one whole day and two half days with you — just as if you were the hour nearer, at Weybridge — before we set our faces towards Germany. I am not hopeless that we might do that in the second week of September, if you are not quite disgusted with the thought of me as a person who is always claiming pity for small ailments, and also, if Mr. Hall can secure me against being shot from the other side of the hedge by the Prince of Wales,[2] while we are discussing plantations.

I dare not count much on fulfilling any project, my life for the last year having been a sort of nightmare, in which I have been scrambling on the slippery bank of a pool, just keeping my head above water. But I shall be the happier for having told you that I delight in the double invitation for the sake of the love it assures me of, and that I do want to see you all.

[1] Mr. W. H. Bullock had changed his name to Hall.
[2] The Six-Mile Bottom shooting had been let to H. R. H. that year.

You are all gloriously well, I hope, and Alkie looking more and more cherubic and Emily and Florence blooming. My best love to all. Particular regards to J., and regrets that we were not on his route from Brindisi. I read his paper on New York with much interest and satisfaction.

You are often among my imaged companions both in dreaming and waking hours.

We start in search of health this afternoon. Our destination, to be reached about the end of next week, is Homburg, where we shall not gamble, but drink the waters and cultivate repose of mind.

Letter to Alex. Main, 13th Sept. 1872.

I am at a very low ebb, and during the last week I have run down at a quicker rate into a nervous condition in which the chirping of the grasshopper — if it were to be heard in these parts — would be a noticeable addition to the sounds already irritating me. My dear husband, I am thankful to say, is in better case, and does everything for me that can be done by proxy. I think you can divine something of his — not superhuman but — exquisitely human goodness.

"Middlemarch" is done, — all except a small finale, which I prefer reserving a little. The rest I hope to see the last little proof of at the beginning of next week.

It was a delightful surprise to see your handwriting when we went to inquire at the *Poste Restante*. We had on the whole a fortunate journey, and are especially grateful to Mr. Hall for suggesting the route by Trèves, where we spent two nights and an exquisite day. I was continually reminded of Rome when we were wandering in the outskirts in search of the antiquities, and the river

Letter to Mrs. Cross, Oct. 1872, from Homburg.

banks are a loveliness into the bargain which Rome has not. We had even an opportunity of seeing some dissipation, for there happened to be an excellent circus, where we spent our evening. The pretty country through which we passed had an additional interest for us about Libramont.

The air, the waters, the plantations here, are all perfect, — "only man is vile." I am not fond of denouncing my fellow-sinners, but gambling being a vice I have no mind to, it stirs my disgust even more than my pity. The sight of the dull faces bending round the gaming-tables, the raking up of the money, and the flinging of the coins towards the winners by the hard-faced croupiers, the hateful, hideous women staring at the board like stupid monomaniacs, — all this seems to me the most abject presentation of mortals grasping after something called a good, that can be seen on the face of this little earth. Burglary is heroic compared with it. I get some satisfaction in looking on from the sense that the thing is going to be put down. Hell is the only right name for such places.

It was cruel to find the bitter cold just set in as we arrived. For two days we were as cold as in clear winter days at Berlin. There are no amusements for the evening here, and the pleasure of listening to the excellent band in the afternoons is diminished by the chillness which makes one fear to sit down in the open air. But we like being idle, and the days pass easily.

It is good to have in our memories the two happy days at Six-Mile Bottom; and the love that surrounded me and took care of me there is something very precious to believe in among hard-faced

strangers. Much gratitude for the anticipated letter that will come to tell us more news of you by-and-by.

Letter to John Blackwood, 4th Oct. 1872.

At last I begin a letter which is intended not as a payment but as an acknowledgment of debt. It will have at least the recommendation of requiring no answer. After some perfect autumnal days we are languishing with headache from two days' damp and mugginess, and feel it almost as much work as we are equal to, to endure our *malaise*. But on the whole we are not sorry that we came to this place rather than any other. On dry days the air is perfect, and the waters are really an enticing drink. Then there is a wood close by where we can wander in delicious privacy: which is really better than the company here, save and except a few friends whom we found at first, and who have now moved off to Baden. The Kursaal is to me a hell, not only for the gambling but for the light and heat of the gas, and we have seen enough of its monstrous hideousness. There is very little dramatic *Stoff* to be picked up by watching or listening. The saddest thing to be witnessed is the play of a young lady, who is only twenty-six years old, and is completely in the grasp of this mean, money-making demon. It made me cry to see her young fresh face among the hags and brutally stupid men around her. Next year, when the gambling has vanished, the place will be delightful: there is to be a subvention from Government to keep up the beautiful grounds; and it is likely that there will be increase enough in the number of decent visitors to keep the town tolerably prosperous. One attraction it has above other German baths that I have seen, is the abundance of pleasant apart-

ments to be had, where one can be as peaceful as the human lot allows in a world of pianos.

We brought no books with us, but have furnished our table with German books which we bought at Frankfort, — from learned writing about Menschliche Sprache and Vernunft, down to Kotzebue's comedies, so that we have employment for the rainy hours when once our heads are clear of aches. The certainty that the weather is everywhere else bad, will help our resolution to stay here till the 12th at least. In the meantime we hope to have the proof of the finale to "Middlemarch."

I am rejoiced to learn from Mr. William's letter that Mr. Simpson has returned from his excursion in good condition. That must be a comfort to you, both for friendship and for work's sake.

We mean to return by Paris, and hope that the weather will not drive us away from health and pleasure-seeking until the end of the month. I fear, from the accounts of your Scottish weather, that you will have enjoyed Strathtyrum less than usual, and will be resigned to Edinburgh before your proper time. How one talks about the weather! It is excusable here, where there is no grave occupation, and no amusement for us, who don't gamble, except seeking health in walks and water drinking.

Letter to Mrs. Cross, 27th Oct. 1872, from Boulogne.

I had meant to write to you again from Germany, but I was hindered from doing so by the uncertainty of our plans, which vacillated between further wanderings in South Germany and the usual dreary railway journeying by Strasburg to Paris. As it was, we left Homburg on the 13th, and had ten days of delicious autumnal weather and quie-

tude at Stuttgart and Carlsruhe, — ten days which made the heart of our enjoyment. We still hesitated whether we should go to Augsburg, and even Munich, making our way home through Germany and Belgium, and turning our shoulders on Paris. Our evil genius persuaded us to go to Paris, and to make the journey by night, — whence came headache and horrible disgust with the shops of the Rue de la Paix and the Boulevard. After going to Versailles in the rain, seeing the sad ruins of the Hôtel de Ville, missing the Théâtre Français, and getting " Patrie " in exchange, we rushed away to this place, where we are trying to recover the sense of benefit from our change, which forsook us on quitting old Germany. We have an affinity for what the world calls " dull places," and always prosper best in them. We are sure to be at home next week, and I hope before long to have some news of you there, — some dear faces coming to bring it. We shall linger here a few days, and take a favourable time for crossing, but our patience will hardly last beyond Friday.

Letter to Mrs. Wm. Smith, Ist Nov. 1872.

We returned yesterday evening from six weeks' absence in Germany, and I found your dear, sad letter among the many awaiting me. I prize very highly the fact that you like to write to me and bear me in your mind as one who has a certain fellowship in your sorrow; and I do trust that this letter may reach you in time to prevent you from thinking, even for a moment, that I could be indifferent about responding to any word you send me. I shall address it to the care of Blackwood & Sons, because I imagine you to be by this time in Edinburgh with that delightful friend Mrs. Stirling, whom I had much kindness from many years ago,

when I was on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. George Combe. She took me to hear Dr. Guthrie and Dr. Candlish, and through her I saw Craigcrook. I like to think of those hours and her pleasant talk.

Mr. Lewes, I am thankful to say, has been getting more robust for the last two years, and is very bright and active. I think there is hardly any one left to whom he would so willingly have written or talked about the subjects which are filling his mind, as that dear one who has gone from your side, but is perpetually present in your consciousness. To-day I have been reading the memorial article in "Blackwood," and have been hoping that there is nothing in it which jars on your feeling. Everybody will think as I do, — that the bits from your pen are worth all the rest. I have been especially moved, though, by the two stanzas quoted at the end. Mr. Lewes judges that the writer of the article did not personally know your husband, and wishes that more special touches had been given. I know, dear friend, that the sorrow is irremediable; but the pain — the anguish — will become less sharp, and life will be less difficult. You will think of things to do such as he would approve of your doing, and every day will be sacred with his memory, — nay, his presence. There is no pretence or visionariness in saying that he is still part of you. Mr. Lewes sends his affectionate regards, which you will not reject. We mention your name to each other with a certain tenderness, as if your sorrow somehow belonged to our love for each other. But I hardly dare to think of what these words which I have written mean. Sometimes in the midst of happiness I cry suddenly at the thought that there must come a

parting. Are not you and I very near to one another? — I mean in feeling.

Letter to Alex. Main, 4th Nov. 1872.

On Thursday evening we arrived at home, and found your letter awaiting us as one of the signs that the thought of us had remained behind in some good hearts while we were away. This morning our debt to you has risen by all the value of your second letter, — no slight value in a world which is apt to give praise in general, and remember nothing in particular which merited the praise. I think I have told you before that I care for the finger pointing to the right passage more than for any superlative phrases; and your finger points well.

I have finished my book ("Middlemarch"), and am thoroughly at peace about it, — not because I am convinced of its perfection, but because I have lived to give out what it was in me to give, and have not been hindered by illness or death from making my work a whole, such as it is. When a subject has begun to grow in me, I suffer terribly until it has wrought itself out, — become a complete organism; and then it seems to take wing and go away from me. *That* thing is not to be done again, — that life has been lived. I could not rest with a number of unfinished works on my mind. When they — or rather, when a conception has begun to shape itself in written words, I feel that it must go on to the end before I can be happy about it. Then I move away and look at it from a distance without any agitations.

I am going now to bathe my mind in deep waters, — going to read Mr. Lewes's manuscript ("Problems of Life and Mind"), which has been storing itself up for me, and to take up various studies which have been to sleep since I have found

my strength hardly enough for "Middlemarch." I easily sink into mere absorption of what other minds have done, and should like a whole life for that alone.

This is an egotistic note, such as your warm sympathy has the blame of luring me into. You will not count the I's, — which judicious persons make a rule of cutting out from their manuscript, when it is meant for critical readers. Good-bye, dear friend.

Letter to Alex. Main, 14th Nov. 1872.

I am uncomfortably haunted by the fear that in writing rather hurriedly to you by lamplight one evening, when the dizziness of the sea-passage had not quite subsided, I either left out words which I had meant to write, or put in such as very meagrely represented my regard for you, and — what I was still more anxious to tell you of — the intense comfort I have found in the response which your mind has given to every "deliverance" of mine. Whatever I wrote then, please translate into this assurance: that the thought of your letters, with all the evidence they contain of no smallest effort on my part at truthful expression being thrown away, has been a sustainment to me quite next to that of my husband's sympathy. If I failed to say that quite clearly, I should fail in what is to me a very sweet and precious duty, — a chief act of religion. Do you remember those words of Ajax which I put into English as a motto for a chapter in "Felix Holt"?[1] That is what I mean by a chief act of religion.

[1] "Yea, it becomes a man
To cherish memory, where he had delight;
For kindness is the natural birth of kindness.
Whose soul records not the great debt of joy,
Is stamped for ever an ignoble man."

SOPHOCLES: *Ajax.*

Please let the consciousness of this good you have been to me count as some balance against cares which I feel sure that you have had as your frequent companions. I am confident that your emotions recognise this logic of inferring your comfort from another's good.

There is nothing else I wanted to say, but I could not resist my longing to rectify any oversight in my former letter which might leave my gratitude unexpressed.

We are in our usual train of home procedures, — thinking, reading, talking much *en tête-à-tête*, and hoping that there are many others in the world who are as happy as we are. One is too sure of the many who are not at all happy. Do you not take great interest in the tremendous European change which is being prepared by the new attitude of Common Labour? The centre of gravity is slowly changing, and will not pause because people of taste object to the disturbance of their habits.

I found a letter from dear Mrs. William Smith on my return, and I have had another since in answer to mine. It is inevitable that her sense of loss should deepen for some time to come. I am hoping that by-and-by active interests will arise to make her feel that her life is useful.

Letter to Mrs. Peter Taylor, 19th Nov. 1872.

The article in "Blackwood" was chiefly valuable for the extracts it contained from Mrs. Smith's own memoir. One felt that the writer of the article had not known Mr. William Smith personally, but her sketches did something to supply that defect. Mr. Lewes felt a peculiar attachment to him. He had always been thoroughly sympathetic, both morally and intellectually, and

it was a constant regret to us that he and Mrs. Smith were so far away. There was no man with whom Mr. Lewes would have found it so pleasant to discuss questions of science and philosophy, — his culture was so rare, and his disposition so free from littleness: and his wife was worthy of him.

Gertrude's little Blanche is a charming young lady, — fat, cooing, and merry. It is a great comfort to see her with this hope fulfilled, — I mean, to see Gertrude with her hope fulfilled, and not Blanche, as the grammar seemed to imply. That small person's hopes are at present easy of fulfilment.

We have made but one expedition since our return, and that was to see the pictures at Bethnal Green, — altogether a cheering and delightful sight. Of course you saw them long ago. The Troyon is my favourite.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 19th Nov. 1872.

I will impute your total silence towards me for many, many months to your preoccupation with the work now announced, and will not believe that a greeting from me at this time of the year will be less welcome than of old. I remember that last year one of your prettily expressed wishes was that I should write another book and — I think you added — send it to you to read. On the strength of this remembrance, you will be one of the three exceptional people to whom we order "Middlemarch" to be sent. But do not write to me about it, because until a book has quite gone away from me, and become entirely of the *non-ego*, — gone thoroughly from the wine-press into the casks, — I would rather not hear or see anything that is said about it.

Cara sent me word that you were looking, as usual, very pretty, and showing great energy on interesting occasions. But this was two months ago, and some detailed news from yourself would be a delightful gift.

I am getting stronger, and showing some meagre benefit from being indulged in all possible ways. Mr. Lewes makes a martyr of himself in writing all my notes and business letters. Is not that being a sublime husband? For all the while there are studies of his own being put aside, — studies which are a seventh heaven to him.

Is there any one who does not need patience? For when one's outward lot is perfect, the sense of inward imperfection is the more pressing.

You are never long without entering into my thoughts, though you may send nothing fresh to feed them. But I am ashamed of expressing regard for my friends, since I do no earthly thing for them.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 22d Nov. 1872.

A kiss to you on your birthday! — with gratitude for your delightful letter, such as only you can write me. How impossible it is to *feel* that we are as old as we are! Sometimes it seems a little while since you and I were walking over the Radford fields, with the youth in our limbs, talking and laughing with that easy companionship which it is difficult to find in later life. I am busy now reading Mr. Lewes's manuscript, which has been accumulating fast during my "Middlemarch" time. Did I tell you that in the last two years he has been mastering the principles of mathematics? That is an interesting fact, impersonally, at his age. Old Professor Stowe — Mrs. H. B. Stowe's husband

— sent me this story, which is almost better than Topsy. He heard a schoolmaster asking a little black girl the usual questions about creation,—who made the earth, the sea, &c. At last came, "And who made you?" Some deliberation was necessary, after which she said, "Nobody; *I was so afore*"! Expect to be immensely disappointed with the close of "Middlemarch." But look back to the Prelude. I wish I could take the wings of the morning every now and then to cheer you with an hour's chat, such as you feel the need of, and then fly back on the wings of the wind. I have the most vivid thoughts of you, almost like a bodily presence; but these do you no good, since you can only believe that I have them,— and you are tired of believing after your work is done.

Before your letter came, Mr. Lewes had been expressing to me his satisfaction (and he is very hard to satisfy with articles on me) in the genuineness of judgment, wise moderation, and excellent selection of points in "Maga's" review of "Middlemarch." I have just now been reading the review myself,—Mr. Lewes had meant at first to follow his rule of not allowing me to see what is written about myself, — and I am pleased to find the right moral note struck everywhere, both in remark and quotation. Especially I am pleased with the writer's sensibility to the pathos in Mr. Casaubon's character and position, and with the discernment he shows about Bulstrode. But it is a perilous matter to approve the praise which is given to our own doings.

Letter to John Blackwood, 1st Dec. 1872.

I think that such an article as that which you hint at on the tone of the Bar is very desirable.

We are usually at one on points of feeling. Is it not time now to insist that ability and not lying is the force of a barrister, — that he has not to make himself a bad actor in order to put a case well, but to get the clearness and breadth of vision which will enable him to handle the evidence effectively? Untruthfulness usually ends by making men foolish. I have never read "Spiritual Wives," but judging from the extracts which have come before me, it must be a nasty book. Still, if people will be censors, let them weigh their words. I mean that the words were unfair by the disproportionateness of the condemnation which everybody with some conscience must feel to be one of the great difficulties in denouncing a particular person. Every unpleasant dog is only one of many, but we kick him because he comes in our way, and there is always some want of distributive justice in the kicking.

I shall be agreeably surprised if there is a respectable subscription for the four volumes. Already the numbers taken have been satisfactorily large, considering the indisposition of the public to buy books by comparison with other wares, and especially to buy novels at a high price. I fancy every private copy has done duty for a circle. Friends of mine in the country have implied that they lent their copies to all the readers in their neighbourhood. A little fuss of advertisement, together with the reviews, will perhaps create a few more curious inquirers after the book, and impress its existence on the slower part of the reading world. But really the reading world is, after all, very narrow, as, according to the "Spectator," the "comfortable" world also is, — the world able to give away a sovereign without pinch-

ing itself. Those statistics just given about incomes are very interesting.

A thousand thanks for your kind interest in our project, and for the trouble you have taken in our behalf. I fear the land buying and building[1] is likely to come to nothing, and our construction to remain entirely of the aerial sort. It is so much easier to imagine other people doing wise things than to do them one's self! Practically, I excel in nothing but paying twice as much as I ought for everything. On the whole, it would be better if my life could be done for me, and I could look on. However, it appears that the question of the land at Shere may remain open until we can discuss it with you at Weybridge; and there is no telling what we may not venture on with your eyes to see through.

Letter to J. W. Cross, 11th Dec. 1872.

But, oh dear, I don't like anything that is troublesome under the name of pleasure.

I have had the news that you are safely landed at Pooree, so now I can write with some courage. I have got some comfort — I trust it is not false comfort — out of the probability that there will be much good mingled with the evil of this winter's exile for you. You must be the richer for it mentally, and your health may be the better, — and then, you will be back again in the late spring. In this way I make myself contented under the incompleteness of our life without you, and I am determined not to grumble at my share of the loss which falls so sadly on Dr. Congreve and the children. Dr. Congreve kindly let me know when you had got through the trials of the Red Sea, rather better than might have been expected; and Sophie tells me that you

Letter to Mrs. Congreve, 12th Dec. 1872.

[1] A site offered near Shere, in Surrey.

speak of the brilliant colouring in your new world as quite equal to any description you had read. Beyond that all is a blank to me except the fact of your arrival at Pooree, and all my feeling is taken up with the joy there must have been in the meeting with Mr. Geddes. You find it very difficult to write in the heat, — so don't make the thought of me disagreeable by associating it with a claim on you for a letter. I will be grateful for scraps from your correspondence with home, and wait for my turn when you come back to us. For ourselves, we think our little grand-daughter, Blanche, the perfection of a baby. She is, dispassionately speaking, very pretty, and has a cooing, chanting song of her own which it makes me happy to hear. Mr. Lewes goes on at his writing with as much interest as ever, and is bringing the first part of his work into its final shape. Since we came home I have been reading his manuscript, which has been piling itself up in preparation for my leisure, and I have been wearing my gravest philosophic cap. Altogether we are dangerously happy. You remember Mrs. Blank of Coventry? You know hers was another name for astonishing cleverness in that town. Now, of course, she is old, and her cleverness seems to have a mouldy flavour. *Apropos* of the seventh book of "Middlemarch" — which you may not have read, but never mind — Mrs. Blank, having lain awake all night from compassion for Bulstrode, said, "Poor, dear creature, after he had done so much for that wretch, sitting up at night and attending on him! *and I don't believe it was the brandy that killed him:* and what is to become of Bulstrode now, — he has nobody left but Christ!" I think this is worth sending to India, you see: it is a little bit of old Coventry life that

may make you and Emily laugh with all the more lively memory in the midst of your strange scenery. But there is a hovering terror while I write to you from far off, lest my trivialities should find you when you are ill or have some cause for being sad. In any case, however, you will take my letter for a simple proof that I dwell on you and Emily as images constantly present in my mind, and very often moving to the foreground in my contemplation. Mr. Lewes is one with me in many affectionate thoughts about you, and your names are often on our lips. We are going to pass the Christmas week with our friends at Weybridge; and I shall be glad to escape the London aspects of that season, — aspects that are without any happy association for me. Mr. Lewes has just been in to speak to me, and begs me to say that he hopes baby is raised to the n^{th} power. You see the lofty point of view from which he regards the world at present. But there is enough of the sap of affection in him to withstand all the dryness of the dryest mathematics, and he has very hearty regards for you all, including Mr. Geddes, not as a matter of course, but with special emphasis. Good-bye, dear, dear friend. May it give you some little satsfaction to think of me as yours always lovingly.

Letter to Mrs. Wm. Smith, 18th Dec. 1872.

Your letter was very welcome to me. I wanted to know how you were: and I think that I discern in your words some growth of courage to face the hard task — it is a hard task — of living a separate life. I reckon it a great good to me that any writing of mine has been taken into companionship by you, and seemed to speak with you of your own experience. Thank you for telling me of that.

This weather, which is so melancholy in the privation it must cause to those who are worst off in the world, adds a little weight to everybody's griefs. But I trust that you find it a comfort, not an oppression, to be among friends who make a little claim on your attention. When you go to How, please tell me all about the place, and whom you have near you, because I like to be able to imagine your circumstances.

I have been, and am still, reading Mr. Lewes's manuscript, — and I often associate this with your dear husband, to whom I imagine mine would have liked to send his proofs when the matter had reached the printing stage.

We are both very well, and Mr. Lewes is enjoying his morning at his desk. He likes very much to be included in your love, and has always thought you one of the most charming women among our acquaintance. Please not to say that he has bad taste in women. We both cherish very tender thoughts of your sorrow, dear friend. Let me always be assured that you think of me as yours affectionately.

We have to thank you for two things especially. First, for the good bargain you have made for "Middlemarch" with Australia; and secondly, for the trouble you have kindly taken with the MS., which has come to us safely in its fine Russian coat.

Letter to Mr. Simpson, 18th Dec. 1872.

The four volumes, we imagine, must have been subscribed long ago; and we should be glad to know, if it were convenient, — perhaps even if it were *in*convenient, — what are the figures representing the courage of "the trade" in the matter of a 42*s.* novel, which has already been well distributed.

We both hope that your health is well confirmed, and that you are prepared for Christmas pleasures, among which you would probably, like Caleb Garth, reckon the extra "business" which the jolly season carries in its hinder wallet.

SUMMARY OF CHAPTER XVI

JANUARY, 1869, TO DECEMBER, 1872

Poem on Agatha — Reading on Philology, "Iliad," "Faery Queen," Clough's Poems, Bright's Speeches, "Volpone," Lecture by Sir Wm. Thomson — Writing "How Lisa loved the King" — Browning and Rector of Lincoln on Versification — Letter to Miss Hennell — Browning's "Elisha" — Fourth visit to Italy — Two months away — Letter to Mrs. Congreve from Paris — Dr. Congreve's Reply to Professor Huxley in "Fortnightly" — Meeting in Rome with Mrs. Bullock and Mr. and Mrs. Cross — Letter to Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe — Effect of books — Religion of the future — Arrival of Thornton Lewes from Natal — Letter to Mrs. Congreve — Marriage engagements of Mr. Beesly, Mr. Frederic Harrison, and Dr. Clifford Allbutt — Finished five "Sonnets on Childhood" — Letter to Mrs. Stowe — "Old Town Folks" — Presentation of alien religious convictions — Spiritualism — Reading Drayton and Grote — Writing Introduction to "Middlemarch" — Reading Theocritus — Burne-Jones's Pictures — Reading Littré on Comte — Sainte-Beuve — Thornton Lewes's continued illness — Visit to Mrs. Cross at Weybridge — Reading for "Middlemarch" — Asks Mrs. Congreve to get information about provincial hospitals — Letter to Miss Hennell — The Byron Scandal — Byron a vulgar-minded genius — The Kovilevskys — "Legend of Jubal" begun — Mr. W. G. Clark — Reading Max Müller, Lecky, and Herbert Spencer — Death of Thornton Lewes — Letter to Miss Hennell describing month's visit to Limpsfield — Letter to Mrs. Congreve — Mr. Doyle — Letter to F. Harrison on the Positivist Problem — Aversion to personal statements — Shrinking from deliverances — Letter to Miss Hennell on Charles Hennell's "Inquiry" — Letter to Mrs. Congreve from Berlin — Sees Mommsen, Bunsen, and Du Bois Reymond — Visit to Vienna — Return to London — Three days' visit to the Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford, and Mrs. Pattison — Meets Sir Benjamin Brodie — Professor Rawlinson and Professor Phillips — Dr. Rolleston and the Miss Gaskells, and Miss Arnold — Mr. Jowett, Professor Henry Smith, and Mr. Fowler — Re-reading Grove "On the Correlation of the Physical Forces" — Letter to Miss Hennell — Dickens's death, and his story of President Lincoln — Letter to Mme. Bodichon — Visit to Cromer — Growing dislike of migratory life — Letter to Mrs. Lytton on the death of Lord Clarendon — Danger of women living too exclusively in the affections — Reading Mendelssohn's letters — From Cromer to Harrogate and Whitby — Meets Mrs. Burne-Jones there — "Armgart" begun — Three weeks' visit to Limpsfield — Letter to Miss Hennell on the beginning of the war between Germany and France — Jowett's "Plato" — Letter to Mme. Bodichon — The French nation — "Armgart" finished at Limpsfield — Return to the Priory — Letter to Miss Hennell — A popular preacher — Growing influence of ideas — Goethe's contempt for Revolution of 1830 — Letter to Mme. Bodichon on the faults of one's friends — Letter to Mrs. Congreve — Industrial schemes — Greater cheerfulness — Frederic Harrison on Bismarckism — Writing "Miss Brooke" — Reading Wolf's "Prolegom-

ena to Homer" and "Wilhelm Meister" — Visit to Mme. Bodichon at Ryde — Letter to Miss Hennell — Ritualism at Ryde — Brutalising effect of German war — Trollope's "Sir Harry Hotspur" — Limits of woman's constancy — Letter to M. D'Albert — Miss Bury's engagement to Mr. Geddes — Letter to Mrs. Peter Taylor — Three and a half months' visit to Petersfield — Mode of life — Letter to Mme. Bodichon — Lowell's "My Study Windows" — "Diethelm von Buchenberg" in "Deutscher Novellenschatz" — Letter to Mrs. Congreve — Mrs. Geddes's marriage — Letter to John Blackwood — Relinquishment of Scott Commemoration — Captain Lockhart — Letter to John Blackwood on MS. of "Middlemarch" — Visit from Tennyson — Letter to Mrs. Lytton on death of her son — Letter to Miss Mary Cross on story in "Macmillan's Magazine" — Letter to Mrs. Peter Taylor — Suffering from cold — Got's acting — Crystal Palace music — Letter to Mrs. Bray — Delight in intellectual activity — Letters to Alex. Main — Letter to Mrs. Congreve — Enjoyment of Cherrimans — Letter to M. D'Albert — Letter to John Blackwood — Letter to Alex. Main — Visit to Weybridge — Mr. Main, the collector of the "Sayings" — Reception of "Middlemarch" — Letters to Miss Hennell — Foster's "Life of Dickens" — Low health — Letter to Alex. Main — Tichborne trial — Letters to John Blackwood — Pleased with the "Sayings" — Visit to Weybridge — Length of "Middlemarch" — Letter to Mrs. Congreve — Reading Johnson's "Lives of the Poets" — Finished second volume of "Middlemarch" — Letter to Mrs. Stowe — Spiritualistic phenomena — Letter to John Blackwood — German and French interest in "Middlemarch" — Asher's edition — German readers — Letter to Mrs. Peter Taylor on death of Mazzini — Letter to Miss Hennell — Low health — Characters in "Middlemarch" — Letter to Mrs. Stowe — Spirit communications — Letter to Mrs. Congreve on Wallace's "Eastern Archipelago" — Tylor's "Primitive Culture" — Letter to John Blackwood — "Middlemarch" finished — Letter to Mrs. Cross on invitation to Six-Mile Bottom, Cambridge — Letter to Alex. Main — Month's visit to Homburg — Letter to Mrs. Cross — Trèves — On gambling at Homburg — Letter to John Blackwood — Play of a young lady at Homburg — German reading — Letter to Mrs. Cross from Boulogne — Letter to Mrs. Wm. Smith of condolence on loss of her husband — Memorial article on Mr. Wm. Smith — On finishing "Middlemarch" — Letter to Mrs. Peter Taylor on Mr. Wm. Smith — Letters to Miss Hennell — Presentation copies of "Middlemarch" — Mr. Lewes studying mathematics — Letter to John Blackwood — "Maga's" review of "Middlemarch" — Tone of the Bar — Letter to J. W. Cross on building a house at Shere — Letter to Mrs. Congreve — Happiness — Story of Coventry lady and Bulstrode — Letter to Mr. Simpson — MS. of "Middlemarch."

CHAPTER XVII

Journal, 1873.

JAN. 1. — At the beginning of December, the eighth and last book of "Middlemarch" was published, the three final numbers having been published monthly. No former book of mine has been received with more enthusiasm, — not even "Adam Bede;" and I have received many deeply affecting assurances of its influence for good on individual minds. Hardly anything could have happened to me which I could regard as a greater blessing, than the growth of my spiritual existence when my bodily existence is decaying. The merely egoistic satisfactions of fame are easily nullified by toothache, and *that* has made my chief consciousness for the last week. This morning, when I was in pain, and taking a melancholy breakfast in bed, some sweet-natured creature sent a beautiful bouquet to the door for me, bound round with the written wish that "Every year may be happier and happier, and that God's blessing may ever abide with the immortal author of 'Silas Marner.'" Happily my dear husband is well, and able to enjoy these things for me. That he rejoices in them is my most distinct personal pleasure in such tributes.

Letter to Alex. Main, New Year's Day, 1873.

Your affectionate greeting to me and Mr. Lewes was very sweet to our feelings. We found it on our return from the country, where we had been to spend our Christmas. Unhappily, I brought back a sad face-ache from cold, which has since turned into sore-throat, and has kept me a dolorous prisoner, occupied

chiefly in bearing pain. This is my small share of the world's sorrow. In all other respects we are as happy as even your generous regard could desire us to be. For Mr. Lewes's health is just now untroubled, and with those who are nearest to us all is well.

Until this evening I have not felt equal to writing even a brief note; but now that I am a little relieved, my first desire is to thank you for a whole year's sympathy, of which your last letter was the closing chord. I trust that it will always be a satisfactory thought to you that you came as a cheering faith-creating influence to me when I was writing "Middlemarch" under all the obstructions of feeble health, occasionally even of illness that made me fear lest I should never be able to carry out my conception. Always, a letter from you gave me proof that I had made myself understood, and that no care to say the right word would be thrown away. Amid all the irremediable trials of existence, men and women can nevertheless greatly help each other; and while we can help each other it is worth while to live. Let it increase your confidence in this sort of value which your life may always have, that you have really helped me simply by writing out your thoughts and feelings to me.

A week or two ago I had a letter from some corner of London, beginning "I am a lawyer's clerk, young and poor and ignorant," and ending with a prayer for a cheaper edition of "Middlemarch," "but not too cheap," lest paper and print should be bad — and men of the writer's class were willing to pinch for the sake of paying for a book they wanted. You may imagine that I am more encouraged by such a letter than by many laudatory notices.

Letter to John Blackwood, 3d Jan. 1873.

It was very pleasant to have your greeting on the New Year, though I was keeping its advent in melancholy guise. I am relieved now from the neuralgic part of my ailment, and am able to write something of the hearty response I feel to your good wishes.

We both hope that the coming year may continue to you all the family joys which must make the core of your happiness, without underrating golf and good contributors to "Maga." Health has to be presupposed as the vehicle of all other good, and in this respect you may be possibly better off in '73 than in '72, for I think you have had several invalidings within the last twelve months.

Mr. Langford wrote yesterday that he knew of an article on "Middlemarch" being in preparation for the "Times," which certainly was never before so slow in noticing a book of mine. Whether such an article will affect the sale favourably seems eminently uncertain, and can only complicate Mr. Simpson's problem.

We have been glad to welcome our good friend, Mr. Anthony Trollope, after his long absence. He is wonderfully full of life and energy, and will soon bring out his two thick volumes on Australian colonies.

My friendly Dutch publishers lately sent us a handsome row of volumes, — George Eliot's "Romantische Werke," with an introduction, in which comparisons are safely shrouded for me in the haze of Dutch, so that if they are disadvantageous, I am not pained.

Please give my best wishes for the coming year to Mr. William Blackwood.

At last I break my silence, and thank you for your kind care about me. I am able to enjoy my reading at the corner of my study fire, and am at that unpitiable stage of illness which is counterbalanced by extra petting. I have been fearing that you too may be undergoing some *malaise* of a kindred sort, and I should like to be assured that you have quite got through the troubles which threatened you.

Letter to Mrs. Cross, 4th Jan. 1873.

How good you have all been to me, and what a disappointing investment of affection I have turned out! But those evening drives, which perhaps encouraged the face-ache, have left me a treasure of picture and poetry in my memory quite worth paying for, and in these days all prices are high.

The new year began very prettily for me at half-past eight in the morning with a beautiful bouquet, left by an unknown at our door, and an inscription asking that "God's blessing might ever abide with the immortal author of 'Silas Marner.'"

The signs of your sympathy sent to me across the wide water have touched me with the more effect because you imply that you are young. I care supremely that my writing should be some help and stimulus to those who have probably a long life before them.

Letter to Miss Wellington (now Mrs. Rollins), Brooklyn, U. S. A., 16th Jan. 1873.

Mr. Lewes has carefully read through the articles which were accompanied by your kind letter, and he has a high opinion of the feeling and discernment exhibited in them. Some concluding passages which he read aloud to me are such as I register among the grounds of any encouragement in looking backward on what I have written, if not in looking forward to any future writing.

Thank you, dear young friend, whom I shall

probably never know otherwise than in this spiritual way. And certainly, apart from those relations in life which bring daily opportunities of lovingness, the most satisfactory of all ties is this effective invisible intercourse of an elder mind with a younger.

That quotation in your letter, from Hawthorne's book, offers an excellent type, both for men and women, in the value it assigns to that order of work which is called subordinate, but becomes ennobling by being finely done. Yours, with sincere obligation.

P. S. By the way, Mr. Lewes tells me that you ascribe to me a hatred of blue eyes, — which is amusing, since my own eyes are blue-grey. I am not in any sense one of the "good haters;" on the contrary, my weaknesses all verge towards an excessive tolerance and a tendency to melt off the outlines of things.

I am much pleased with the colour and the lettering of the guinea edition, and the thinner paper makes it delightfully handy. Let us hope that some people still want to read it, since a friend of ours, in one short railway bit to and fro, saw two persons reading the paper-covered numbers. Now is the moment when a notice in the "Times" might possibly give a perceptible impulse.

Letter to John Blackwood, 25th Feb. 1873.

Kohn, of Berlin, has written to ask us to allow him to reprint "The Spanish Gypsy" for £50, and we have consented.[1] Some Dresdener, who has translated poems of Tennyson's, asked leave to translate "The Spanish Gypsy" in 1870, but I have not heard of his translation appearing.

The rain this morning is welcome, in exchange

[1] See footnote, p. 128.

for the snow, which in London has none of its country charms left to it. Among my books, which comfort me in the absence of sunshine, is a copy of the "Handy Royal Atlas," which Mr. Lewes has got for me. The glorious index is all the more appreciable by me, because I am tormented with German historical atlases which have no index, and are covered with names swarming like ants on every map.

The catalogue coming in the other day renewed my longing for the cheap edition of Lockhart's novels, though I have some compunction in teasing your busy mind with my small begging. I should like to take them into the country, where our days are always longer for reading.

I have a love for Lockhart because of Scott's Life, which seems to me a perfect biography. How different from another we know of!

After your kind words, I will confess that I should very much like to have the "Manual of Geography" by Mackay, and Baynes's "Port Royal Logic."

Letter to John Blackwood, 28th Feb. 1873.

Apropos of the "Lifted Veil," I think it will not be judicious to reprint it at present. I care for the idea which it embodies, and which justifies its painfulness. A motto which I wrote on it yesterday perhaps is a sufficient indication of that idea: —

> "Give me no light, great heaven, but such as turns
> To energy of human fellowship;
> No powers save the growing heritage
> That makes completer manhood."

But it will be well to put the story in harness with some other productions of mine, and not send it forth in its dismal loneliness. There are many things in it which I would willingly say over again,

and I shall never put them in any other form. But we must wait a little. The question is not in the least one of money, but of care for the best effect of writing, which often depends on circumstances, much as pictures depend on light and juxtaposition.

I am looking forward with interest to "Kenelm Chillingly," and thinking what a blessed lot it is to die on just finishing a book, if it could be a good one. I mean it is blessed only to quit activity when one quits life.

Letter to Mrs. Wm. Smith, 1st March, 1873.

If I had been quite sure of your address, I should have written to you even before receiving your dear letter, over which I have been crying this morning. The prompting to write to you came from my having ten days ago read your Memoir — brief yet full — of the precious last months before the parting. Mrs. P. Taylor brought me her copy as a loan. But may I not beg to have a copy of my own? It is to me an invaluable bit of writing, — the inspiration of a great sorrow, born of a great love, has made it perfect; and ever since I read it, I have felt a strengthening companionship from it. You will perhaps think it strange when I tell you that I have been more cheerful since I read the record of his sweet mild heroism, which threw emphasis on every blessing left in his waning life, and was silent over its pangs. I have even ventured to lend this copy, which is not my own, to a young married woman of whom I am very fond, because I think it is an unforgettable picture of that union which is the ideal of marriage, and which I desire young people to have in their minds as a goal.

It is a comfort in thinking of you that you have

two lovable young creatures with you. I have found quite a new interest in young people since I have been conscious that I am getting older; and if all personal joy were to go from me as it has gone from you, I could perhaps find some energy from that interest, and try to teach the young. I wish, dear friend, it were possible to convey to you the sense I have of a great good in being permitted to know of your happiness, and of having some communion with the sorrow which is its shadow. Your words have a consecration for me, and my husband shares my feeling. He sends his love along with mine. He sobbed with something which is a sort of grief better worth having than any trivial gladness, as he read the printed record of your love. He, too, is capable of that supreme self-merging love.

This is good news about the guinea edition, but I emphatically agree with you that it will be well to be cautious in further printing. I wish you could see a letter I had from California the other day, apparently from a young fellow, and beginning, "Oh, you dear lady! I, who have been a Fred Vincy ever so long, . . . have played vagabond and ninny ever since I knew the meaning of such terms," &c., &c.

Letter to John Blackwood, 14th March, 1873.

I am sorry to infer, from what you say about being recommended to go to a German bath, that you have been out of health lately. There really is a good deal of curative virtue in the air, waters, and exercise one gets at such places; and if the boredom were not strong enough to counteract the better influences, it would be worth while to endure.

That phrase of Miss Stuart's — "fall flat on the world" — is worth remembering. I should think

it is not likely to prove prophetic, if she is at all like her cousin, whose fair piquant face remains very vividly before me. The older one gets, the more one delights in these young things, rejoicing in their joys.

The Ministerial crisis interests me, though it does not bring me any practical need for thinking of it, as it does to you. I wish there were some solid, philosophical Conservative to take the reins, — one who knows the true functions of stability in human affairs, and, as the psalm says, "Would also practise what he knows."

Letter to Edward Burne-Jones, 20th March, 1873.

I suppose my hesitation about writing to you to tell you of a debt I feel towards you is all vanity. If you did not know me, you might think a great deal more of my judgment than it is worth, and I should feel bold in that possibility. But when judgment is understood to mean simply one's own impression of delight, one ought not to shrink from making one's small offering of burnt clay because others can give gold statues.

It would be narrowness to suppose that an artist can only care for the impressions of those who know the methods of his art as well as feel its effects. Art works for all whom it can touch. And I want in gratitude to tell you that your work makes life larger and more beautiful to me. I mean that historical life of all the world, in which our little personal share often seems a mere standing-room from which we can look all round, and chiefly backward. Perhaps the work has a strain of special sadness in it, — perhaps a deeper sense of the tremendous outer forces which urge us, than of the inner impulse towards heroic struggle and achievement; but the sadness is so inwrought with

pure, elevating sensibility to all that is sweet and beautiful in the story of man and in the face of the earth, that it can no more be found fault with than the sadness of mid-day, when Pan is touchy like the rest of us. Don't you agree with me that much superfluous stuff is written on all sides about purpose in art? A nasty mind makes nasty art, whether for art or any other sake; and a meagre mind will bring forth what is meagre. And some effect in determining other minds there must be, according to the degree of nobleness or meanness in the selection made by the artist's soul.

Your work impresses me with the happy sense of noble selection and of power determined by refined sympathy. That is why I wanted to thank you in writing, since lip-homage has fallen into disrepute.

I cannot help liking to tell you a sign that my delight must have taken a little bit of the same curve as yours. Looking, *apropos* of your picture, into the "Iphigenia in Aulis," to read the chorus you know of, I found my blue pencil-marks made seven years ago (and gone into that forgetfulness which makes my mind seem very large and empty), — blue pencil-marks made against the dance-loving Kithara and the footsteps of the muses and the nereids dancing on the shining sands. I was pleased to see that my mind had been touched in a dumb way by what has touched yours to fine utterance.

Welcome back to Europe! What a comfort to see your handwriting dated from San Remo, — to think that Dr. Congreve's anxieties about your voyage are at an end, and that you are once more in the post which is more specially and permanently yours! Mr.

Letter to Mrs. Congreve, 15th April, 1873.

Lewes finds fault with your letter for not telling enough; but the mere fact of your safety seems to fill it quite full for me, and I can think of no drawbacks, — not even of the cold, which I hope is by this time passing away for you, as it is for us. You must be so rich in memories that we and our small ordinary news must appear very flat to you, but we will submit to be a little despised by you if only we can have you with us again. I have never lost the impression of Dr. Congreve's look when he paid us his farewell visit, and spoke of his anxiety about your voyage, fearing that you had started too late; and that impression gives me all the keener sympathy with the repose I trust he is feeling. About ourselves I have only good news to tell. We are happier than ever, and have no troubles. We are searching for a country house to go to at the end of May or earlier. I long for the perfect peace and freedom of the country again. The hours seem to stretch themselves there, and to hold twice as much thought as one can get into them in town, where acquaintances and small claims inevitably multiply.

Imagine us nearly as we were when we last saw you, — only a little older, — with unchanged affection for you, and undimmed interest in whatever befalls you. Do not tax yourself to write unless you feel a pleasure in that imperfect sort of communication. I will try not to fear evil if you are silent, but you know that I am glad to have something more than hope to feed on.

Letter to Alex. Main, 22d April, 1873.

It gives me a deep satisfaction to think that your correspondence with M. Ritter is a mutual good. He is not, I imagine, a young man; and this makes the relation between you the more interesting to me.

I delight in sweet interchange between an elder and a younger life. I am much helped by his reception of the Epilogue to "Middlemarch," for some one had written a half-doubt whether there ought to have been an epilogue at all; and my readily echoing distrust had taken up the doubt. You will be glad to hear that the guinea form of the book goes off with amazing rapidity, — amazing, because nobody seems to know anybody else who buys books, so that the disappearance of editions is a mysterious case of absorption.

Good-bye. Keep the highest ambition, which doesn't mind worn edges to its coat, and is bent on the quality rather than the rank of its work.

Letter to Mrs. Wm. Smith, 25th April, 1873.

It was a cordial to me this morning to learn that you have the project of going with your young friend to Cambridge at the end of the autumn. I could not have thought of anything better to wish for on your behalf, than that you should have the consciousness of helping a younger life. I know, dear friend, that so far as you directly are concerned with this life, the remainder of it can only be patience and resignation. But we are not shut up within our individual life, and it is one of the gains of advancing age that the good of young creatures becomes a more definite intense joy to us. With that renunciation for ourselves which age inevitably brings, we get more freedom of soul to enter into the life of others: what we can never learn they will know, and the gladness which is a departed sunlight to us is rising with the strength of morning to them.

I am very much interested in the fact of young women studying at Cambridge, and I have lately

seen a charming specimen of the pupils at Hitchin, — a very modest lovely girl, who distinguished herself in the last examination. One is anxious that in the beginning of a higher education for women, the immediate value of which is chiefly the social recognition of its desirableness, the students should be favourable subjects for experiment, — girls or young women whose natures are large and rich enough not to be used up in their efforts after knowledge.

Mr. Lewes is very well, and goes on working joyously. Proofs come in slowly, but he is far from being ready with all the manuscript which will be needed for his preliminary volume, — the material which has long been gathered requiring revision and suggesting additions.

Do think it a privilege to have that fine *physique* of yours, instead of a headachy dyspeptic frame such as many women drag through life. Even in irremediable sorrow it is a sort of blasphemy against one's suffering fellow-beings to think lightly of any good which they would be thankful for in exchange for something they have to bear.

May 19. — We paid a visit to Cambridge at the invitation of Mr. Frederick Myers, and I enjoyed greatly talking with him and some others of the Trinity men. In the evenings we went to see the boat-race, and then returned to supper and talk, — the first evening with Mr. Henry Sidgwick, Mr. Jebb, Mr. Edmund Gurney; the second, with young Balfour, young Lyttelton, Mr. Jackson, and Edmund Gurney again. Mrs. and Miss Huth were also our companions during the visit. On the Tuesday morning we breakfasted at Mr. Henry Sidgwick's with

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Mr. Jebb, Mr. W. G. Clark, Mr. Myers, and Mrs. and Miss Huth.

May 22. — We went to the French play at the Princess's, and saw Plessy and Desclée in "Les idées de Madame Aubray." I am just finishing again Aristotle's "Poetics," which I first read in 1856.

Our plans have been upset by the impossibility of finding a house in the country that is suitable to us; and weariness of being deluded into journeys of investigation by fanciful advertisements, has inclined Mr. Lewes for the present to say that we will go abroad. Still I have nothing to tell that is absolutely settled, and I must ask you, when you return, to send a note to this house. If I am in England, it will be forwarded to me, and you will get a prompt answer. If I am silent, you will conclude that I am gone abroad. I think it is at the end of June that you are to come home?

Letter to Mrs. Congreve, 25th May, 1873.

Here we have been wearing furs and velvet, and having fires all through the past week, chiefly occupied by Mr. Lewes and me in a visit to Cambridge. We were invited ostensibly to see the boat-race, but the real pleasure of the visit consisted in talking with a hopeful group of Trinity young men. On Monday we had a clear cold day, more like the fine weather of midwinter than any tradition of May time. I hope that you have had no such revisiting of winter at San Remo. How much we should enjoy having you with us to narrate everything that has happened to you in the last eventful half year! I shall feel the loss of this as an immediate prospect to be the greatest disadvantage in our going abroad next month — if we go.

Your last news of Emily and of "baby's teeth" is cheerful. "Baby's teeth" is a phrase that enters much into our life just now. Little Blanche had a sad struggle with her first little bit of ivory, but she has been blooming again since, and is altogether a ravishing child. To-day we have had a large collection of visitors, and I have the usual Sunday evening condition of brain. But letters are so constantly coming and claiming my time to answer them, that I get fidgety lest I should neglect to write to you; and I was determined not to let another day pass without letting you have a proof that I think of you. When I am silent, please believe that the silence is due to feebleness of body, which narrows my available time. Mr. Lewes often talks of you, and will value any word from you about yourself as much as I shall.

Letter to Alex. Main, 1st June, 1873.

Thanks for your letter. What you say of "Romola" is a great comfort to me. It is a good while now since I read the book, but about two months ago I was looking through the "Sayings," and on running my eyes over those from "Romola" I felt some wonder that any one should think I had written anything better.

I am much interested in all you tell me about your youthful companions. You understand that I necessarily care most about the impression my books make on the young. Mr. Lewes has been wont to say that neither the very young nor the ignorant could care about my writing, — that its significance must escape them, and that the aspects of life which it presents would not interest them. As to the ignorant, I should think that this judgment must be true; but facts seem to be contra-

dicting it in relation to the young. And this makes me glad.

Thanks for sending me word of poor Miss Rebecca Franklin's death. It touches me deeply. She was always particularly good and affectionate to me, and I had much happiness in her as my teacher.

Letter to Mrs. Bray, 2d June, 1873.

In September a house near Chislehurst will be open to us, — a house which we think of ultimately making our sole home, turning our backs on London. But we shall be allowed to have it furnished for a year on trial.

June. — In the beginning of June we paid a visit to Mr. Jowett at Oxford, meeting there Mr. and Mrs. Charles Roundell, then newly married. We stayed from Saturday to Monday, and I was introduced to many persons of interest, — Professor T. Green, Max Müller, Thompson, the Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, a Mr. Wordsworth, the grandson of the poet, who had spent some time in India, and a host of others.

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June 23. — Started for the Continent. Fontainebleau, Plombières, &c.

I feel myself guilty that I have allowed the vicissitudes of travelling to hinder me from writing to you, for the chance that a letter from me might be welcome to you in what I have been imagining as the first weeks of your return to England and the house in Mecklenburgh Square. I am sure that I should not have been guilty in this way if I had been at any time able to say where you should send me an answer which I could call for at a *Poste Restante.* But we have been invariably uncertain as to the length of our stay in any one place, and as to our

Letter to Mrs. Congreve, 9th Aug. 1873.

subsequent route; and I confess that I shrink from writing a letter full of my own doings, without the prospect of getting some news in return. I am usually in a state of fear rather than of hope about my absent friends; and I dread lest a letter written in ignorance about them should be ill-timed. But at last all fears have become weaker than the uneasy sense that I have omitted to send you a sign of your loved presence in my thoughts, and that you may have lost a gleam of pleasure through my omission.

We left home on the 23d of June, with a sketch of a journey in our minds which included Grenoble, the Grande Chartreuse, Aix les Bains, Chambéry, and Geneva. The last place I wished to get to, because my friend Mme. D'Albert is not likely to live much longer, and I thought that I should like to see her once more. But during a short stay at Fontainebleau I began to feel that lengthy railway journeys were too formidable for us old weak creatures, and, moreover, that July and August were not the best months for those southern regions. We were both shattered, and needed quiet rather than the excitement of seeing friends and acquaintances, — an excitement of which we had been having too much at home, — so we turned aside by easy stages to the Vosges, and spent about three weeks at Plombières and Luxeuil. We shall carry home many pleasant memories of our journey, — of Fontainebleau, for example, which I had never seen before; then of the Vosges, where we count on going again. Erckmann-Chatrian's books had been an introduction to the lovely region; and several of them were our companions there. But what small experiences these are compared with yours; and how we long for the time

when you will be seated with us at our country house (Blackbrook, near Bromley, is the name of the house), and tell us as much as you can think of about this long year in which we have been deprived of you. If you receive this letter in time to write me a line which would reach me by the 15th, I shall be most grateful if you will give me that undeserved indulgence.

On our return yesterday from our nine weeks' absence, I found a letter from Mr. Main, in which he shows some anxiety that I should write you the "formal sanction" you justly require before admitting extracts from "Middlemarch" in the new edition of the "Sayings." I have no objection, if you see none, to such an enlargement of the volume, and I satisfy our good Mr. Main's promptitude by writing the needed consent at once.

Letter to John Blackwood, 24th Aug. 1873.

We used our plan of travel as "a good thing to wander from," and went to no single place (except Fontainebleau) to which we had beforehand projected going.

Our most fortunate wandering was to the Vosges, — to Plombières and Luxeuil, — which have made us in love with the mode of life at the *Eaux* of France, as greatly preferable to the ways of the German *Bad*.

We happened to be at Nancy just as the Germans were beginning to quit it, and we saw good store of *tricolores* and paper lanterns ready in the shop windows for those who wished to buy the signs of national rejoicing. I can imagine that, as a Prussian lady told us, the Germans themselves were not at all rejoiced to leave that pretty town for "les bords de la Spree," where, in French dialogue, all Germans are supposed to live.

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Sept. 4. — Went to Blackbrook, near Bickley.

Letter to Mrs. Cross, 17th Sept. 1873.

Thanks, dear friend, for the difficult exertion you gave to the telling of what I so much wished to know, — the details of the trouble [1] which you have all had to go through either directly or sympathetically. But I will not dwell now on what it cost you, I fear, too much pain to recall so as to give me the vivid impressions I felt in reading your letter. The great practical result of such trouble is to make us all more tender to each other: this is a world in which we must pay heavy prices for love, as you know by experience much deeper than mine.

I will gossip a little about ourselves now. We gave up our intention of going far southward, fearing the fatigue of long railway journeys, and the heat (which hardly ever came) of July and August in the region we had thought of visiting. So after staying a very enjoyable time at Fontainebleau, we went to the Vosges, and at Plombières and Luxeuil we should have felt ourselves in Paradise if it had not been for a sad deafness of George's, which kept us uneasy and made us hurry to that undesirable place Frankfort, in order to consult Spiess. At Frankfort the nearest bath was the also undesirable Homburg; so we spent or wasted a fortnight there, winning little but the joy of getting away again. The journey home, which we took very easily, was interesting, — through Metz, Verdun, Rheims, and Amiens.

As to our house, spite of beautiful lawn, tall trees, fine kitchen-garden, and good invigorating air, we have already made up our minds that it

[1] Death of Mrs. Cross's sister of cholera at Salzburg.

will not do for our home. Still we have many things to enjoy, but we shall not probably remain here longer than to the end of October.

My motherly love to all such young ones as may be around you. I do not disturb George in order to ask for messages from him, being sure that his love goes with mine.

I quite assent to your proposal that there should be a new edition of "Middlemarch" in one volume, at 7*s.* 6*d.*, — to be prepared at once, but not published too precipitately.

Letter to John Blackwood, 19th Sept. 1873.

I like your project of an illustration; and the financial arrangements you mention are quite acceptable to me.

For one reason especially I am delighted that the book is going to be reprinted, — namely, *that I can see the proof-sheets and make corrections.* Pray give orders that the sheets be sent to me. I should like the binding to be of a rich sober colour, with very plain Roman lettering. It might be called a "revised edition."

Thanks for the extract from Mr. Collins's letter. I did not know that there was really a Lowick, in a Midland county too. Mr. Collins has my gratitude for feeling some regard towards Mr. Casaubon, in whose life *I* lived with much sympathy.

When I was at Oxford, in May, two ladies came up to me after dinner: one said, "How could you let Dorothea marry *that* Casaubon?" The other, "Oh, I understand her doing that, but why did you let her marry the other fellow, whom I cannot bear?" Thus two "ardent admirers" wished that the book had been quite different from what it is.

I wonder whether you have abandoned — as you seemed to agree that it would be wise to do

— the project of bringing out my other books in a cheaper form than the present 3*s.* 6*d.*, which, if it were not for the blemish of the figure illustrations, would be as pretty an edition as could be, and perhaps as cheap as my public requires. Somehow, the cheap books that crowd the stalls are always those which look as if they were issued from Pandemonium.

Letter to Mrs. Cross, 11th Oct. 1873.

I am rather ashamed of our grumblings. We are really enjoying the country, and have more than our share of everything. George has happy mornings at his desk now, and we have fine bracing air to walk in, — air which I take in as a sort of nectar. We like the bits of scenery round us better and better as we get them by heart in our walks and drives. The house, with all its defects, is very pretty, and more delightfully secluded, without being remote from the conveniences of the world, than any place we have before thought of as a possible residence for us.

I am glad that you have been seeing the Cowper Temples. My knowledge of them has not gone beyond dining with them at Mrs. Tollemache's, and afterwards having a good conversational call from them; but they both struck me very agreeably.

Mr. Henry Sidgwick is a chief favourite of mine, — one of whom his friends at Cambridge say that they always expect him to act according to a higher standard than they think of attributing to any other chief man, or of imposing on themselves. "Though we kept our own fellowships without believing more than he did," one of them said to me, "we should have felt that Henry Sidgwick had fallen short if he had not renounced his."

Our plan is not to give up our London house, but to have a country place as a retreat. We want a good house in a lovely country, *away from rows of villas*, but within easy reach of all conveniences. This seems an immodest requirement in a world where one good is hardly to be got without renunciation of another. You perceive that we are getting very old and fastidious.

Letter to Mrs. Peter Taylor, 12th Oct. 1873.

I like to interpret your enjoyment of Brighton and its evening skies as a proof that you flourish there physically. All things are to be endured and counted even as a fuller life, with a body free from pain and depressing sensations of weakness; but illness is a partial death, and makes the world dim to us.

We have no great strength to boast of; but we are so unspeakably happy in all other respects that we cannot grumble at this tax on us as elderly mortals.

Our little Blanche grows in grace, and her parents have great delight in her, — Charles being quite as fond a father as if he had beforehand been an idoliser of babies.

The chances of conversation were against my being quite clear to you yesterday as to the cases in which it seems to me that conformity is the higher rule. What happened to be said or not said is of no consequence in any other light than that of my anxiety not to appear what I should *hate to be*, — which is surely not an ignoble egoistic anxiety, but belongs to the worship of the Best.

Letter to J. W. Cross, Sunday, 20th Oct. 1873.

All the great religions of the world, historically considered, are rightly the objects of deep reverence and sympathy, — they are the record of spirit-

ual struggles, which are the types of our own. This is to me pre-eminently true of Hebrewism and Christianity, on which my own youth was nourished. And in this sense I have no antagonism towards any religious belief, but a strong outflow of sympathy. Every community met to worship the highest Good (which is understood to be expressed by God) carries me along in its main current; and if there were not reasons against my following such an inclination, I should go to church or chapel constantly, for the sake of the delightful emotions of fellowship which come over me in religious assemblies, — the very nature of such assemblies being the recognition of a binding belief or spiritual law, which is to lift us into willing obedience, and save us from the slavery of unregulated passion or impulse. And with regard to other people, it seems to me that those who have no definite conviction which constitutes a protesting faith, may often more beneficially cherish the good within them and be better members of society by a conformity, based on the recognised good in the public belief, than by a non-conformity which has nothing but negatives to utter. *Not*, of course, if the conformity would be accompanied by a consciousness of hypocrisy. That is a question for the individual conscience to settle. But there is enough to be said on the different points of view from which conformity may be regarded, to hinder a ready judgment against those who continue to conform after ceasing to believe in the ordinary sense. But with the utmost largeness of allowance for the difficulty of deciding in special cases, it must remain true that the highest lot is to have definite beliefs about which you feel that " necessity is laid

upon you" to declare them, as something better which you are bound to try and give to those who have the worse.

Letter to John Blackwood, 5th Nov. 1873.

It was a cheerful accompaniment to breakfast this morning to have a letter from you, with the pretty picture you suggested of Miss Blackwood's first ball. I am glad that I have seen the "little fairy," so as to be able to imagine her.

We are both the better for the delicious air and quiet of the country. We too, like you, were sorry to quit the woods and fields for the comparatively disturbed life which even we are obliged to lead in town. Letters requesting interviews can no longer be made void by one's absence; and I am much afflicted by these interruptions, which break up the day without any adequate result of good to any mortal. In the country the days have broad spaces, and the very stillness seems to give a delightful roominess to the hours.

Is it not wonderful that the world can absorb so much "Middlemarch" at a guinea the copy? I shall be glad to hear particulars, which, I imagine, will lead to the conclusion that the time is coming for the preparation of a *7s. 6d.* edition. I am not fond of reading proofs, but I am anxious to correct the sheets of this edition, both in relation to mistakes already standing, and to prevent the accumulation of others in the reprinting.

I am slowly simmering towards another big book; but people seem so bent on giving supremacy to "Middlemarch," that they are sure not to like any future book so well. I had a letter from Mr. Bancroft (the American Minister at Berlin) the other day, in which he says that everybody in Berlin reads "Middlemarch." He had to buy two

copies for his house; and he found the Rector of the University, a stupendous mathematician, occupied with it in the solid part of the day. I am entertaining you in this graceful way about myself, because you will be interested to know what are the chances for our literature abroad.

That Ashantee business seems to me hideous. What is more murderous than stupidity? To have a husband gone on such an expedition, is a trial that passes my imagination of what it is possible to endure in the way of anxiety.

We are looking forward to the "Inkerman" volume as something for me to read aloud.

Letter to Madame Bodichon, 11th Nov. 1872.

During the latter part of our stay at Blackbrook, we had become very fond of the neighbourhood. The walks and drives round us were delightfully varied, — commons, wooded lanes, wide pastures, — and we felt regretfully that we were hardly likely to find again a country-house so secluded in a well inhabited region.

We have seen few people at present. The George Howards are come from a delicious lonely *séjour* in a tower of Bamborough Castle! — and he has brought many sketches home. That lodging would suit you, would n't it? A castle on a rock washed by the sea seems to me just a paradise for you.

We have been reading John Mill's "Autobiography," like the rest of the world. The account of his early education, and the presentation of his father, are admirable; but there are some pages in the latter half that one would have liked to be different.

Our wish to see you after all the long months since June, added to your affectionate invitation,

triumphs over our disinclination to move. So, unless something should occur to make the arrangement inconvenient to you, we will join the dear party on your hearth in the afternoon of the 24th, and stay with you till the 26th.

Letter to Mrs. Cross, 6th Dec. 1873.

Notwithstanding my trust in your words, I feel a lingering uneasiness lest we should be excluding some one else from enjoying Christmas with you.

J.'s friend, Dr. Andrew Clark, has been prescribing for Mr. Lewes, — ordering him to renounce the coffee which has been a chief charm of life to him, but being otherwise mild in his prohibitions.

I hear with much comfort that you are better, and have recovered your usual activity. Please keep well till Christmas, and then love and pet me a little, for that is always very sweet.

In writing any careful presentation of human feelings, you must count on that infinite stupidity of readers who are always substituting their crammed notions of what ought to be felt, for any attempt to recall truly what they themselves have felt under like circumstances. We are going to spend Christmas Eve and Christmas Day with our friends at Weybridge.

Letter to Mrs. Bray, 22d Dec. 1873.

We have been spending our Christmas in the country, and it is only on my return that I got your kind note, with its pretty symbols of remembrance. Such little signs are very sweet, coming from those whom one loves well, in spite of long separation. I am very glad to have seen you in your new home, and to be able to imagine you among your household treasures, — especially to imagine both you and your husband in enjoyable health. We have been in-

Letter to Mrs. Peter Taylor, 28th Dec. 1873.

validish lately, and have put ourselves under the discipline of Dr. Andrew Clark, who is not one of the "three meat meals and alcohol" physicians, but rather one of those who try to starve out dyspepsia.

We both send our kind regards to Mr. Taylor, and hope that he may remain robust for his parliamentary campaign. Life, I trust, will deal gently with you in future, dear friend, and give you years of peace after your period of anxiety and of parting from old places and habits.

Jan. 1. — The happy old year in which we have had constant enjoyment of life, notwithstanding much bodily *malaise*, is gone from us forever. More than in any former year of my life, love has been poured forth to me from distant hearts, and in our home we have had that finish to domestic comfort which only faithful kind servants can give. Our children are prosperous and happy, — Charles evidently growing in mental efficiency; we have abundant wealth for more than our actual needs; and our unspeakable joy in each other has no other alloy than the sense that it must one day end in parting. My dear husband has a store of present and prospective good in the long work which is likely to stretch through the remaining years of his intellectual activity; and there have not been wanting signs that what he has already published is being appreciated rightly by capable persons. He is thinner than ever, but still he shows wonderful elasticity and nervous energy. I have been for a month rendered almost helpless for intellectual work by constant headache, but am getting a little more freedeom. Nothing is wanting to my blessings but the uninterrupted power of work. For

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as to all my unchangeable imperfections I have resigned myself.

Jan. 17. — I received this morning from Blackwood the account of "Middlemarch" and of "The Spanish Gypsy" for 1873. Of the guinea edition of "Middlemarch," published in the spring, 2434 copies have been sold. Of "The Spanish Gypsy" 292 copies have been sold during 1873, and the remaining copies are only 197. Thus out of 4470 which have been printed, 4273 have been distributed.

Letter to Mrs. Wm. Smith, 12th Feb. 1874.

We have received the volume — your kind and valuable gift — and I have read it aloud with Mr. Lewes, all except the later pages, which we both feel too much to bear reading them in common. You have given a deeply interesting and, we think, instructive picture, and Mr. Lewes has expressed his wish that it had not been restricted to a private circulation. But I understand your shrinking from indiscriminate publicity, at least in the first instance. Perhaps, if many judges on whom you rely concur with Mr. Lewes, you will be induced to extend the possible benefit of the volume. I care so much for the demonstration of an intense joy in life, on the basis of "plain living and high thinking," in this time of more and more eager scrambling after wealth and show. And then there are exquisite bits which you have rescued from that darkness to which his self-depreciation condemned them. I think I never read a more exquisite little poem than the one called "Christian Resignation;" and Mr. Lewes, when I read it aloud, at once exclaimed, "How very fine! Read it again!" I am also much impressed with the wise mingling of moderation with sympathy in that passage, given

in a note, from the article on Greg's "Political Essays."

What must have been the effort which the writing cost you I can — not fully, but — almost imagine. But believe, dear friend, that in our judgment you have not poured out these recollections in a cry of anguish all in vain. I feel roused and admonished by what you have told; and if I, then others.

Letter to John Blackwood, 20th Feb. 1874.

I imagined you absorbed by the political crisis, like the rest of the world except the Lord Chief-Justice, who must naturally have felt his summing-up deserving of more attention. I, who am no believer in salvation by ballot, am rather tickled that the first experiment with it has turned against its adherents.

I have been making what will almost certainly be my last corrections of "The Spanish Gypsy," and that causes me to look forward with special satisfaction to the probable exhaustion of the present edition. The corrections chiefly concern the quantity of the word Zincálo, which ought to be Zíncalo; but there are some other emendations, and altogether they make a difference to more than seventy pages. But it would still be worth while to retain the stereotypes, replacing simply the amended pages, there being about 400 in the whole book. I am sadly vexed that I did not think of having these corrections ready for the German reprint.

I have been compunctious lately about my having sprinkled cold water on the proposal suggested by Mr. Simpson, of bringing out my novels in a cheaper way, — on thinner paper and without illustrations. The compunction was roused by my happening, in looking at old records, to alight on some

letters, one especially, written by a working-man, a certain E. Hall,[1] more than ten years ago, begging me to bring out my books in a form cheap enough to let a poor man more easily "get a read of them." Hence, if you and Mr. Simpson see good to revive the design in question, I am perfectly in accord.

You did send me a copy of Lord Lytton's "Fables," — many thanks for doing so. Mr. Lewes had seen several of them in manuscript, and thought well of their merits. I am reading them gradually. They are full of graceful fancies and charming verse. So far as cleverness goes, it seems to me he can do almost anything; and the leanings of his mind are towards the best things. The want I feel is of more definiteness and more weight. The two stanzas to his wife placed before "Far and Near" are perfect.

I think I have never written to you since I wanted to tell you that I admired very much the just spirit in which the notice of Mill's "Autobiography" was written in the Magazine. Poor Dickens's latter years wear a melancholy aspect, do they not? But some of the extracts from his letters in the last volume have surprisingly more freshness and naturalness of humour than any of the letters earlier given. Still, something should be done by dispassionate criticism towards the reform of our national habits in the matter of literary biography? Is it not odious that as soon as a man is dead his desk is raked, and every insignificant memorandum, which he never meant for the public, is printed for the gossiping amusement of people too idle to re-read his books? "He gave the people of his best. His worst he kept, his best

[1] See *ante*, vol. xix. p. 65.

he gave;" but there is a certain set, not a small one, who are titillated by the worst and indifferent to the best. I think this fashion is a disgrace to us all. It is something like the uncovering of the dead Byron's club-foot.

Mr. Lewes is in a more flourishing condition than usual, having been helped by Dr. Andrew Clark, who ministers to all the brain workers. I have been ill lately, — weeks of *malaise* having found their climax in lumbar-neuralgia, or something of that sort, which gave fits of pain severe enough to deserve even a finer name.

My writing has not been stimulated as Scott's was under circumstances of a like sort, and I have nothing to tell you securely.

Please give an expression of my well-founded sympathy to Mr. William Blackwood. My experience feelingly convinces me of the hardship there must be in his. I trust I shall hear of the lameness as a departed evil.

Letter to John Blackwood, 6th March, 1874.

I send you by this post a small collection of my poems, which Mr. Lewes wishes me to get published in May.

Such of them as have been already printed in a fugitive form have been received with many signs of sympathy, and every one of those I now send you represents an idea which I care for strongly, and wish to propagate as far as I can. Else I should forbid myself from adding to the mountainous heap of poetical collections.

The form of volume I have in my eye is a delightful duodecimo edition of Keats's poems (without the "Endymion") published during his life: just the volume to slip in the pocket. Mine will be the least bit thicker.

I should like a darkish-green cover, with Roman

lettering. But you will consider the physique and price of the book, and kindly let me know your thoughts.

Letter to Mrs. Bray, 25th March, 1874.

I fear the fatal fact about your story[1] is the absence of God and hell. "My dear madam, you have not presented motives to the children!" It is really hideous to find that those who sit in the scribes' seats have got no further than the appeal to selfishness which they call God. The old Talmudists were better teachers. They make Rachel remonstrate with God for His hardness, and remind Him that she was kinder to her sister Leah than He to His people, — thus correcting the traditional God by human sympathy. However, we must put up with our contemporaries, since we can neither live with our ancestors nor with posterity.

It is cheering to see the programme of your new society. There certainly is an awakening of conscience about animals in general as our fellow-creatures, — even the vogue of Balaam's ass is in that sense a good sign. A lady wrote to me the other day, that when she went to church in the island of Sark, the sermon turned on that remonstrant hero or heroine.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 27th March, 1874.

I can imagine how great an encouragement you feel from the enthusiasm generously expressed in Mr. C.'s letter. It is always an admirable impulse to express a deeply felt admiration, but it is also possible that you have some grateful readers who do not write to you. I have heard men whose greatest delight is literature, say that they should never dream of writing to an author on the ground of his books alone.

[1] "Paul Bradley."

Poor Mr. Francis Newman must be aged now, and rather weary of the world and explanations of the world. He can hardly be expected to take in much novelty. I have a sort of affectionate sadness in thinking of the interest which, in far-off days, I felt in his "Soul" and "Phases of Faith," and of the awe I had of him as a lecturer on mathematics at the Ladies' College. How much work he has done in the world which has left no deep conspicuous mark, but has probably entered beneficially into many lives!

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 23d April, 1874.

How glorious this opening spring is! At this moment even London is so beautiful that I come home filled with the Park landscapes, and see them as a background to all my thoughts. Your account of Mr. George Dawson is rather melancholy. I remember him only as a bright, vigorous, young man, — such as perhaps his sons are now. I imagine it is his fortune, or rather misfortune, to have talked too much and too early about the greatest things.

Letter to Miss Mary Cross, 11th May, 1874.

I could not dwell on your sweet gift [1] yesterday, — I should perhaps have begun to cry, which would not have been *convenable* in a hostess. For I have been in a suffering, depressed condition lately; so your good loving deed has come just at the right time, when I need the helpfulness that love brings me, — and my heart turns to you with grateful blessing this Monday morning.

I have been looking at the little paintings with a treble delight, because they were done for *me*, because you chose for them subjects of my "making," and because they are done with a promising charm of execution (which Mr. Lewes feels as

[1] A vase with paintings from "Romola" on tiles.

well as I). It gives me special gladness that you have this sort of work before you. Some skill or other with the hands is needful for the completeness of the life, and makes a bridge over times of doubt and despondency.

Perhaps it will please you to know that nineteen years ago, when Mr. Lewes and I were looking at a print of Goethe's statue by Rietschl, which stands on a pedestal ornamented with *bassi relievi* of his characters, I said (little believing that my wish would ever be fulfilled), "How I should like to be surrounded with creatures of my own making!" And yesterday, when I was looking at your gift, that little incident recurred to me. Your love seemed to have made me a miniature pedestal.

I was comforted yesterday that you and J. had at least the pleasure of hearing Bice Trollope sing, to make some amends for the long cold journey. Please do not any of you forget that we shall only be three weeks more in this corner of the world, and that we want to see you as often as you care to come.

Best love to all, the mother being chief among the all.

Letter to Alex. Main, 13th May, 1874.

Your affectionate letters are very cheering to me. Though your praise is to be measured by your own enthusiasm rather than by my merit, — by your own fulness rather than by mine, — there is always this satisfaction for me, less alarmingly due to my vanity, — namely, that what you quote and emphasise is almost always what I most felt and believed in when I wrote it.

Give us an account of your studies, and how your activity has hitherto shaped itself, and what you look forward to with the most yearning. I

think you have a strong faith, as I have, in the influences of a life apart from authorship, and in that dignity of work which comes from the thoroughness of doing rather than from the *order* of the work.

" Agatha " was written after a visit to that St. Märgen described at the beginning of the poem. There was really an aged woman among those green hills who suggested the picture of Agatha.

Mr. Lewes is downstairs working at his desk, else he would send his love to you. We laughed at your prediction that he would call your letter " one of Main's screeds." He has really used that word, but you can hardly imagine how pleased he is with a " screed " which has me for its subject. His happy nature assimilates all agreeable things, and especially any tribute to me.

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May 19. — This month has been published a volume of my poems, — " Legend of Jubal, and other Poems." On the first of June we go into the country to the cottage, Earlswood Common, for four months, and I hope there to get deep shafts sunk in my prose book. My health has been a wretched drag on me during this last half year. I have lately written " a symposium."

Letter to Mrs. Cross, 14th June, 1874.

I have so much trust in your love for us that I feel sure you will like to know of our happiness in the secure peace of the country, and the good we already experience in soul and body from the sweet breezes over hill and common, the delicious silence, and the unbroken spaces of the day. Just now the chill east wind has brought a little check to our pleasure in our long afternoon drives; and I could wish that Canon Kingsley and his fellow-worshippers

of that harsh divinity could have it reserved entirely for themselves as a tribal god.

We think the neighbourhood so lovely that I must beg you to tell J. we are in danger of settling here unless he makes haste to find us a house in your "country-side," — a house with undeniable charms, on high ground, in a strictly rural neighbourhood (water and gas laid on, nevertheless), to be vacant precisely this autumn!

My philosopher is writing away with double *verve* in a projecting window, where he can see a beautiful green slope crowned and studded with large trees. I, too, have an agreeable corner in another room. Our house has the essentials of comfort, and we have reason to be contented with it.

I confess that my chief motive for writing about ourselves is to earn some news of you, which will not be denied me by one or other of the dear pairs of hands always ready to do us a kindness.

Our Sunday is really a Sabbath now, — a day of thorough peace. But I shall get hungry for a sight of some of the Sunday visitors before the end of September.

I include all my family in a spiritual embrace, and am always yours lovingly.

We are revelling in the peace of the country, and have no drawback to our delight except the cold winds, which have forced us to put on winter clothing for the last four or five days.

Letter to John Blackwood, 16th June, 1874.

Our wide common is very breezy, and the wind makes mournful music round our walls. But I should think it is not possible to find a much healthier region than this round Reigate and Redhill; and it is prettier than half the places one

crosses the Channel to see. We have been hunting about for a permanent country home in the neighbourhood, but no house is so difficult to get as one which has at once seclusion and convenience of position, which is neither of the suburban villa style nor of the grand hall and castle dimensions.

The restoration of the Empire (in France), which is a threatening possibility, seems to me a degrading issue. In the restoration of the monarchy I should have found something to rejoice at, but the traditions of the empire, both first and second, seem to my sentiment bad. Some form of military despotism must be, as you say, the only solution where no one political party knows how to behave itself. The American pattern is certainly being accepted as to senatorial manners. I daresay you have been to Knebworth, and talked over French matters with Lord Lytton. We are grieved to hear from him but a poor account of sweet Lady Lytton's health and spirits. She is to me one of the most charming types of womanliness, and I long for her to have all a woman's best blessings.

The good news about the small remainder of "Jubal" is very welcome, and I will write at once to Mr. Simpson to send him my two or three corrections, and my wishes about the new edition. The price of the book will well bear a thicker and a handsomely tinted paper, especially now it has proved movable; and I felt so much the difference to the eye and touch of the copies on rich tinted paper, that I was much vexed with myself for having contributed to the shabby appearance of the current edition by suggesting the thin Keats volume as a model. People have become used to more

luxurious editions; and I confess to the weakness of being affected by paper and type in something of the same subtle way I am affected by the odour of a room.

Many thanks for Lord Neaves's pleasant little book, which is a capital example of your happily planned publication.

I came down here half poisoned by the French theatre, but I am flourishing now, and am brewing my future big book with more or less (generally less) belief in the quality of the liquor which will be drawn off. The secured peacefulness and the pure air of the country make our time of double worth; and we mean to give no invitations to London friends desirous of change. We are selfishly bent on dual solitude.

Letter to Mrs. Peter Taylor, 1st July, 1874.

I am so glad to know from your kind letter that you are interesting yourself, with Madame Belloc, in the poor workhouse girls. You see my only social work is to rejoice in the labours of others, while I live in luxurious remoteness from all turmoil. Of course you have seen Mrs. Senior's report. I read it, and thought it very wise, very valuable in many ways, and since then she has sent me word how much she has been worried about it by (as I imagine) obstructive officials.

We are revelling in our country peacefulness, in spite of the chills and rain, — driving about every day that the weather will allow, and finding in each drive new beauties of this loveliest part of a lovely country. We are looking out for a house in this neighbourhood as a permanent retreat, — not with the idea of giving up our London house, at least for some years, but simply of having a place to which we may come for about

six months of the year, and perhaps finally shrink into altogether.

Only the day before your letter came to me I had been saying, "I wonder how our dear Mrs. William Smith is?" — so that your impulse to write to me satisfied a need of mine. I cannot help rejoicing that you are in the midst of lovely scenery again, for I had had a presentiment that Cambridge was antipathetic to you; and indeed I could not have imagined that you would be in the right place there, but for the promised helpfulness of your presence to a young friend.

Letter to Mrs. Wm. Smith, 1st July, 1874.

You tell me much that is interesting. Your picture of Mr. and Mrs. Stirling, and what you say of the reasons why one may wish even for the anguish of being *left* for the sake of waiting on the beloved one to the end, — all that goes to my heart of hearts. It is what I think of almost daily. For death seems to me now a close, real experience, like the approach of autumn or winter, and I am glad to find that advancing life brings this power of imagining the nearness of death I never had till of late years. I remember all you told me of your niece's expected marriage, and your joy in the husband who has chosen her. It is wealth you have, — that of several sweet nieces to whom being with you is a happiness. You can feel some sympathy in their cheerfulness, even though sorrow is always your only private good — can you not, dear friend? — and the time is short at the utmost. The blessed reunion, if it may come, must be patiently waited for; and such good as you can do others, by loving looks and words, must seem to you like a closer companionship with the gentleness and benignity which you

justly worshipped while it was visibly present, and still more perhaps now it is veiled, and is a memory stronger than vision of outward things. We are revelling in the sweet peace of the country, and shall remain here till the end of September.

Mr. Lewes sends his affectionate remembrances with mine. I am scribbling while he holds my bed candle; so pray forgive any incoherency.

I have two questions to ask of your benevolence. First, Was there not some village near Stonehenge where you stayed the night, nearer to Stonehenge than Amesbury? Secondly, Do you know anything specific about Holmwood *Common* as a place of residence? It is ravishingly beautiful: is it in its higher part thoroughly unobjectionable as a site for a dwelling?

Letter to Madame Bodichon, 17th July, 1874.

It seems that they have been having the heat of Tophet in London, whereas we have never had more than agreeable sunniness, this common being almost always breezy. And the country around us must, I think, be the loveliest of its undulating woody kind in all England.

I remember, when we were driving together last, something was said about my disposition to melancholy. I ought to have said then, but did not, that I am no longer one of those whom Dante found in hell border because they had been sad under the blessed sunlight.[1] I am uniformly cheerful now, — feeling the preciousness of these moments, in which I still possess love and thought.

It was sweet of you to write me that nice long

[1] "Tristi fummo
Nell' aere dolce, che dal sol s' allegra."
Inferno, c. vii. 121, 122.

letter. I was athirst for some news of you. Life, as you say, is a big thing. No wonder there comes a season when we cease to look round and say, "How shall I enjoy?" — but as in a country which has been visited by the sword, pestilence, and famine, think only how we shall help the wounded, and how find seed for the next harvest, — how till the earth, and make a little time of gladness for those who are being born without their own asking. I am so glad of what you say about the Latin. Go on conquering and to conquer a little kingdom for yourself there.

Letter to Mrs. Burne-Jones, 3d Aug. 1874.

We are, as usual, getting more than our share of peace and other good, except in the matter of warmth and sunshine. Our common is a sort of ball-room for the winds, and on the warmest days we have had here we have found them at their music and dancing. They roar round the corners of our house in a wintry fashion, while the sun is shining on the brown grass.

Thanks for sending me the good news. The sale of "Middlemarch" is wonderful "out of all whooping," and considered as manifesting the impression made by the book, is more valuable than any amount of immediate distribution. I suppose there will be a new edition of "The Spanish Gypsy" wanted by Christmas; and I have a carefully corrected copy by me, containing my final alterations, to which I desire to have the stereotyped plates adjusted.

Letter to John Blackwood, 8th Aug. 1874.

As to confidence in the work to be done, I am somewhat in the condition suggested to Armgart, "How will you bear the poise of eminence with dread of falling?" And the other day, having a

bad headache, I did what I have sometimes done before at intervals of five or six years, — looked into three or four novels to see what the world was reading. The effect was paralysing, and certainly justifies me in that abstinence from novel-reading which, I fear, makes me seem supercilious or churlish to the many persons who send me their books, or ask me about their friends' books. To be delivered from all doubts as to one's justification in writing at this stage of the world, one should have either a plentiful faith in one's own exceptionalness, or a plentiful lack of money. Tennyson said to me, "Everybody writes so well now;" and if the lace is only machine-made, it still pushes out the hand-made, which has differences only for a fine fastidious appreciation. To write indifferently after having written well — that is, from a true, individual store which makes a special contribution — is like an eminent clergyman spoiling his reputation by lapses, and neutralising all the good he did before. However this is superfluous stuff to write to you. It is only a sample of the way in which depression works upon me. I am not the less grateful for all the encouragement I get.

I saw handsome Dean Liddell at Oxford. He is really a grand figure. They accuse him of being obstructive to much-needed reforms. For my own part, I am thankful to him for his share in "Liddell and Scott" and his capital little Roman history. *Apropos* of books and St. Andrews, I have read aloud to Mr. Lewes Professor Flint's volume, and we have both been much pleased with its conscientious presentation and thorough effort at fairness.

We have enjoyed the country as we always do;

but we have been, for our constitutions, a little unfortunate in the choice of a spot, which is the windiest of the windy. That heat which we have read and heard of has hardly been at all felt by us; and we have both suffered a little from chills. You will perceive from my letter I am just now possessed by an evil spirit in the form of headache; but on the whole I am much the stronger for the peace and the delicious air, which I take in as a conscious addition to the good of living.

We have been near buying a little country hermitage on Holmwood Common, — a grand spot, with a view hard to match in our flat land. But we have been frightened away by its windiness. I rather envy Major Lockhart and the rest of the Golfian enthusiasts: to have a seductive idleness which is really a healthy activity, is invaluable to people who have desk-work.

I feel rather disgraced by the fact that I received your last kind letter nearly two months ago. But a brief note of mine, written immediately on hearing of you from Mrs. Fields, must have crossed yours and the Professor's kind letters to me; and I hope it proved to you that I love you in my heart.

Letter to Mrs. H. B. Stowe, 11th Nov. 1874.

We were in the country then, but soon afterwards we set out on a six weeks' journey, and we are but just settled in our winter home.

Those unspeakable troubles in which I necessarily felt more for *you* than for any one else concerned, are, I trust, well at an end, and you are enjoying a time of peace. It was like your own sympathetic energy to be able, even while the storm was yet hanging in your sky, to write to me about my husband's books. Will you not agree with me that there is one comprehensive Church

whose fellowship consists in the desire to purify and ennoble human life, and where the best members of all narrower Churches may call themselves brother and sister in spite of differences? I am writing to your dear husband as well as to you, and in answer to his question about Goethe, I must say, for my part, that I think he had a strain of mysticism in his soul, — of so much mysticism as I think inevitably belongs to a full poetic nature, — I mean the delighted bathing of the soul in emotions which overpass the outlines of definite thought. I should take the "Imitation" as a type (it is one which your husband also mentions), but perhaps I might differ from him in my attempt to interpret the unchangeable and universal meanings of that great book.

Mr. Lewes, however, who has a better right than I to a conclusion about Goethe, thinks that he entered into the experience of the mystic — as in the confessions of the *Schöne Seele* — simply by force of his sympathetic genius, and that his personal individual bent was towards the clear and plastic exclusively. Do not imagine that Mr. Lewes is guided in his exposition by theoretic antipathies. He is singularly tolerant of difference, and able to admire what is unlike himself.

He is busy now correcting the proofs of his second volume. I wonder whether you have headaches and are rickety as we are, or whether you have a glorious immunity from those ills of the flesh. Your husband's photograph looks worthy to represent one of those wondrous Greeks who wrote grand dramas at eighty or ninety.

I am decidedly among the correspondents who may exercise their friends in the virtue of giving and hoping for nothing again. Otherwise I

am unprofitable. Yet believe me, dear friend, I am always with lively memories of you, yours affectionately.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 20th Nov. 1874.

We have spent this year in much happiness, and are sorry to part with it. From the beginning of June to the end of September we had a house in Surrey, and enjoyed delicious quiet with daily walks and drives in the lovely scenery round Reigate and Dorking. October we spent in a country visit to friends (Six-Mile Bottom), and in a journey to Paris, and through the Ardennes homeward, finishing off our travels by some excursions in our own country, which we are ready to say we will never quit again, — it is so much better worth knowing than most places one travels abroad to see. We make ourselves amends for being in London by going to museums to see the wonderful works of men; and the other day I was taken over the Bank of England and to Woolwich Arsenal, — getting object-lessons in my old age, you perceive. Mr. Lewes is half through the proof-correcting of his second volume; and it will be matter of rejoicing when the other half is done, for we both hate proof-correcting (do you?) — the writing always seems worse than it really is when one reads it in patches, looking out for mistakes.

Letter to the Hon. Mrs. Ponsonby (now Lady Ponsonby), 10th Dec. 1874.

My books have for their main bearing a conclusion the opposite of that in which your studies seem to have painfully imprisoned you, — a conclusion without which I could not have cared to write any representation of human life, — namely, that the fellowship between man and man which has been the principle of development, social and moral, is not dependent on conceptions of what

is not man; and that the idea of God, so far as it has been a high spiritual influence, is the ideal of a goodness entirely human (*i. e.*, an exaltation of the human).

Have you quite fairly represented yourself in saying that you have ceased to pity your suffering fellow-men, because you can no longer think of them, as individualities of immortal duration, in some other state of existence than this of which you know the pains and the pleasures? — that you feel less for them now you regard them as more miserable? And, on a closer examination of your feelings, should you find that you had lost all sense of quality in actions, — all possibility of admiration that yearns to imitate, — all keen sense of what is cruel and injurious, — all belief that your conduct (and therefore the conduct of others) can have any difference of effect on the well-being of those immediately about you (and therefore on those afar off), whether you carelessly follow your selfish moods, or encourage that vision of others' needs which is the source of justice, tenderness, sympathy in the fullest sense? I cannot believe that your strong intellect will continue to see, in the conditions of man's appearance on this planet, a destructive relation to your sympathy: this seems to me equivalent to saying that you care no longer for colour, now you know the laws of the spectrum.

As to the necessary combinations through which life is manifested, and which seem to present themselves to you as a hideous fatalism, which ought logically to petrify your volition, — have they, *in fact*, any such influence on your ordinary course of action in the primary affairs of your existence as a human, social, domestic creature? And if

they don't hinder you from taking measures for a bath, without which you know that you cannot secure the delicate cleanliness which is your second nature, why should they hinder you from a line of resolve in a higher strain of duty to your ideal, both for yourself and others? But the consideration of molecular physics is not the direct ground of human love and moral action, any more than it is the direct means of composing a noble picture or of enjoying great music. One might as well hope to dissect one's own body and be merry in doing it, as take molecular physics (in which you must banish from your field of view what is specifically human) to be your dominant guide, your determiner of motives, in what is solely human. That every study has its bearing on every other is true; but pain and relief, love and sorrow, have their peculiar history which make an experience and knowledge over and above the swing of atoms.

The teaching you quote as George Sand's would, I think, deserve to be called nonsensical if it did not deserve to be called wicked. What sort of "culture of the intellect" is that which, instead of widening the mind to a fuller and fuller response to all the elements of our existence, isolates it in a moral stupidity? — which flatters egoism with the possibility that a complex and refined human society can continue, wherein relations have no sacredness beyond the inclination of changing moods? — or figures to itself an æsthetic human life that one may compare to that of the fabled grasshoppers who were once men, but having heard the song of the Muses could do nothing but sing, and starved themselves so till they died and had a fit resurrection as grasshoppers; "and this,"

says Socrates, "was the return the Muses made them."

With regard to the pains and limitations of one's personal lot, I suppose there is not a single man, or woman, who has not more or less need of that stoical resignation which is often a hidden heroism, or who, in considering his or her past history, is not aware that it has been cruelly affected by the ignorant or selfish action of some fellow-being in a more or less close relation of life. And to my mind, there can be no stronger motive, than this perception, to an energetic effort that the lives nearest to us shall not suffer in a like manner from *us*.

The progress of the world — which you say can only come at the right time — can certainly never come at all save by the modified action of the individual beings who compose the world; and that we can say to ourselves with effect, "There is an order of considerations which I will keep myself continually in mind of, so that they may continually be the prompters of certain feelings and actions," seems to me as undeniable as that we can resolve to study the Semitic languages and apply to an Oriental scholar to give us daily lessons. What would your keen wit say to a young man who alleged the physical basis of nervous action as a reason why he could not possibly take that course?

As to duration and the way in which it affects your view of the human history, what is really the difference to your imagination between infinitude and billions when you have to consider the value of human experience? Will you say that since your life has a term of threescore years and ten, it was really a matter of indifference whether you were a cripple with a wretched skin disease,

or an active creature with a mind at large for the enjoyment of knowledge, and with a nature which has attracted others to you?

Difficulties of thought — acceptance of what is, without full comprehension — belong to every system of thinking. The question is to find the least incomplete.

When I wrote the first page of this letter, I thought I was going to say that I had not courage to enter on the momentous points you had touched on, in the hasty, brief form of a letter. But I have been led on sentence after sentence, — not, I fear, with any inspiration beyond that of my anxiety. You will at least pardon any ill-advised things I may have written on the prompting of the moment.

Your New Year's affectionate greeting was very sweet and welcome to us. I missed nothing cordial and cheering in your letter except some assurance that this epoch finds you in outward peace and comfort, as well as in inward steadfastness and joy in all goodness. It is your general fault to say nothing about that more solid measurable self which, however inferior and troublesome, is yet an inseparable companion of the more spiritual Alexander Main. I trust that you are free from domestic trouble, and that your days are passed in satisfactory work.

Letter to Alex. Main, 2d Jan. 1875.

On the other hand, you usually want to know our bodily condition, and I can tell you now that we are both *un*usually well, having escaped cold in spite of the severe weather which has made victims of so many delicate and elderly persons.

This is the fourth year, I think, since your first letter, asking about the pronunciation of "Romola," reached me in the country. How the little

twig planted then has burgeoned and blossomed! — the best of blossoms being, as you say, the spiritual relation of conscious sympathy.

I want very much to be assured of your perpetual striving after excellence in all such ways as your life offers a path for; because your excellence in anything is likely to bear fruit after our work is finished. You know I care as much for what is called private work as for public, and believe in its incalculable efficacy.

Jan. 13. — Here is a great gap since I last made a record. But the time has been filled full of happiness. A second edition of "Jubal" was published in August; and the fourth edition of "The Spanish Gypsy" is all sold. This morning I received a copy of the fifth edition. The amount of copies sold of "Middlemarch" up to 31st December is between 19,000 and 20,000.

Journal, 1875.

Yesterday I also received the good news that the engagement between Emily Cross and Mr. Otter is settled.

The last year has been crowded with proofs of affection for me, and of value for what work I have been able to do. This makes the best motive or encouragement to do more; but, as usual, I am suffering much from doubt as to the worth of what I am doing, and fear lest I may not be able to complete it so as to make it a contribution to literature, and not a mere addition to the heap of books. I am now just beginning the part about "Deronda," at page 234.

Your letter was a deeply felt pleasure to me last night; and I have one from Emily this morning, which makes my joy in the prospect of your union as thorough as it could well be. I could not wish either her words or

Letter to Francis Otter, 13th Jan. 1875.

yours to be in the least different. Long ago, when I had no notion that the event was probable, my too hasty imagination had prefigured it and longed for it. To say this, is to say something of the high regard with which all I have known of you has impressed me, — for I hold our sweet Emily worthy of one who may be reckoned among the best. The possibility of a constantly growing blessedness in marriage is to me the very basis of good in our mortal life; and the believing hope that you and she will experience that blessedness seems to enrich me for the coming years. I shall count it among my strengthening thoughts that you both think of me with affection, and care for my sympathy. Mr. Lewes shares in all the feelings I express, and we are rejoicing together.

Letter to Mrs. Peter Taylor, 15th Jan. 1875.

Please never wonder at my silence, or believe that I bear you in any the less lively remembrance because I do not write to you.

Writing notes is the *crux* of my life. It often interferes with my morning hours (before 1 o'clock), which is the only time I have for quiet work. For certain letters are unavoidable demands; and though my kind husband writes them for me whenever he can, they are not all to be done by proxy.

That glorious bit of work of yours about the Home for Girls [1] is delightful to hear of. Hardly anything is more wanted, I imagine, than homes for girls in various employments — or rather for unmarried women of all ages.

I heard also the other day that your name was among those of the ladies interested in the begin-

[1] Bessborough Gardens.

ning of a union among the bookbinding women, which one would like to succeed and spread.

I hope, from your ability to work so well, that you are in perfect health yourself. Our friend Barbara, too, looks literally the pink of wellbeing, and cheers one's soul by her interest in all worthy things.

Letter to the Hon. Mrs. Ponsonby (now Lady Ponsonby), 30th Jan. 1875.

I should urge you to consider your early religious experience as a portion of valid knowledge, and to cherish its emotional results in relation to objects and ideas which are either substitutes or metamorphoses of the earlier. And I think we must not take every great physicist — or other "ist" — for an apostle, but be ready to suspect him of some crudity concerning relations that lie outside his special studies, if his exposition strands us on results that seem to stultify the most ardent, massive experience of mankind, and hem up the best part of our feelings in stagnation.

Letter to John Blackwood, 7th Feb. 1875.

Last night I finished reading aloud to Mr. Lewes the "Inkerman" volume, and we both thank you heartily for the valuable present. It is an admirable piece of writing: such pure, lucid English is what one rarely gets to read. The masterly marshalling of the material is certainly in contrast with the movements described. To my non-military mind, the Inkerman affair seems nothing but a brave blundering into victory. Great traits of valour — Homeric movements — but also a powerful lack of brains in the form of generalship. I cannot see that the ordering up of the two 18-pounder guns was a vast mental effort, unless the weight of the guns is to be counted in the order as well as in the execution. But the grand fact of the thousands

beaten by the hundreds remains under all interpretation. Why the Russians, in their multitudinous mass, should have chosen to retreat into Sebastopol moving at their leisure, and carrying off all their artillery, seems a mystery in spite of General Dannenberg's memorable answer to Mentschikoff.

There are some splendid movements in the story, — the tradition of the Minden Yell, the "Men, remember Albuera," and the officer of the 77th advancing with, "Then I will go myself," with what followed, are favourite bits of mine. My mind is in the anomalous condition of hating war and loving its discipline which has been an incalculable contribution to the sentiment of duty.

I have not troubled myself to read any reviews of the book. My eye caught one in which the author's style was accused of affectation. But I have long learned to apply to reviewers an aphorism which tickled me in my childhood, — "There must be some such to be some of all sorts." Pray tell Mr. Simpson that I was much pleased with the new dress of "The Spanish Gypsy."

The first part of "Giannetto" raised my interest, but I was disappointed in the unravelling of the plot. It seems to me neither really nor ideally satisfactory. But it is a long while since I read a story newer than "Rasselas," which I re-read two years ago, with a desire to renew my childish delight in it, when it was one of my best loved companions. So I am a bad judge of comparative merits among popular writers. I am obliged to fast from fiction, and fasting is known sometimes to weaken the stomach. I ought to except Miss Thackeray's stories, which I cannot resist when they come near me, — and bits of Mr. Trollope,

for affection's sake. You would not wonder at my fasting, if you knew how deplorably uncalled for, and "everything-that-it-should-not-be," my own fiction seems to me in times of inward and outward fog, — like this morning when the light is dim on my paper.

Do send me the papers you have written, — I mean as a help and instruction to me. I need very much to know how ideas lie in other minds than my own. that I may not miss their difficulties while I am urging only what satisfies myself. I shall be deeply interested in knowing exactly what you wrote at that particular stage. Please remember that I don't consider myself a teacher, but a companion in the struggle of thought. What can consulting physicians do without pathological knowledge? — and the more they have of it, the less absolute — the more tentative — are their procedures.

Letter to the Hon. Mrs. Ponsonby (now Lady Ponsonby), 11th Feb. 1875.

You will see by the "Fortnightly," which you have not read, that Mr. Spencer is very anxious to vindicate himself from neglect of the logical necessity that the evolution of the abstraction "society" is dependent on the modified action of the units; indeed he is very sensitive on the point of being supposed to teach an enervating fatalism.

Consider what the human mind *en masse* would have been if there had been no such combination of elements in it as has produced poets. All the philosophers and *savants* would not have sufficed to supply that deficiency. And how can the life of nations be understood without the inward life of poetry, — that is, of emotion blending with thought?

But the beginning and object of my letter must be the end, — please send me your papers.

Letter to Mrs. Wm. Smith, 10th May, 1875.

We cannot believe that there is reason to fear any painful observations on the publication of the memoir in one volume with "Gravenhurst" and the Essays. The memoir is written with exquisite judgment and feeling; and without estimating too highly the taste and carefulness of journalists in their ordinary treatment of books, I think that we may count on their not being impressed otherwise than respectfully and sympathetically with the character of your dear husband's work, and with the sketch of his pure elevated life. I would also urge you to rely on the fact that Mr. Blackwood thinks the publication desirable, as a guarantee that it will not prove injudicious in relation to the outer world, — I mean the world beyond the circle of your husband's especial friends and admirers. I am grieved to hear of your poor eyes having been condemned to an inaction which, I fear, may have sadly increased the vividness of that inward seeing, already painfully strong in you. There has been, I trust, always some sympathetic young companionship to help you, — some sweet voice to read aloud to you, or to talk of those better things in human lots which enable us to look at the good of life a little apart from our own particular sorrow.

Letter to Mrs. Burne-Jones, 11th May, 1875.

The doctors have decided that there is nothing very grave the matter with me; and I am now so much better that we even think it possible I may go to see Salvini in the "Gladiator" to-morrow evening. This is to let you know that there is no reason against your coming, with or without Margaret, at the usual time on Friday.

Your words of affection in the note you sent me are very dear to my remembrance. I like not only

to be loved, but also to be told that I am loved. I am not sure that you are of the same mind. But the realm of silence is large enough beyond the grave. This is the world of light and speech, and I shall take leave to tell you that you are very dear.

You are right, — there is no time, but only the sense of not having time: especially when, instead of filling the days with useful exertion, as you do, one wastes them in being ill, as I have been doing of late. However, I am better now, and will not grumble. Thanks for all the dear words in your letter. Be sure I treasure the memory of your faithful friendship, which goes back — you know how far.

Letter to Mrs. Peter Taylor, 14th May, 1875.

Your letters are always "a good message from a far country," and we value every assurance you give us of your welfare or of our share in furthering it.

Letter to Alex. Main, 26th May, 1875.

Our plans for the year do not now include a journey to the Continent, which Mr. Lewes had only thought of as a sanitary measure for me. What we are bent on is, to spend the next four or five months in the country, working, and breathing the fresh air. There is an unexpected hitch about a house which we had thought ourselves sure of, but if this difficulty can be surmounted we shall leave London next week.

We have been much interested lately in seeing Salvini, a genuinely great actor, play Othello. And on Monday we are hoping to see him in "Hamlet." I wish you could have the same enjoyment. Great art, in any kind, inspirits me and makes me feel the worth of devoted effort; but from bad pictures, bad books, vulgar music, I come away with a paralysing depression.

Mr. Lewes is going to republish some interesting

little retrospects of actors which he wrote nearly ten years ago in the "Pall Mall Gazette." He remembers Edmund Kean, — who, you know, died in 1832.

I wish I had time to think of something better to tell you, but I hear the footstep of a visitor to lunch, and must close my poor despatch. It will have answered your question about our movements, and also it will have assured you that you are always one of the valued possessions in our spiritual estate.

Letter to Frederic Harrison, 1st June, 1875.

If you could, some day this week or the beginning of next, allow me half an hour's quiet *tête-à-tête*, I should be very much obliged by such a kindness.

The trivial questions I want to put could hardly be shapen in a letter so as to govern an answer that would satisfy my need. And I trust that the interview will hardly be more troublesome to you than writing.

I hope, when you learn the pettiness of my difficulties, you will not be indignant, like a great doctor called in to the favourite cat.

Letter to Mrs. Peter Taylor, 9th Aug. 1875.

We admire our bit of Hertfordshire greatly; but I should be glad of more breezy common land and far-reaching outlooks. For fertility, wealth of grand trees, parks, mansions, and charming bits of stream and canal, our neighbourhood can hardly be excelled. And our house is a good, old, red-brick, Georgian place, with a nice bit of garden and meadow and river at the back. Perhaps we are too much in the valley, and have too large a share of mist, which often lies white on our meadows in the early evening. But who has not had too much moisture in this calamitously wet cold summer?

Mr. Lewes is very busy, but not in zoologising. We reserve that for October, when we mean to go to the coast for a few weeks. It is a long while since I walked on broad sands and watched the receding tide; and I look forward agreeably to a renewal of that old pleasure.

I am not particularly flourishing in this pretty region, probably owing to the low barometer. The air has been continually muggy, and has lain on one's head like a thick turban.

What a comfort that you are at home again and well![1] The sense of your nearness has been so long missing to us, that we had begun to take up with life as inevitably a little less cheerful than we remembered it to have been formerly, without thinking of restoration.

Letter to J. W. Cross, 14th Aug. 1875.

My box is quite dear to me, and shall be used for stamps, as you recommend, unless I find another use that will lead me to open it and think of you the oftener. It is very precious to me that you bore me in your mind, and took that trouble to give me pleasure, — in which you have succeeded.

Our house here is rather a fine, old, brick, Georgian place, with a lovely bit of landscape; but I think we have suffered the more from the rainy, close weather, because we are in a valley, and can see the mists lie in a thick white stratum on our meadows. Mr. Lewes has been, on the whole, flourishing and enjoying, — writing away with vigour, and making a discovery or theory at the rate of one per diem.

Of me you must expect no good. I have been in a piteous state of debility in body and depression in mind. My book seems to me so unlikely ever to be finished in a way that will make it worth giving

[1] I had been abroad for six weeks.

to the world, that it is a kind of glass in which I behold my infirmities.

That expedition on the Thames would be a great delight, if it were possible to us. But our arrangements forbid it. Our loving thanks to Mr. Druce, as well as to you, for reviving the thought. We are to remain here till the 23d of September; then to fly through town, or at least only perch there for a night or so, and then go down to the coast, while the servants clean our house. We expect that Bournemouth will be our destination.

Let us have news of you all again soon. Let us comfort each other while it is day, for the night cometh.

I hope this change of weather, in which we are glorying, both for the country's sake and our own, will not make Weybridge too warm for Mrs. Cross.

I don't mind how many letters I receive from one who interests me as much as you do. The receptive part of correspondence I can carry on with much alacrity. It is writing answers that I groan over. Please take it as a proof of special feeling that I declined answering your kind inquiries by proxy.

Letter to the Hon. Mrs. Ponsonby, 19th Aug. 1875.

This corner of Hertfordshire is as pretty as it can be of the kind. There are really rural bits at every turn. But for my particular taste I prefer such a region as that round Haslemere, — with wide furzy commons and a grander horizon. Also I prefer a country where I don't make bad blood by having to see one public-house to every six dwellings, — which is literally the case in many spots around us. My gall rises at the rich brewers in Parliament and out of it, who plant these poison shops for the sake of their million-making trade,

while probably their families are figuring somewhere as refined philanthropists or devout evangelicals and ritualists.

You perceive from this that I am dyspeptic and disposed to melancholy views. In fact, I have not been flourishing — but I am getting a little better; grateful thanks that you will care to know it. On the whole the sins of brewers, with their drugged ale and devil's traps, depress me less than my own inefficiency. But every fresh morning is an opportunity that one can look forward to for exerting one's will. I shall not be satisfied with your philosophy till you have conciliated necessitarianism — I hate the ugly word — with the practice of willing strongly, willing to will strongly, and so on, that being what you certainly can do and have done about a great many things in life, whence it is clear that there is nothing in truth to hinder you from it — except you will say the absence of a motive. But that absence I don't believe in, in your case — only in the case of empty barren souls.

Are you not making a transient confusion of intuitions with innate ideas? The most thorough experientialists admit intuition — *i. e.*, direct impressions of sensibility underlying all proof — as necessary starting-points for thought.

Oct. 10. — On the 15th June, we went to a house we had taken at Rickmansworth. Here, in the end of July, we received the news that our dear Bertie had died on June 29th. Journal, 1875.

Our stay at Rickmansworth, though otherwise peaceful, was not marked by any great improvement in health from the change to country instead of town, — rather the contrary. We left on 23d September, and then set off on a journey into

Wales, which was altogether unfortunate on account of the excessive rain.

Letter to John Blackwood, 10th Oct. 1875, from The Priory.

I behaved rather shabbily in not thanking you otherwise than by proxy for the kind letter you sent me to Rickmansworth, but I had a bad time down there, and did less of everything than I desired. Last night we returned from our trip, — a very lively word for a journey made in the worst weather; and since I am, on the whole, the better for a succession of small discomforts in hotels, and struggling walks taken under an umbrella, I have no excuse for not writing a line to my neglected correspondents.

You will laugh at our nervous caution in depositing our MSS. at the Union Bank before we set out. We could have borne to hear that our house had been burnt down, provided no lives were lost, and our unprinted matter, our *œuvres inédites*, were safe out of it.

About *my* unprinted matter, Mr. Lewes thinks it will not be well to publish the first part till February. The four first monthly parts are ready for travelling now. It will be well to begin the printing in good time, so that I may not be hurried with the proofs; and I must beg Mr. Simpson to judge for me in that matter with kind carefulness.

I can't say that I am at all satisfied with the book, or that I have a comfortable sense of doing in it what I want to do; but Mr. Lewes *is* satisfied with it, and insists that since he is as anxious as possible for it to be fine, I ought to accept his impressions as trustworthy. So I resign myself.

I read aloud the "Abode of Snow" at Rickmansworth, to our mutual delight; and we are

both very much obliged to you for the handsome present. But what an amazing creature is this Andrew Wilson, to have kept pluck for such travelling while his body was miserably ailing! One would have said that he had more than the average spirit of hardy men to have persevered, even in good health, after a little taste of the difficulties he describes.

Letter to Mrs. Peter Taylor, 20th Oct. 1875.

The arrangements as to the publication of my next book are already determined on. Ever since "Adam Bede" appeared, I have been continually having proposals from the proprietors or editors of periodicals, but I have always declined them, except in the case of "Romola," which appeared in the "Cornhill," and was allowed to take up a varying and unusual number of pages. I have the strongest objection to cutting up my work into little bits; and there is no motive to it on my part, since I have a large enough public already. But, even apart from that objection, it would not now be worth the while of any magazine or journal to give me a sum such as my books yield in separate publication. I had £7000 for "Romola," but the mode in which "Middlemarch" was issued brings in a still larger sum. I ought to say, however, that the question is not entirely one of money with me: if I could gain more by splitting my writing into small parts, I would not do it, because the effect would be injurious as a matter of art. So much detail I trouble you with to save misapprehension.

Letter to John Blackwood, 18th Nov. 1875.

Your enjoyment of the proofs cheers me greatly; and pray thank Mrs. Blackwood for her valuable hints on equine matters. I have not only the satisfaction of using those hints, — I allow myself the in-

ference that where there is no criticism on like points, I have made no mistake.

I should be much obliged to Mr. Simpson — whom I am glad that Gwendolen has captivated — if he would rate the printers a little about their want of spacing. I am anxious that my poor heroes and heroines should have all the advantage that paper and print can give them.

It will perhaps be a little comfort to you to know that poor Gwen is spiritually saved, but "so as by fire." Don't you see the process already beginning? I have no doubt you do, for you are a wide-awake reader.

But what a climate to expect good writing in! Skating in the morning and splashy roads in the afternoon is just typical of the alternation from frigid to flaccid in the author's bodily system, likely to give a corresponding variety to the style.

I got my head from under the pressure of other matters, like a frog from under the water, to send you my November greeting. My silence through the rest of the months makes you esteem me the more, I hope, seeing that you yourself hate letter-writing, — a remarkable exception to the rule that people like doing what they can do well, if one can call that a rule of which the reverse seems more frequent, — namely, that they like doing what they do ill.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 20th Nov. 1875.

We stayed till nearly the end of September at the house we had taken in Hertfordshire. After that we went into Wales for a fortnight, and were under umbrellas nearly the whole time.

I wonder if you all remember an old governess of mine who used to visit me at Foleshill, — a Miss Lewis? I have found her out. She is living at Leamington, old, but cheerful, and so delighted

to be remembered with gratitude. How very old we are all getting! But I hope you don't mind it any more than I do. One sees so many contemporaries, that one is well in the fashion. The approach of parting is the bitterness of age.

Your letter is an agreeable tonic, very much needed, for that wretched hindrance of a cold last week has trailed after it a series of headaches worse than itself. An additional impression, like Mr. Langford's, of the two volumes, is really valuable, as a sign that I have not so far failed in relation to a variety of readers. But you know that in one sense I count nothing done as long as anything remains to do; and it always seems to me that the worst difficulty is still to come. In the sanest, soberest judgment, however, I think the third volume (which I have not yet finished) would be regarded as the difficult bridge. I will not send you any more MS. until I can send the whole of vol. iii.

Letter to John Blackwood, 15th Dec. 1875.

We think that Mr. Simpson has conducted our Australian business admirably. Remembering that but for his judgment and consequent activity we might have got no publication at all in that quarter, we may well be content with £200. Mr. Lewes has not got the life of Heine, and will be much pleased and obliged by your gift.

Major Lockhart's lively letter gives one a longing for the fresh breezy life and fine scenery it conjures up. You must let me know when there is a book of his, because when I have done my own I shall like to read something else by him. I got much pleasure out of the two books I did read. But when I am writing, or only thinking of writing, fiction of my own, I cannot risk the reading of other English fiction. I was obliged

to tell Anthony Trollope so, when he sent me the first part of his "Prime Minister," though this must seem sadly ungracious to those who don't share my susceptibilities.

Apparently there are wild reports about the subject-matter of "Deronda," — among the rest, that it represents French life! But that is hardly more ridiculous than the supposition that after refusing to go to America, I should undertake to describe society there! It is wonderful how "Middlemarch" keeps afloat in people's minds. Somebody told me that Mr. Henry Sidgwick said it was a bold thing to write another book after "Middlemarch;" and we must prepare ourselves for the incalculableness of the public reception in the first instance. I think I have heard you say that the chief result of your ample experience has been to convince you of that incalculableness.

What a blow for Miss Thackeray, — the death of that sister to whom she was so closely bound in affection.

Dec. 25. — After our return from Wales in October I grew better, and wrote with some success. For the last three weeks, however, I have been suffering from a cold and its effects so as to be unable to make any progress. Meanwhile the two first volumes of "Daniel Deronda" are in print, and the first book is to be published on February 1st. I have thought very poorly of it myself throughout, but George and the Blackwoods are full of satisfaction in it. Each part as I see it before me *im Werden* seems less likely to be anything else than a failure; but I see on looking back this morning — Christmas Day — that I really was in worse health and suffered equal depression about "Romola;" and so

Journal, 1875.

far as I have recorded, the same thing seems to be true of "Middlemarch."

I have finished the fifth book, but am not far on in the sixth, as I hoped to have been, — the oppression under which I have been labouring having positively suspended my power of writing anything that I could feel satisfaction in.

SUMMARY OF CHAPTER XVII

JANUARY, 1873, TO DECEMBER, 1875

Reception of "Middlemarch" — Letter to Alex. Main — Cheap edition of "Middlemarch" wanted — Letter to John Blackwood — Mr. Anthony Trollope — Dutch translation of George Eliot's novels — Letter to Mrs. Cross — Evening drives at Weybridge — Letter to John Blackwood — Letter to Miss Wellington — Sympathy with the young — German reprint of "Spanish Gypsy" — "The Lifted Veil" — "Kenelm Chillingly" — Letter to Mrs. William Smith on her Memoir of her husband — Pleasure in young life — Letter to John Blackwood — Want of a Conservative leader — Letter to Mr. Burne-Jones — The function of art — Purpose in art — "Iphigenia in Aulis" — Letter to Mrs. Congreve, welcoming her home — Letter to Alex. Main — Success of "Middlemarch" — Letter to Mrs. William Smith on women at Cambridge — Visit to Mr. Frederic Myers at Cambridge — Meets Mr. Henry Sidgwick, Mr. Jebb, Mr. Edmund Gurney, Mr. Balfour, and Mr. Lyttelton, and Mrs. and Miss Huth — Letter to Alex. Main — Impressions of her books on the young — Letter to Mrs. Bray — Death of Miss Rebecca Franklin — Visit to the Master of Balliol — Meets Mr. and Mrs. Charles Roundell — Professor Green — Max Müller — Thompson, the Master of Trinity College, Cambridge — Nine weeks' trip to the Continent — Letter to Mrs. Congreve from Homburg — Fontainebleau, Plombières, and Luxeuil — Two months' stay at Bickley — Letter to Mrs. Cross on journey abroad and Blackbrook — Letter to John Blackwood — New edition of "Middlemarch" — A real Lowick in a Midland county — Cheap editions — Letter to Mrs. Cross on the pleasures of the country and on Mr. Henry Sidgwick — Letter to Mrs. Peter Taylor — House in the country — Letter to J. W. Cross on conformity — Letter to John Blackwood — Interruptions of town life — Simmering towards another book — Berlin reading "Middlemarch" — Ashantee war — Letter to Madame Bodichon — The George Howards — John Stuart Mill's Autobiography — Letter to Mrs. Cross on Christmas invitation — Dr. Andrew Clark — Letter to Mrs. Bray on stupidity of readers — Letter to Mrs. Peter Taylor — Retrospect of 1873 — Sales of "Middlemarch" and "Spanish Gypsy" — Letter to Mrs. William Smith — "Plain living and high thinking" — Letter to John Blackwood — Conservative reaction — Cheaper edition of novels — Lord Lytton's "Fables" — Dickens's "Life," and biography in general — Letter to John Blackwood —Volume of poems — Letter to Mrs. Bray — Motives for children — Letter to Miss Hennell — Francis Newman — George Dawson — "The Legend of Jubal, and other Poems," published — "Symposium" written — Letter to Miss Mary Cross thanking her for a vase — Letter to Alex. Main — "Agatha" — Letter to Mrs. Cross — Delight in country — Letter to John Blackwood — Threatened restoration of the Empire in France — "Brewing" "Deronda" — Letter to Mrs. Peter Taylor on Mrs. Nassau Senior's report — Letter to Mrs. William Smith on consolations in loss — Letter to Madame Bodichon — No disposition to melancholy — Letter to Mrs. Burne-Jones

— The serious view of life — Letter to John Blackwood — Justifications for writing — Dean Liddell — Letter to Mrs. Stowe — Goethe's mysticism — Letter to Miss Hennell — Visit to Six-Mile Bottom — Paris and the Ardennes — Bank of England and Woolwich Arsenal — Letter to Mrs. Ponsonby — The idea of God an exaltation of human goodness — Vision of others' needs — Ground of moral action — Need of altruism — The power of the will — Difficulties of thought — Letter to Alex. Main on his sympathy — Sales of books — Retrospect of 1874 — Letter to Francis Otter on his engagement — Letter to Mrs. Peter Taylor — Note writing — Home for girls — Letter to Mrs. Ponsonby — Value of early religious experience — Limitations of scientists — Letter to John Blackwood — Kinglake's "Crimea" — Discipline of war — "Rasselas" — Miss Thackeray — Anthony Trollope — Letter to Mrs. Ponsonby — Desire to know the difficulties of others — Companion in the struggle of thought — Mr. Spencer's teaching — The value of poets — Emotion blending with thought — Letter to Mrs. Wm. Smith — Her Memoir — Letter to Mrs. Burne-Jones — The world of light and speech — Letter to Mrs. Peter Taylor — Rickmansworth — Letter to Alex. Main on plans for the year — Letter to F. Harrison asking for consultation — Letter to J. W. Cross — "The Elms" — Depression — Letter to Mrs. Ponsonby — The Brewing interest — Conciliation of necessitarianism with will — Innate ideas — Death of Herbert Lewes — Trip to Wales — Letter to John Blackwood — Not satisfied with "Deronda" — Letter to Mrs. Peter Taylor — Mode of publication of books — Letter to John Blackwood — Gwendolen — Letter to Miss Hennell — Miss Lewis — Letter to John Blackwood — Impressions of "Deronda" — Major Lockhart — Depression about "Deronda."

CHAPTER XVIII

WE have just come in from Weybridge, but are going to take refuge there again on Monday, for a few days more of fresh air and long, breezy afternoon walks. Many thanks for your thoughtfulness in sending me the cheering account of sales.

Letter to John Blackwood, 17th March, 1876.

Mr. Lewes has not heard any complaints of not understanding Gwendolen, but a strong partisanship for and against her. My correspondence about the misquotation of Tennyson has quieted itself since the fifth letter. But one gentleman has written me a very pretty note, taxing me with having wanted insight into the technicalities of Newmarket, when I made Lush say, "I will *take* odds." He judges that I should have written, "I will lay odds." On the other hand, another expert contends that the case is one in which Lush would be more likely to say, "I will take odds." What do you think? I told my correspondent that I had a dread of being righteously pelted with mistakes that would make a cairn above me, — a monument and a warning to people who write novels without being omniscient and infallible.

Mr. Lewes is agitating himself over a fifth reading of revise, Book VI., and says he finds it more interesting than on any former reading. It is agreeable to have a home criticism of this kind! But I am deep in the fourth volume, and cannot any longer care about what is past and done for,

— the passion of the moment is as much as I can live in.

We had beautiful skies with our cold, and only now and then a snow shower. It is grievous to read of the suffering elsewhere from floods.

I am well pleased that "Deronda" touches you. I *wanted* you to prefer the chapter about Mirah's finding; and I hope you will also like her history in Part III., which has just been published.

Letter to Madame Bodichon, 30th March, 1876.

We want very much to get away, but I fear we shall hardly be able to start till the end of May. At present we think of the Maritime Alps as a destination for the warm summer, — if we have such a season this year; but we shall wander a little on our way thither, and not feel bound to accomplish anything in particular. Meanwhile we are hearing some nice music occasionally; and we are going to see Tennyson's play, which is to be given on the 15th. The occasion will be very interesting, and I should be very sorry to miss it.

We have been getting a little refreshment from two flights between Sundays to Weybridge. But we have had the good a little drained from us by going out to dinner two days in succession. At Sir James Paget's I was much interested to find that a gentle-looking, clear-eyed, neatly made man was Sir Garnet Wolseley; and I had some talk with him, which quite confirmed the impression of him as one of those men who have a power of command by dint of their sweet temper, calm demeanour, and unswerving resolution. The next subject that has filled our chat lately has been the Blue Book on Vivisection, which you would like to look into. There is a great deal of matter for reflection in the evidence on the subject, and some

good points have been lately put in print, and conversation that I should like to tell you of if I had time. Professor Clifford told us the other Sunday that Huxley complained of his sufferings from "the profligate lying of virtuous women."

April 12. — On February 1st began the publication of "Deronda," and the interest of the public, strong from the first, appears to have increased with Book III. The day before yesterday I sent off Book VII. The success of the work at present is greater than that of "Middlemarch" up to the corresponding point of publication. What will be the feeling of the public as the story advances, I am entirely doubtful. The Jewish element seems to me likely to satisfy nobody. I am in rather better health, — having, perhaps, profited by some eight days' change at Weybridge.

Journal, 1876.

Your sympathetic letter is a welcome support to me in the rather depressed condition which has come upon me, from the effect, I imagine, of a chill taken in the sudden change from mildness to renewed winter. You can understand how trying it is to have a week of incompetence at the present stage of affairs. I am rather concerned to see that the part is nearly a sheet smaller than any of the other parts. But Books V. and VI. are proportionately thick. It seemed inadmissible to add anything after the scene with Gwendolen; and to stick anything in not necessary to development between the foregoing chapters is a form of "matter in the wrong place" particularly repulsive to my authorship's sensibility.

Letter to John Blackwood, 18th April, 1876.

People tell us that the book is enormously dis-

cussed, and I must share with you rather a neat coincidence which pleased us last week. Perhaps you saw what Mr. Lewes told me of, — namely, that [a critic] opined that the scenes between Lush and Grandcourt were not *vraisemblable*, — were of the imperious feminine, not the masculine, character. Just afterwards Mr. Lewes was chatting with a friend, who, without having read the [criticism], or having the subject in the least led up to by Mr. Lewes, said that he had been at Lady Waldegrave's, where the subject of discussion had been "Deronda;" and Bernal Osborne, delivering himself on the book, said that the very best parts were the scenes between Grandcourt and Lush. Don't you think that Bernal Osborne has seen more of the Grandcourt and Lush life than that critic has seen? But several men of experience have put their fingers on those scenes as having surprising verisimilitude; and I naturally was peculiarly anxious about such testimony, where my construction was founded on a less direct knowledge.

We are rather vexed, now it is too late, that I did not carry out a sort of incipient intention to expunge a motto from Walt Whitman which I inserted in Book IV. Of course the whole is irrevocable by this time; but I should have otherwise thought it worth while to have a new page, not because the motto itself is objectionable to me, — it was one of the finer things which had clung to me from among his writings, — but because, since I quote so few poets, my selection of a motto from Walt Whitman might be taken as a sign of a special admiration, which I am very far from feeling. How imperfectly one's mind acts in proof-reading! Mr. Lewes had taken up Book IV.

yesterday, to re-read it for his pleasure merely; and though he had read it several times before, he never till yesterday made a remark against taking a motto from Walt Whitman. I, again, had continually had an *appetency* towards removing the motto, and had never carried it out, — perhaps from that sort of flaccidity which comes over me about what *has been* done, when I am occupied with what *is being* done.

People in their eagerness about my characters are quite angry, it appears, when their own expectations are not fulfilled, — angry, for example, that Gwendolen accepts Grandcourt, &c., &c.

One reader is sure that Mirah is going to die very soon, and, I suppose, will be disgusted at her remaining alive. Such are the reproaches to which I make myself liable. However, that you seem to share Mr. Lewes's strong feeling of Book VII. being no falling off in intensity makes me brave. Only endings are inevitably the least satisfactory part of any work in which there is any merit of development.

I forgot to say that the "tephillin" are the small leather bands or phylacteries, inscribed with supremely sacred words, which the Jew binds on his arms and head during prayer.

Any periphrasis which would be generally intelligible would be undramatic; and I don't much like explanatory footnotes in a poem or story. But I must consider what I can do to remedy the unintelligibility.

The printers have sadly spoiled the beautiful Greek name Kalonymos, which was the name of a celebrated family of scholarly Jews, transplanted from Italy into Germany in medieval times. But my writing was in fault.

Letter to Alex. Main, 2d May, 1876.

Having a leisure half-hour unexpectedly this afternoon, I use it in writing to you, rather than trust to the time nearer our departure, which may be filled with small details of preparation. Even if you had not asked me, it would have been my impulse to send you a few lines, that I might thank you, with more directness than through my husband's report, for all your affectionate sympathy, and for the painstaking appreciation with which you continually cheer me. Generally, it is not good for me to be much within hearing of what is said about my books, until they are at a good distance from their birth and I am in the dispassionate mood towards them of a hen towards her feathered chickens. But some genuine signs of understanding which assure me that I have not missed my aim are a helpful blessing, and you are one who can give such signs.

Are you not sometimes made rather desponding by the reading of newspapers and periodicals? One cannot escape seeing and hearing something of political and literary criticism in one's need to know what one's fellow-men are doing, and all information is given in a soup of comment. The ignorance, the recklessness, the lack of any critical principles by which to distinguish what is matter of technical judgment and what of individual taste, the ridiculous absence of fundamental comparison, while hardly any judgment is passed without a futile and offensive comparison of one author with another, — "tired of all this," I sometimes shrink from every article that pretends to be critical, — I mean, of other people's productions, not of course my own, for you know I am well taken care of by my husband, and am saved from getting my mind poisoned with print about myself.

I trust that all is well with you in more material and domestic matters. We get great pleasure now from the thought of young lives filled with joyous activity. We, too, are unspeakably happy in our activity, but we have the drawback of increasing susceptibility to fatigue. I am often painfully anxious about Mr. Lewes's health, — the anxiety that one must pay as the price of loving greatly.

This letter says little that I should like to say; but let it have a symbolic significance, and stand as an indirect sign that I am always, — Yours with sincere regard.

Letter to Mrs. H. B. Stowe, 6th May, 1876.

Your letter was one of the best cordials I could have. Is there anything that cheers and strengthens more than the sense of another's worth and tenderness? And it was that sense that your letter stirred in me, not only by the words of fellowship and encouragement you give directly to me, but by all you tell me of your own feeling under your late painful experience. I had felt it long since I had heard of your and the Professor's well-being; but I need not say one word to you of the reasons why I am not active towards my distant friends except in thought. I *do* think of them, and have a tenacious memory of every little sign they have given me. Please offer my reverential love to the Professor, and tell him I am ruthlessly proud that I kept him out of his bed. I hope that both you and he will continue to be interested in my spiritual children. My cares for them are nearly at an end, and in a few weeks we expect to set out on a Continental journey, as the sort of relaxation which carries one most thoroughly away from studies and social claims. You rightly divine that I am a little overdone, but my fatigue is due not to any excess of

work so much as to the vicissitudes of our long winter, which have affected me severely, as they have done all delicate people. It is true that some nervous wear, such as you know well, from the excitement of writing, may have made me more susceptible to knife-like winds and sudden chills.

Though you tenderly forbade me to write in answer to your letter, I like to do it in these minutes when I happen to be free, lest hindrances should come in the indefinite future. I am the happier for thinking that you will have had this little bit of a letter to assure you that the sweet rain of your affection did not fall on a sandy place.

I make a delightful picture of your life in your orange-grove — taken care of by dear daughters. Climate enters into *my* life with an influence the reverse of what I like to think of in yours. Sunlight and sweet air make a new creature of me. But we cannot bear now to exile ourselves from our own country, which holds the roots of our moral and social life. One fears to become selfish and emotionally withered by living abroad, and giving up the numerous connections with fellow-country men and women whom one can further a little towards both public and private good.

I wonder whether you ever suffered much from false writing (about your biography and motives) in the newspapers. I daresay that pro-slavery prints did not spare you. But I should be glad to think that there was less impudent romancing about you as a *citoyenne* of the States, than there appears to be about me as a stranger. But it is difficult for us English, who have not spent any time in the United States, to know the rank that

is given to the various newspapers; and we may make the mistake of giving emphasis to some American journalism which is with you as unknown to respectable minds as a low-class newspaper with us.

When we come back from our journeying, I shall be interesting myself in the MS. and proofs of my husband's third volume of his "Problems," which will then go to press, and shall plunge myself into the mysteries of our nervous tissue, as the Professor has been doing into the mysteries of the middle ages. I have a cousinship with him in that taste — but how to find space in one's life for all the subjects that solicit one? My studies have lately kept me away from the track of my husband's researches, and I feel behindhand in my wifely sympathies. You know the pleasure of such interchange, — husband and wife each keeping to their own work, but loving to have cognisance of the other's course.

God bless you, dear friend. Beg the Professor to accept my affectionate respect, and believe me always yours with love.

June 3.—Book V. published a week ago. Growing interest in the public, and growing sale, which has from the beginning exceeded that of "Middlemarch." The Jewish part apparently creating strong interest.

Journal, 1876.

The useful "companion," which your loving care has had marked with my initials, will go with me, and be a constant sign of the giver's precious affection, which you have expressed in words such as I most value.

Letter to J. W. Cross, 3d June, 1876.

Even success needs its consolations. Wide effects are rarely other than superficial, and would breed a miserable scepticism about one's work if it

were not now and then for an earnest assurance such as you give me, that there are lives in which the work has done something "to strengthen the good and mitigate the evil."

I am pursued to the last with some bodily trouble, — this week it has been sore throat. But I am emerging, and you may think of me next week as raising my "Ebenezer."

Love and blessings to you all.

The manuscript of "Daniel Deronda" bears the following inscription: —

"To my dear Husband, George Henry Lewes.

> "Wishing me like to one more rich in hope
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
> With what I most enjoy contented least;
> Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
> Haply I think on thee, — and then my state
> Like to the lark at break of day arising
> From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;
> For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings,
> That then I scorn to change my state with kings."

June 10. — We set off on our journey, intending to go to San Martino Lantosc in the Maritime Alps. But I was ill at Aix, where the heat had become oppressive, and we turned northwards after making a pilgrimage to Les Charmettes, — stayed a few days at Lausanne, then at Vevey, where again I was ill; then by Berne and Zurich to Ragatz, where we were both set up sufficiently to enjoy our life. After Ragatz to Heidelberg, the Klönthal, Schaffhausen, St. Blasien in the Black Forest, and then home by Strasburg, Nancy, and Amiens, arriving September 1. Journal, 1876.

After much travelling, we seem to have reached

the right place for our health and comfort; and as we hope to stay here for at least a fortnight, I have begun to entertain selfish thoughts about you, and the possibility of having news from you. Our month's absence seems long to us, — filled with various scenes and various ailments; but to you, I daresay, the request for a letter to tell us what has happened will seem to have come before there is anything particular to tell.

Letter to John Blackwood, 6th July, 1876, from Ragatz.

On our arriving at Aix, the effect of railway travelling and heat on me warned us to renounce our project of going to the Maritime Alps, and to turn northward; so after resting at Aix, we went to Chambéry, just to make a pilgrimage to Les Charmettes, and then set our faces northward, staying at beautiful Lausanne and Vevey for a week, and then coming on by easy stages to this nook in the mountains. In spite of illness we have had much enjoyment of the lovely scenery we have been dwelling in ever since we entered Savoy, where one gets what I most delight in, — the combination of rich, well cultivated land, friendly to man, and the grand outline and atmospheric effect of mountains near and distant.

This place seems to be one of the quietest baths possible. Such fashion as there is, is of a German, unimposing kind; and the King of Saxony, who is at the twin hotel with this, is, I imagine, a much quieter kind of eminence than a London stockbroker. At present the company seems to be almost exclusively Swiss and German, but all the appliances for living and carrying on the "cure" are thoroughly generous and agreeable. We rose at five this morning, drank our glasses of warm water, and walked till a quarter to seven, then

breakfasted, and from half-past eight to eleven walked to Bad Pfeffers and back again, along a magnificent ravine where the Tamine boils down beneath a tremendous wall of rock, and where it is interesting to see the electric telegraph leaping from the summit, crossing the gulf, and then quietly running by the roadside till it leaps upward again to the opposite summit.

You may consider us as generally ill-informed, and as ready to make much of a little news as any old provincial folk in the days when the stage-coach brought a single London paper to the village Crown or Red Lion. We have known that Servia has declared war against Turkey, and that Harriet Martineau is dead as well as George Sand.

Our weather has been uniformly splendid since we left Paris, with the exception of some storms, which have conveniently laid the dust.

Letter to John Blackwood, 2d Sept. 1876.

We reached home only last night, and had scarcely taken our much-needed dinner before a parcel was brought in which proved to be "Daniel Deronda" in the four bound volumes, and various letters, with other "missiles," — as an acquaintance of mine once quite naïvely called his own favours to his correspondents — which have at present only gone to swell a heap that I mean to make acquaintance with very slowly. Mr. Lewes, however, is more eager than I, and he has just brought up to me a letter which has certainly gratified me more than anything else of the sort I ever received. It is from Dr. Hermann Adler, the Chief Rabbi here, expressing his "warm appreciation of the fidelity with which some of the best traits of the Jewish character have been depicted by," &c., &c. I think this will gratify you.

We are both the better for our journey, and I consider myself in as good case as I can ever reasonably expect. We can't be made young again, and must not be surprised that infirmities recur in spite of mineral waters and air 3000 feet above the sea-level. After Ragatz, we stayed at Stachelberg and Klönthal, — two lovely places, where an English face is seldom seen. Another delicious spot, where the air is fit for the gods of Epicurus, is St. Blasien, in the Schwarzwald, where also we saw no English or American visitors, except such as *übernachten* there and pass on. We have done exploits in walking, usually taking four or five hours of it daily.

I hope that you and yours have kept well, and have enjoyed the heat rather than suffered from it. I confess myself glad to think that this planet has not become hopelessly chilly. Draughts and chills are my enemies, and but for them I should hardly ever be ailing.

The four volumes look very handsome on the outside. Please thank Mr. William Blackwood for many kind notes he wrote me in the days of MS. and proofs, — not one of which I ever answered or took notice of except for my own behoof.

We got home again last Friday, much strengthened by our journey, notwithstanding vicissitudes.

Letter to Madame Bodichon, 6th Sept. 1876.

I suppose you will not be in town for ages to come, but I let you know that I am here in case you have anything to say to me by letter — about "objects."

After leaving Ragatz we still kept in Eastern Switzerland, in high valleys unvisited by the English; and in our homeward line of travel we paused in the Schwarzwald at St. Blasien, which is a *Luft-*

kurort, all green hills and pines with their tops as still as if it were the abode of the gods.

But imagine how we enjoy being at home again in our own chairs, with the familiar faces giving us smiles which are not expecting change in franc pieces!

We are both pretty well, but of course not cured of all infirmities. Death is the only physician, the shadow of his valley the only journeying that will cure us of age and the gathering fatigue of years. Still we are thoroughly lively and "spry."

I hope that the hot summer has passed agreeably for you, and not been unfavourable to your health or comfort. Of course a little news of you will be welcome, even if you don't particularly want to say anything to me.

My blessing on you for your sweet letter, which I count among the blessings given to me. Yes; women can do much for the other women (and men) to come. My impression of the good there is in all unselfish efforts is continually strengthened. Doubtless many a ship is drowned on expeditions of discovery or rescue, and precious freights lie buried. But there was the good of manning and furnishing the ship with a great purpose before it set out.

Letter to Madame Bodichon, 2d Oct. 1876.

We are going into Cambridgeshire this week, and are watching the weather with private views.[1]

I have had some very interesting letters both from Jews and from Christians about "Deronda." Part of the scene at the club is translated into

[1] This was a visit to Six-Mile Bottom, where M. Turguenieff, who was a very highly valued friend of Mr. and Mrs. Lewes, had come to compare his experiences of Russian and English sport. I remember George Eliot telling me that she had never met any literary man whose society she enjoyed so thoroughly and so unrestrainedly as she did that of M. Turguenieff. They had innumerable bonds of sympathy.

Hebrew in a German-Jewish newspaper. On the other hand, a Christian (highly accomplished) thanks me for embodying the principles by which Christ wrought and will conquer. This is better than the laudation of readers who cut the book up into scraps, and talk of nothing in it but Gwendolen. I meant everything in the book to be related to everything else there.

I quite enter into Miss Jekyll's view of negative beauty. Life tends to accumulate "messes" about one, and it is hard to rid one's self of them because of the associations attached. I get impatient sometimes, and long, as Andrew Fairservice would say, to "kaim off the fleas," as one does in a cathedral spoiled by monuments out of keeping with the pillars and walls.

I had felt it long before you let me have some news of you. How could you repeat deliberately that bad dream of your having made yourself "objectionable"? I will answer for it that you were never objectionable to any creature, except perhaps to your own self, — a too modest and shrinking self. I trusted in your understanding last spring that I was glad to hear from my friends without having to make the effort of answering, when answering was not demanded for practical purposes. My health was not good, and I was absorbed as to my working power, though not as to my interest and sympathy.

Letter to Mrs. Wm. Smith, 14th Oct. 1876.

You have been in my mind of late, not only on your own account but in affectionate association with our dear Mrs. Ruck, whose acquaintance I owe to you.

On my return from abroad I found among my heap of letters a delightful one from her, written,

I think, at the end of June, as bright and cheering as the hills under the summer sky. And only a day or two after we saw that sad news in the "Times." I think of her beautiful open face, with the marks of grief upon it. Why did you write me such a brief letter, telling me nothing about your own life? I am a poor correspondent, and have to answer many letters from people less interesting to me than you are. Will you not indulge me by writing more to me than you expect me to write to you? That would be generous. We both came back the better for our three months' journeying, though I was so ill after we had got to the south that we thought of returning, and went northward in that expectation. But Ragatz set me up, so far as I expect to be set up, and we greatly enjoyed our fresh glimpses of Swiss scenery.

Mr. Lewes is now printing his third volume of "Problems of Life and Mind," and is, as usual, very happy over his work. He shares my interest in everything that relates to you; and be assured — will you not? — that such interest will always be warm in us. I shall not, while I live, cease to be yours affectionately.

Journal, 1876.

Oct. 20. — Looking into accounts *apropos* of an offer from Blackwood for another ten years of copyright, I find that before last Christmas there had been distributed 24,577 copies of "Middlemarch."

Letter to Mrs. H. B. Stowe,[1] 29th Oct. 1876.

"Evermore thanks" for your last letter, full of generous sympathy that can afford to be frank. The lovely photograph of the grandson will be carefully preserved. It has the sort of beauty which seems to be pecu-

[1] This letter is in acknowledgment of a letter from Mrs. Beecher Stowe on "Daniel Deronda."

liarly abundant in America, at once rounded and delicate in form.

I do hope you will be able to carry out your wish to visit your son at Bonn, notwithstanding that heavy crown of years that your dear Rabbi has to carry. If the sea voyage could be borne without much disturbance, the land journey might be made easy by taking it in short stages, — the plan we always pursue in travelling. You see, I have an interested motive in wishing you to come to Europe again, since I can't go to America. But I enter thoroughly into the disinclination to move when there are studies that make each day too short. If we were neighbours, I should be in danger of getting troublesome to the revered Orientalist, with all kinds of questions.

As to the Jewish element in "Deronda," I expected from first to last, in writing it, that it would create much stronger resistance, and even repulsion, than it has actually met with. But precisely because I felt that the usual attitude of Christians towards Jews is — I hardly know whether to say more impious or more stupid, when viewed in the light of their professed principles, I therefore felt urged to treat Jews with such sympathy and understanding as my nature and knowledge could attain to. Moreover, not only towards the Jews, but towards all Oriental peoples with whom we English come in contact, a spirit of arrogance and contemptuous dictatorialness is observable which has become a national disgrace to us. There is nothing I should care more to do, if it were possible, than to rouse the imagination of men and women to a vision of human claims in those races of their fellow-men who most differ from them in customs and beliefs. But towards

the Hebrews we western people, who have been reared in Christianity, have a peculiar debt, and, whether we acknowledge it or not, a peculiar thoroughness of fellowship in religious and moral sentiment. Can anything be more disgusting than to hear people called "educated" making small jokes about eating ham, and showing themselves empty of any real knowledge as to the relation of their own social and religious life to the history of the people they think themselves witty in insulting? They hardly know that Christ was a Jew. And I find men, educated, supposing that Christ spoke Greek. To my feeling, this deadness to the history which has prepared half our world for us, this inability to find interest in any form of life that is not clad in the same coat-tails and flounces as our own, lies very close to the worst kind of irreligion. The best that can be said of it is that it is a sign of the intellectual narrowness — in plain English, the stupidity — which is still the average mark of our culture.

Yes, I expected more aversion than I have found. But I was happily independent in material things, and felt no temptation to accommodate my writing to any standard except that of trying to do my best in what seemed to me most needful to be done; and I sum up with the writer of the Book of Maccabees, — "If I have done well, and as befits the subject, it is what I desired; and if I have done ill, it is what I could attain unto."

You are in the middle of a more glorious autumn than ours, but we, too, are having now and then a little sunshine on the changing woods. I hope that I am right in putting the address from which you wrote to me on the 25th September, so that my

note may not linger away from you, and leave you to imagine me indifferent or negligent.

Please offer my reverent regard to Mr. Stowe.

We spent three months in East Switzerland, and are the better for it.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 22d Nov. 1876.

Any one who knows from experience what bodily infirmity is — how it spoils life even for those who have no other trouble — gets a little impatient of healthy complainants, strong enough for extra work and ignorant of indigestion. I at least should be inclined to scold the discontented young people who tell me in one breath that they never have anything the matter with them, and that life is not worth having, — if I did not remember my own young discontent. It is remarkable to me that I have entirely lost my *personal* melancholy. I often, of course, have melancholy thoughts about the destinies of my fellow-creatures, but I am never in that *mood* of sadness which used to be my frequent visitant even in the midst of external happiness. And this, notwithstanding a very vivid sense that life is declining and death close at hand. We are waiting with some expectation for Miss Martineau's Autobiography, which, I fancy, will be charming so far as her younger and less renowned life extends. All biography diminishes in interest when the subject has won celebrity — or some reputation that hardly comes up to celebrity. But autobiography at least saves a man or woman that the world is curious about from the publication of a string of mistakes called "Memoirs." It would be nice if we could be a trio — I mean you, Cara, and I — chatting together for an hour as we used to do when I had walked over the hill to see you. But that pleasure belongs to "the days

that are no more." Will you believe that an accomplished man some years ago said to me that he saw no place for the exercise of *resignation*, when there was no personal divine will contemplated as ordaining sorrow or privation. He is not yet aware that he is getting old, and needing that unembittered compliance of soul with the inevitable which seems to me a full enough meaning for the word "resignation."

Dec. 1. — Since we came home at the beginning of September, I have been made aware of much repugnance, or else indifference, towards the Jewish part of "Deronda," and of some hostile as well as adverse reviewing. On the other hand, there have been the strongest expressions of interest, — some persons adhering to the opinion, started during the early numbers, that the book is my best. Delightful letters have here and there been sent to me; and the sale both in America and in England has been an unmistakable guarantee that the public has been touched. Words of gratitude have come from Jews and Jewesses, and these are certain signs that I may have contributed my mite to a good result. The sale hitherto has exceeded that of "Middlemarch," as to the £2 2*s.* four-volume form, but we do not expect an equal success for the guinea edition, which has lately been issued. Journal, 1876.

Dec. 11. — We have just bought a house in Surrey, and think of it as making a serious change in our life, — namely, that we shall finally settle there and give up town.

This was a charming house — the Heights, Witley, near Godalming. It stands on a gentle hill, overlooking a lovely bit of characteristic English scenery. In the foreground green fields, prettily timbered, undulate up

to the high ground of Haslemere in front, with Blackdown (where Tennyson lives) on the left hand, and Hind Head on the right, — "Heights that laugh with corn in August, or lift the plough-team against the sky in September." Below, the white steam-pennon flies along in the hollow. The walks and drives in the neighbourhood are enchanting. A land of pine-woods and copses, village greens and heather-covered hills, with the most delicious old red or grey brick, timbered cottages nestling among creeping roses, — the sober-coloured tiles of their roofs, covered with lichen, offering a perpetual harmony to the eye. The only want in the landscape is the want of flowing water. About the house there are some eight or nine acres of pleasure-ground and gardens. It quite fulfilled all expectations, as regards beauty and convenience of situation, though I am not quite sure that it was bracing enough for health.

Dec. 15. — At the beginning of this week I had deep satisfaction from reading in the "Times" the report of a lecture on "Daniel Deronda," delivered by Dr. Hermann Adler to the Jewish working-men, — a lecture showing much insight, and implying an expectation of serious benefit. Since then I have had a delightful letter from the Jewish Theological Seminary at Breslau, written by an American Jew, named Isaacs, who excuses himself for expressing his feeling of gratitude on reading "Deronda," and assures me of his belief that it has even already had an elevating effect on the minds of some among his people, — predicting that the effect will spread.

Journal, 1876.

I have also had a request from Signor Bartolommeo Aquarone, of Siena, for leave to translate "Romola," and declaring that, as one who has given special study to the history of San Marco, and has written a life of Fra Girolamo Savona-

rola, he cares that "Romola" should be known to his countrymen, for their good. *Magnificat anima mea!* And last night I had a letter from Dr. Benisch, editor of the "Jewish Chronicle," announcing a copy of the paper containing an article written by himself on reading "Deronda" (there have long ago been two articles in the same journal reviewing the book), and using strong words as to the effect the book is producing. I record these signs, that I may look back on them if they come to be confirmed.

Dec. 31. — We have spent the Christmas with our friends at Weybridge, but the greater part of the time I was not well enough to enjoy greatly the pleasures their affection prepared for us.

Farewell 1876!

Jan. 1. — The year opens with public anxieties. First, about the threatening war in the East; and next, about the calamities consequent on the continued rains. As to our private life, all is happiness, perfect love, and undiminished intellectual interest. G.'s third volume is about half-way in print.

Journal, 1877.

I don't know that I ever heard anybody use the word "meliorist" except myself. But I begin to think that there is no good invention or discovery that has not been made by more than one person.

Letter to James Sully, 19th Jan. 1877.

The only good reason for referring to the "source" would be, that you found it useful for the doctrine of meliorism to cite one unfashionable confessor of it in the face of the fashionable extremes.

What are we to do about "Romola"? It ought to range with the cheap edition of my books, — which, *exceptis excipiendis*, is a beautiful edition — as well as with

Letter to John Blackwood, 30th Jan. 1877.

any handsomer series which the world's affairs may encourage us to publish. The only difficulty lies in the illustrations required for uniformity. The illustrations in the other volumes are, as Mr. Lewes says, not queerer than those which amuse us in Scott and Miss Austen, with one exception, — namely, that where Adam is making love to Dinah, which really enrages me with its unctuousness. I would gladly pay something to be rid of it. The next worst is that of Adam in the wood with Arthur Donnithorne. The rest are endurable to a mind well accustomed to resignation. And the vignettes on the titlepages are charming. But if an illustrator is wanted, I know one whose work is exquisite, — Mrs. Allingham.

This is not a moment for new ventures, but it will take some time to prepare "Romola." I should like to see proofs, feeling bound to take care of my text; and I have lately been glancing into a book on Italian things, where almost every citation I alighted on was incorrectly printed. I have just read through the cheap edition of "Romola," and though I have only made a few alterations of an unimportant kind, — the printing being unusually correct, — it would be well for me to send this copy to be printed from. I think it must be nearly ten years since I read the book before, but there is no book of mine about which I more thoroughly feel that I could swear by every sentence as having been written with my best blood, such as it is, and with the most ardent care for veracity of which my nature is capable. It has made me often sob with a sort of painful joy as I have read the sentences which had faded from my memory. This helps one to bear false

representations with patience; for I really don't love any gentleman who undertakes to state my opinions well enough to desire that I should find myself all wrong in order to justify his statement.

I wish, whenever it is expedient, to add "The Lifted Veil" and "Brother Jacob," and so fatten the volume containing "Silas Marner," which would thus become about 100 pp. thicker.

Mr. Lewes feels himself innocent of dialect in general, and of Midland dialect in especial. Hence I presume to take your reference on the subject as if it had been addressed to me. I was born and bred in Warwickshire, and heard the Leicestershire, North Staffordshire, and Derbyshire dialects during visits made in my childhood and youth. These last are represented (mildly) in "Adam Bede." The Warwickshire talk is broader, and has characteristics which it shares with other Mercian districts. Moreover, dialect, like other living things, tends to become mongrel, especially in a central, fertile, and manufacturing region, attractive of migration; and hence the Midland talk presents less interesting relics of elder grammar than the more northerly dialects.

Letter to William Allingham, 8th March, 1877.

Perhaps, unless a poet has a dialect ringing in his ears, so as to shape his metre and rhymes according to it at one jet, it is better to be content with a few suggestive touches; and I fear that the stupid public is not half grateful for studies in dialect beyond such suggestions.

I have made a few notes, which may perhaps be not unacceptable to you in the absence of more accomplished aid: —

1. The vowel always a double sound, the *y* sometimes present, sometimes not; either *aäl* or *yaäl*.

Hither not heard except in *c'moother*, addressed to horses.

2. *Thou* never heard. In general, the 2d person singular not used in Warwickshire except occasionally to young members of a family, and then always in the form of *thee*, — *i. e.*, *'ee*. For the *emphatic* nominative, *yo*, like the Lancashire. For the accusative, *yer*, without any sound of the *r*. The demonstrative *those* never heard among the common people (unless when caught by infection from the parson, &c.) *Self* pronounced *sen*. The *f* never heard in *of*, nor the *n* in *in*.

3. Not *y*ear, but 'ear. On the other hand, with the usual "compensation," head is pronounced *y*ead.

4. "A gallows little chap as e'er ye see."

5. Here 's *to* you, maäster.
Saäm to yo.

You must read Harriet Martineau's "Autobiography." The account of her childhood and early youth is most pathetic and interesting; but, as in all books of the kind, the charm departs as the life advances, and the writer has to tell of her own triumphs. One regrets continually that she felt it necessary not only to tell of her intercourse with many more or less distinguished persons, — which would have been quite pleasant to everybody, — but also to pronounce upon their entire merits and demerits, especially when, if she had died as soon as she expected, these persons would nearly all have been living to read her gratuitous rudenesses. Still I hope the book will do more good than harm. Many of the most interesting little stories in it about herself and others she had told me (and Mr. Atkinson) when I was staying with her, almost in the

Letter to Mrs. Bray, 20th March, 1877.

very same words. But they were all the better for being told in her silvery voice. She was a charming talker, and a perfect lady in her manners as a hostess.

We are only going to bivouac in our Surrey home for a few months, to try what alterations are necessary. We shall come back to this corner in the autumn. We don't think of giving up London altogether at present, but we may have to give up life before we come to any decision on that minor point.

Pray bring Madame Mario to see us again. But bear in mind that on Sunday the 27th — which probably will be our last Sunday in London — Holmes the violinist is coming to play, with Mrs. Vernon Lushington to accompany him. Don't mention to any one else that they are coming, lest the audience should be larger than he wishes.

Letter to Madame Bodichon, 15th May, 1877.

We are working a little too hard at "pleasure" just now. This morning we are going for the third time to a Wagner rehearsal at 10 o'clock.

I have not read, and do not mean to read, Mrs. Chapman's volume, so that I can judge of it only by report. You seem to me to make a very good case for removing the weight of blame from her shoulders, and transferring it to the already burthened back of Harriet Martineau. But I confess that the more I think of the book, and all connected with it, the more it deepens my repugnance, — or rather, creates a new repugnance in me — to autobiography, unless it can be so written as to involve neither self-glorification nor impeachment of others. I like that the "He, being dead, yet speaketh," should

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 15th May, 1877.

have quite another meaning than that. But however the blame may be distributed, it remains a grievously pitiable thing to me that man, or woman, who has cared about a future life in the minds of a coming generation or generations, should have deliberately, persistently mingled with that prospect the ignoble desire to perpetuate personal animosities, which can never be righly judged by those immediately engaged in them. And Harriet Martineau, according to the witness of those well acquainted with facts which she represents in her Autobiography, was quite remarkably apt to have a false view of her relations with others. In some cases she gives a ridiculously inaccurate account of the tenor or bearing of correspondence held with her. One would not for a moment want to dwell on the weakness of a character on the whole valuable and beneficent, if it were not made needful by the ready harshness with which she has inflicted pain on others.

No; I did not agree with you about the Byron case. I understand by the teaching of my own egoism — and therefore I can sympathise with — any act of self-vindicating or vindictive rage under the immediate infliction of what is felt to be a wrong or injustice. But I have no sympathy with self-vindication, or the becoming a proxy in vindication, deliberately bought at such a price as that of vitiating revelations — which may even possibly be false. To write a letter in a rage is very pardonable — even a letter full of gall and bitterness, meant as a sort of poisoned dagger. We poor mortals can hardly escape these sins of passion. But I have no pity to spare for the rancour that corrects its proofs and revises, and lays it by chuckling with the sense of its future publicity.

Hardly, since I became an author, have I had a deeper satisfaction — I may say, a more heartfelt joy — than you have given me in your estimate of "Daniel Deronda." Letter to Professor Kaufmann, 31st May, 1877.

I must tell you that it is my rule, very strictly observed, not to read the criticisms on my writings. For years I have found this abstinence necessary to preserve me from that discouragement as an artist which ill-judged praise, no less than ill-judged blame, tends to produce in me. For far worse than any verdict as to the proportion of good and evil in our work, is the painful impression that we write for a public which has no discernment of good and evil.

Certainly if I had been asked to choose *what* should be written about my books, and *who* should write it, I should have sketched — well, not anything so good as what you have written, but an article which must be written by a Jew who showed not merely a sympathy with the best aspirations of his race, but a remarkable insight into the nature of art and the processes of the artistic mind.

Believe me, I should not have cared to devour even ardent praise if it had not come from one who showed the discriminating sensibility, the perfect response to the artist's intention, which must make the fullest, rarest joy to one who works from inward conviction, and not in compliance with current fashions.

Such a response holds for an author not only what is best in "the life that now is," but the promise of "that which is to come." I mean, that the usual approximative narrow perception of what one has been intending and profoundly feeling in one's work impresses one with the sense that it must be poor perishable stuff, without roots to take

any lasting hold in the minds of men; while any instance of complete comprehension encourages one to hope that the creative prompting has foreshadowed, and will continue to satisfy, a need in other minds.

Excuse me that I write but imperfectly, and perhaps dimly, what I have felt in reading your article. It has affected me deeply; and though the prejudice and ignorant obtuseness which has met my effort to contribute something towards the ennobling of Judaism in the conceptions of the Christian community, and in the consciousness of the Jewish community, has never for a moment made me repent my choice, but rather has been added proof that the effort was needed — yet I confess that I had an unsatisfied hunger for certain signs of sympathetic discernment, which you only have given.

I may mention, as one instance, your clear perception of the relation between the presentation of the Jewish elements and those of English social life.

I write under the pressure of small hurries. For we are just moving into the country for the summer, and all things are in a vagrant condition around me. But I wished not to defer answering your letter to an uncertain opportunity.

Letter to Frederic Harrison, 14th June, 1877.

I am greatly indebted to you for your letter. It has done something towards rousing me from what I will not call self-despair, but resignation to being of no use.

I wonder whether you at all imagine the terrible pressure of disbelief in my own { duty / right } to speak to the public, which is apt with me to make all beginnings of work like a rowing against tide. Not that I am without more than my fair ounce of self-

conceit and confidence that I know better than the critics, whom I don't take the trouble to read, but who seem to fill the air as with the smoke of bad tobacco.

But I will not dwell on my antithetic experiences. I only mention them to show why your letter has done me a service, and also to help in the explanation of my mental attitude towards your requests or suggestions.

I do not quite understand whether you have in your mind any plan of straightway constructing a liturgy to which you wish me to contribute in a direct way. That form of contribution would hardly be within my powers. But your words of trust in me as possibly an organ of feelings which have not yet found their due expression, is as likely as any external call could be to prompt such perfectly unfettered productions as that which you say has been found acceptable.

I wasted some time, three years ago, in writing (what I do not mean to print) a poetic dialogue embodying, or rather shadowing very imperfectly, the actual contest of ideas. Perhaps what you have written to me may promote and influence a different kind of presentation. At any rate, all the words of your letter will be borne in mind, and will enter into my motives.

We are tolerably settled now in our camping, experimental fashion. Perhaps before the summer is far advanced, you may be in our neighbourhood, and come to look at us. I trust that Mrs. Harrison is by this time in her usual health. Please give my love to her, and believe me always, with many grateful memories, yours sincerely.

It was a draught of real comfort and pleasure to have a letter written by your own hand, and one

so altogether cheerful.[1] I trust that you will by-and-by be able to write me word of continued progress. Hardly any bit of the kingdom, I fancy, would suit your taste better than your neighbourhood of the Land's End. You are not fond of bushy midland-fashioned scenery. We are enjoying the mixture of wildness and culture extremely, and so far as landscape and air go, we would not choose a different home from this. But we have not yet made up our minds whether we shall keep our house or sell it.

Letter to Madame Bodichon, 2d July, 1877.

Some London friends are also occasional dwellers in these parts. The day before yesterday we had Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Harrison, whose parents have a fine old Tudor house — Sutton Place — some three miles beyond Guildford. And do you remember Edmund Gurney? He and his graceful bride lunched with us the other day. And Miss Thackeray is married to-day to young Ritchie. I saw him at Cambridge, and felt that the nearly twenty years' difference between them was bridged hopefully by his solidity and gravity. This is one of several instances that I have known of lately, showing that young men with even brilliant advantages will often choose as their life's companion a woman whose attractions are chiefly of the spiritual order.

I often see you enjoying your sunsets and the wayside flowers.

I hope that this letter may be sent on to you in some delicious nook, where your dear wife is by your side preparing to make us all richer with store of new sketches. I almost fear that I am implying unbecoming claims in asking you to send me a word or two of

Letter to William Allingham, 26th Aug. 1877.

[1] Madame Bodichon had been dangerously ill.

news about your twofold—nay, fourfold self. But you must excuse in me a presumption which is simply a feeling of spiritual kinship, bred by reading in the volume you gave me before we left town.

That tremendous tramp — "Life, Death; Life, Death" [1] — makes me care the more, as age makes it the more audible to me, for those younger ones who are keeping step behind me.

I trust it will not be otherwise than gratifying to you to know that your stirring article on "Daniel Deronda" is now translated into English by a son of Professor Ferrier, who was a philosophical writer of considerable mark. It will be issued in a handsomer form than that of the pamphlet, and will appear within this autumnal publishing season, Messrs. Blackwood having already advertised it. Whenever a copy is ready, we shall have the pleasure of sending it to you. There is often something to be borne with in reading one's own writing in a translation, but I hope that in this case you will not be made to wince severely.

Letter to Professor Kaufmann, 12th Oct. 1877.

In waiting to send you this news, I seem to have deferred too long the expression of my warm thanks for your kindness in sending me the Hebrew translations of Lessing and the collection of Hebrew poems, — a kindness which I felt myself rather presumptuous in asking for, since your time must be well filled with more important demands. Yet I must further beg you, when you have an opportunity, to assure Herr Bacher that I was most gratefully touched by the sympathetic verses with which he enriched the gift of his work.

[1] Refers to a poem by W. Allingham, "The General Chorus," with a burden, —

"Life, Death; Life, Death:
Such is the song of human breath."

I see by your last letter that your Theological Seminary was to open on the 4th of this month, so that this too retrospective letter of mine will reach you when you are in the midst of your new duties. I trust that this new institution will be a great good to professor and students, and that your position is of a kind that you contemplate as permanent. To teach the young personally has always seemed to me the most satisfactory supplement to teaching the world through books; and I have often wished that I had such a means of having fresh living spiritual children within sight.

One can hardly turn one's thought towards Eastern Europe just now without a mingling of pain and dread; but we mass together distant scenes and events in an unreal way, and one would like to believe that the present troubles will not at any time press on you in Hungary with more external misfortune than on us in England.

Mr. Lewes is happily occupied in his psychological studies. We both look forward to the reception of the work you kindly promised us, and he begs me to offer you his best regards.

I like to know that you have been thinking of me, and that you care to write to me; and though I will not disobey your considerate prohibition so far as to try to answer your letter fully, I must content my soul by telling you that we shall be settled in the old place by the end of the first week in November, and that I shall be delighted to see you then. There are many subjects that I shall have a special pleasure in talking of with you.

Letter to the Hon. Mrs. Ponsonby, 17th Oct. 1877.

Let me say now that the passage quoted from your friend's letter is one that I am most glad to find falling in with your own attitude of mind.

The view is what I have endeavoured to represent in a little poem called "Stradivarius," which you may not have happened to read, —

> "I say, not God Himself can make man's best
> Without best men to help Him."

And next, I think direct personal portraiture — or caricature — is a bastard kind of satire, that I am not disposed to think the better of because Aristophanes used it in relation to Socrates. Do you know that pretty story about Bishop Thirlwall? When somebody wanted to bring to him Forchhammer as a distinguished German writer, he replied, "No; I will never receive into my house the man who justified the death of Socrates!"

"Oh that we were all of one mind, and that mind good!" is an impossible-to-be-realised wish, and I don't wish it at all in its full extent. But I think it would be possible that men should differ speculatively as much as they do now, and yet be "of one mind" in the desire to avoid giving unnecessary pain, in the desire to do an honest part towards the general well-being, which has made a comfortable nidus for themselves, in the resolve not to sacrifice another to their own egoistic promptings. Pity and fairness — two little words which, carried out, would embrace the utmost delicacies of the moral life — seem to me not to rest on an unverifiable hypothesis, but on facts quite as irreversible as the perception that a pyramid will not stand on its apex.

I am so glad you have been enjoying Ireland in quiet. We love our bit of country, and are bent on keeping it as a summer refuge.

Apropos of authorship, I was a little uneasy on Sunday because I had seemed in the unmanageable

current of talk to echo a too slight way of speaking about a great poet. I did not mean to say Amen when the "Idylls of the King" seemed to be judged rather *de haut en bas*. I only meant that I should value for my own mind "In Memoriam" as the chief of the larger works; and that while I feel exquisite beauty in passages scattered through the "Idylls," I must judge some smaller wholes among the lyrics as the works most decisive of Tennyson's high place among the immortals.

Letter to J. W. Cross, 6th Nov. 1877, from The Priory.

Not that my deliverance on this matter is of any moment, but that I cannot bear to fall in with the sickening fashion of people who talk much about writers whom they read little, and pronounce on a great man's powers with only half his work in their mind, while if they remembered the other half, they would find their judgments as to his limits flatly contradicted. Then, again, I think Tennyson's dramas such as the world should be glad of, — and would be, if there had been no prejudgment that he could not write a drama.

Never augur ill because you do not hear from me. It is, you know, my profession *not* to write letters. Happily I can meet your kind anxiety by contraries. I have for two months and more been in better health than I have known for several years. This pleasant effect is due to the delicious air of the breezy Surrey hills; and further, to a friend's insistence on my practising lawn-tennis as a daily exercise.

Letter to Mrs. Peter Taylor, 10th Nov. 1877.

We are in love with our Surrey house, and only regret that it hardly promises to be snug enough for us chilly people through the winter, so that we dare not think of doing without the warmer nest in town.

Nov. 10. — We went to The Heights, Witley, at the beginning of June, after a delightful visit to Cambridge, and returned to this old home on the 29th October. We are at last in love with our Surrey house, and mean to keep it. The air and abundant exercise have quite renovated my health, and I am in more bodily comfort than I have known for several years. But my dear husband's condition is less satisfactory, his headaches still tormenting him. Journal, 1877.

Since the year began several little epochs have marked themselves. Blackwood offered for another ten years' copyright of my works, the previous agreement for ten years having expired. I declined, choosing to have a royalty. G.'s third volume has been well received, and has sold satisfactorily for a book so little in the popular taste. A pleasant correspondence has been opened with Professor Kaufmann, now Principal of the Jewish Theological Seminary at Pesth; and his "Attempt at an Appreciation of 'Daniel Deronda'" has been translated into English by young Ferrier, son of Professor Ferrier.

A new Cabinet Edition of my works, including "Romola," has been decided on, and is being prepared; and there have been multiplied signs that the spiritual effect of "Deronda" is growing. In America the book is placed above all my previous writings.

Our third little Hampstead grand-daughter has been born, and was christened Saturday the 3d — Elinor.

Yesterday Mr. Macmillan came to ask me if I would undertake to write the volume on Shakspeare, in a series to be issued under the title "Men of Letters." I have declined.

Having a more secure freedom than I may have next week, I satisfy my eagerness to tell you that I am longing for the news of you which you have accustomed me to trust in as sure to come at this time of the year. You will give me, will you not, something more than an affectionate greeting? You will tell me how and where you have been, and what is the actual state of your health and spirits, — whether you can still interest yourself in writing on great subjects without too much fatigue, and what companionship is now the most precious to you? We returned from our country home (with which we are much in love) at the beginning of this month, leaving it earlier than we wished because of the need to get workmen into it. Our bit of Surrey has the beauties of Scotland wedded to those of Warwickshire. During the last two months of our stay there, I was conscious of more health and strength than I have known for several years. Imagine me playing at lawn-tennis by the hour together! The world I live in is chiefly one that has grown around me in these later years, since we have seen so little of each other. Doubtless we are both greatly changed in spiritual as well as bodily matters, but I think we are unchanged in the friendship founded on early memories. I, for my part, feel increasing gratitude for the cheering and stimulus your companionship gave me, and only think with pain that I might have profited more by it if my mind had been more open to good influences.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 16th Nov. 1877.

Nov. 26. — The other day we saw in the "Times" that G.'s name had been proposed for the Rectorship of St. Andrews. Blackwood writes me that in less than a

Journal, 1877.

month they have sold off all but 400 of the 5250 printed of "Deronda;" and in October were sold 495 of the 3*s.* 6*d.* edition of "Adam Bede."

Our friend Dr. Allbutt came to see us last week, after we had missed each other for three or four years.

Letter to Mrs. Burne-Jones, 3d Dec. 1877.

I have been made rather unhappy by my husband's impulsive proposal about Christmas. We are dull old persons, and your two sweet young ones ought to find each Christmas a new bright bead to string on their memory, whereas to spend the time with us would be to string on a dark shrivelled berry. They ought to have a group of young creatures to be joyful with. Our own children always spend their Christmas with Gertrude's family; and we have usually taken our sober merry-making with friends out of town. Illness among these will break our custom this year; and thus *mein Mann*, feeling that our Christmas was free, considered how very much he liked being with you, omitting the other side of the question, — namely, our total lack of means to make a suitably joyous meeting, a real festival, for Phil and Margaret. I was conscious of this lack in the very moment of the proposal, and the consciousness has been pressing on me more and more painfully ever since. Even my husband's affectionate hopefulness cannot withstand my melancholy demonstration.

So pray consider the kill-joy proposition as entirely retracted, and give us something of yourselves only on simple black-letter days, when the Herald Angels have not been raising expectations early in the morning.

I am not afraid of your misunderstanding one

word. You know that it is not a little love with which I am yours ever.

Letter to J. W. Cross, 13th Dec. 1877.

Your note yesterday gave me much comfort, and I thank you for sparing the time to write it.

The world cannot seem quite the same to me, as long as you are all in anxiety about her who is most precious to you,[1] — in immediate urgent anxiety, that is. For love is never without its shadow of anxiety. We have this treasure in earthen vessels.

Letter to Miss Charlotte Carmichael (now Mrs. Stopes), 26th Dec. 1877.

I thank you most gratefully for your kind greeting and pretty Christmas gifts, and am sympathetically touched by your care for your poor Islanders and Coastmen. The analogy you find between the Celt and the Hebrew seems to me also not fanciful but real. Both have a literature which has been a fount of religious feeling and imagination to other races. But I hardly see how I can do anything, as an author, to further that appreciation of the Celts which is now interesting many highly instructed writers. A sincere author, before he undertakes to handle any subject, must have not only the outward appeal, but the inward vocation which consists in special fitness.

I am delighted to see from your little paper, which gives an affecting picture of the men that must "win the bairnies' bread" by going forth into deep waters, how we are agreed in loving our incomparable Wordsworth.

Journal, 1877.

Dec. 31. — To-day I say a final farewell to this little book, which is the only record I have made of my personal life for sixteen years and more. I have often been helped, in

[1] The beginning of my mother's last illness.

looking back in it, to compare former with actual states of despondency, from bad health or other apparent causes. In this way a past despondency has turned to present hopefulness. But of course, as the years advance, there is a new rational ground for the expectation that my life may become less fruitful. The difficulty is to decide how far resolution should set in the direction of activity, rather than in the acceptance of a more negative state. Many conceptions of work to be carried out present themselves, but confidence in my own fitness to complete them worthily is all the more wanting, because it is reasonable to argue that I must have already done my best. In fact, my mind is embarrassed by the number and wide variety of subjects that attract me, and the enlarging vista that each brings with it.

I shall record no more in this book, because I am going to keep a more business-like diary. Here ends 1877.

Yes, it is a comfort to me, in the midst of so many dispiriting European signs, that France has come so far through her struggle. And no doubt you are rejoicing too that London University has opened all its degrees to women.

Letter to Madame Bodichon, 17th Jan. 1878.

I think we know no reading more amusing than the "Times" just now. We are deep among the gravities. I have been reading aloud Green's first volume of his new, larger "History of the English People;" and this evening have begun Lecky's "History of England in the Eighteenth Century," — in fact, we are dull old fogies, who are ill informed about anything that is going on of an amusing kind. On Monday we took a youth to the pantomime, but I found it a melancholy busi-

ness. The dear old story of "Puss in Boots" was mishandled in an exasperating way, and every incident as well as pretence of a character turned into a motive for the most vulgar kind of dancing. I came away with a headache, from which I am only to-day recovered. It is too cruel that one can't get anything innocent as a spectacle for the children!

Mr. Lewes sends his best love, but is quite barren of suggestions about books, — buried in pink and lilac periodicals of a physiological sort, and preoccupied with the case of a man who has an artificial larynx, with which he talks very well.

What do you say to the phonograph, which can report gentlemen's bad speeches with all their stammering?

Letter to John Blackwood, 26th Jan. 1878.

I like to think of you and Mrs. Blackwood taking your daughter to Rome. It will be a delightful way of reviving memories, to mingle and compare them with her fresh impressions, and in a spiritual sense to have what Shakspeare says is the joy of having offspring, — "to see your blood warm while you feel it cold." I wish that and all other prospects were not marred by the threat of widening war.

Last night I finished reading Principal Tulloch's small but full volume on "Pascal," — a present for which I am much obliged. It is admirably fair and dispassionate, and I should think will be an acceptable piece of instruction to many readers. The brief and graphic way in which he has made present and intelligible the position of the Port Royalists, is an example of just what is needed in such a series as the Foreign Classics. But of course they are the most fortunate contributors who have to write about the authors less commonly treated

of, and especially when they are prepared to write by an early liking and long familiarity, — as in the present case. I have read every line of appreciation with interest. My first acquaintance with Pascal came from his "Pensées" being given to me, as a school prize when I was fourteen; and I am continually turning to them now to revive my sense of their deep though broken wisdom. It is a pity that La Bruyère cannot be done justice to by any merely English presentation. There is a sentence of his which touches with the finest point the diseased spot in the literary culture of our time, — "Le plaisir de la critique nous ôte celui d'être vivement touchés de très belles choses." We see that our present fashions are old, but there is this difference, that they are followed by a greater multitude.

You may be sure I was very much cheered by your last despatch, — the solid, unmistakable proof that my books are not yet superfluous.

As to my enjoyment of the "Two Grenadiers," it would have been impossible, but for the complete reduction of it to symbolism in my own mind, and my belief that it really touches nobody now as enthusiasm for the execrable Napoleon I. But I feel that the devotion of the common soldier to his leader (the sign for him of hard duty) is the type of all higher devotedness, and is full of promise to other and better generations.

Letter to Mrs. Burne-Jones, 23d March, 1878.

The royalties did themselves much credit.[1] The Crown Prince is really a grand-looking man, whose name you would ask for with expectation, if you imagined him no royalty. He is like a grand antique bust, — cor-

Letter to Mrs. Bray, 7th June, 1878.

[1] Dinner at Mr. Goschen's.

dial and simple in manners withal, shaking hands, and insisting that I should let him know when we next came to Berlin, just as if he had been a Professor Gruppe, living *au troisième*. *She* is equally good-natured and unpretending, liking best to talk of nursing soldiers, and of what her father's taste was in literature. She opened the talk by saying, "You know my sister Louise," — just as any other slightly embarrassed mortal might have done. We had a picked party to dinner, — Dean of Westminster, Bishop of Peterborough, Lord and Lady Ripon, Dr. Lyon Playfair, Kinglake (you remember "Eothen," — the old gentleman is a good friend of mine), Froude, Mrs. Ponsonby (Lord Grey's grand-daughter), and two or three more "illustrations;" then a small detachment coming in after dinner. It was really an interesting occasion.

We go to Oxford to-morrow (to the Master of Balliol).

Letter to John Blackwood, 27th June, 1878.

I hope we are not wrong in imagining you settled at Strathtyrum, with a fresh power of enjoying the old scenes after your exile, in spite of the abstinence from work, — the chief sweetness of life. Mr. Lewes, too, is under a regimen for gout, which casts its threatening shadow in the form of nightly cramps and inward *malaise*. He wants me to tell you something amusing, — a bit of Baboo English, from an Indian journal sent us by Lord Lytton. *Apropos* of Sir G. Campbell's rash statement that India was no good to England, the accomplished writer says, "But British House of Commons stripped him to pieces, and exposed his *cui bono* in all its naked hideousness"! After all, I think the cultivated Hindoo, writing what he

calls English, is about on a par with the authors of leading articles on this side of the globe writing what *they* call English, — accusing or laudatory epithets and phrases, adjusted to some dim standard of effect quite aloof from any knowledge or belief of their own.

Letter-writing, I imagine, is counted as " work " from which you must abstain; and I scribble this letter simply from the self-satisfied notion that you will like to hear from me. You see I have asked no questions, which are the torture-screws of correspondence. Hence you have nothing to answer. How glad I shall be of an announcement that " No further bulletins will be sent, Mr. Blackwood having gone to golf again."

Letter to Mrs. Peter Taylor, 18th July, 1878.

I thought you understood that I have grave reasons for not speaking on certain public topics. No request from the best friend in the world — even from my own husband — ought to induce me to speak when I judge it my duty to be silent. If I had taken a contrary decision, I should not have remained silent till now. My function is that of the *æsthetic*, not the doctrinal teacher, — the rousing of the nobler emotions, which make mankind desire the social right, not the prescribing of special measures, concerning which the artistic mind, however strongly moved by social sympathy, is often not the best judge. It is one thing to feel keenly for one's fellow-beings; another to say, " This step, and this alone, will be the best to take for the removal of particular calamities."

I did hope that by the time your military evolutions were over, we might see our way to enjoying the kind welcome which you and Mrs. Blackwood have offered us. No expedition attracts us more

than the projected visit to Strathtyrum. Unhappily, Mr. Lewes continues to be troubled and depressed by symptoms that, with the recollection upon us of the crippling gout which once followed them, quite rob us of the courage to leave home. The journey and the excitement, which would be part of his pleasure if he were tolerably well, seem to him now dangerous to encounter, — and I am not myself robust enough to venture on a risk of illness to him, so that I cannot supply the daring he needs. We begin to think that we shall be obliged to defer our pleasure of seeing you in your own home, — so promising of walks and talks, such as we can never have a chance of in London, — until we have the disadvantage of counting ourselves a year older. I am very sorry. But it is better to know that you are getting well, and we unable to see you, than to think of you as an invalid, unable to receive us. We must satisfy ourselves with the good we have, — including the peace, and the promise of an abundant wheat harvest.

Letter to John Blackwood, 30th July, 1878.

Please ask Mrs. and Miss Blackwood to accept my best regards, and assure them that I counted much on a longer, quieter intercourse with them in a few sunny days away from hotels and callers.

Do not write when writing seems a task. Otherwise you know how well I like to have a letter from you.

We have certainly to pay for all our other happiness, which is a Benjamin's share, by many small bodily miseries. Mr. Lewes continues ailing, and I am keeping him company with headache. "Rejoice, O young man, in the days of thy youth," and keep a re-

Letter to William Blackwood, 15th Aug. 1878.

serve of strength for the more evil days. Especially avoid breaking your neck in hunting. Mr. Lewes did once try horseback, some years ago, but found the exercise too violent for him. I think a Highland sheltie would be the suitable nag, only he is very fond of walking; and between that and lawn-tennis he tires himself sufficiently.

I shall hope by-and-by to hear more good news about your uncle's health.

Shall you mind the trouble of writing me a few words of news about you and yours? — just to let me know how things are with you, and deliver me from evil dreams.

Letter to Mrs. Burne-Jones, 26th Aug. 1878.

We have been so ailing in the midst of our country joys, that I need to hear of my friends being well, as a ground for cheerfulness, — a bit of sugar in the cup of resignation. Perhaps this fine summer has been altogether delightful to you. Let me know this good, and satisfy the thirsty sponge of my affection. If you object to my phrase, please to observe that it is Dantesque, — which will oblige you to find it admirable.

You remember the case of the old woman of whom her murderers confessed that they had beaten her to death, "partly with crowbars and partly with their fists." Well, I have been beaten into silence since your kind letter, partly by visitors and partly by continual headache. I am a shade or two better this morning, and my soul has half awaked to run its daily stage of duty. Happily I was temporarily relieved from headache during our friends' (the Tom Trollopes') visit. We took them to see Tennyson, and they were delighted with the reading which he very amiably gave us. Then the Du Mauriers came to dine with us on the Thursday,

Letter to J. W. Cross, 26th Aug. 1878.

and so the time was not, I hope, too languid for our visitors.

Mr. Lewes continues to show improvement in health, so that the balance of good is not much altered by my deficit.

We shall be pleased to have any news of you, whether by post or person.

At this time I was in the habit of going over occasionally from Weybridge on Sundays. The shadow of trouble was on both our houses. My mother was in her last illness, and Mr. Lewes was constantly ailing, though none of us then thought that he would be taken first. But the sharing of a common anxiety contributed to make our friendship much more intimate. In our drives in the neighbourhood of Witley, Mr. Lewes used sometimes to be suddenly seized with severe cramping pains. I think he was himself aware that something was seriously wrong, but the moment the pain ceased the extraordinary buoyancy of his spirits returned. Nothing but death could quench that bright flame. Even on his worst days he had always a good story to tell; and I remember on one occasion, in the drawing-room at Witley, between two bouts of pain, he sang through, with great brio, *though without much voice, the greater portion of the tenor part in the "Barber of Seville," — George Eliot playing his accompaniment, and both of them thoroughly enjoying the fun.*

They led a very secluded life at Witley, — as always in their country retreats, — but enjoyed the society of some of their neighbours. Sir Henry and Lady Holland, who lived next door; charming Mrs. Thellusson and her daughter, Mrs. Greville, who lived between Witley and Godalming, were especial friends. The Tennysons, too, and the Du Mauriers and Allinghams, were all within easy visiting-distance. George Eliot's dislike of London life continued to increase with the increasing number of her acquaintance, and consequent demands on time. The Sunday receptions, confined to a small number of inti-

mate friends in 1867, had gradually extended themselves to a great variety of interesting people.

These receptions have been so often and so well described, that they have hitherto occupied rather a disproportionate place in the prevalent conception of George Eliot's life. It will have been noticed that there is very little allusion to them in the letters; but owing to the seclusion of her life, it happened that the large majority of people, who knew George Eliot as an author, never met her elsewhere. Her salon *was important as a meeting-place for many friends whom she cared greatly to see, but it was not otherwise important in her own life, — for she was eminently* not *a typical mistress of a* salon. *It was difficult for her, mentally, to move from one person to another. Playing around many disconnected subjects, in talk, neither interested her nor amused her much. She took things too seriously, and seldom found the effort of entertaining compensated by the gain. Fortunately Mr. Lewes supplied any qualities lacking in the hostess. A brilliant talker, a delightful* raconteur, *versatile, full of resource in the difficulties of amalgamating diverse groups, and bridging over awkward pauses, — he managed to secure for these gatherings most of the social success which they obtained. Many of the* réunions *were exceedingly agreeable and interesting, especially when they were not too crowded, when general conversation could be maintained. But the larger the company grew, the more difficult it was to manage, for the English character does not easily accommodate itself to the exigencies of a* salon. *There is a fatal tendency to break up into small groups.*

The entertainment at The Priory was frequently varied by music when any good performer happened to be present. I think, however, that the majority of visitors delighted chiefly to come for the chance of a few words with George Eliot alone. When the drawing-room door opened, a first glance revealed her always in the same low arm-chair on the left-hand side of the fire. On entering, a visitor's eye was at once arrested by the massive

head. The abundant hair, streaked with grey now, was draped with lace, arranged mantilla-fashion, coming to a point at the top of the forehead. If she were engaged in conversation, her body was usually bent forward with eager, anxious desire to get as close as possible to the person with whom she talked. She had a great dislike to raising her voice, and often became so wholly absorbed in conversation that the announcement of an incoming visitor sometimes failed to attract her attention; but the moment the eyes were lifted up, and recognised a friend, they smiled a rare welcome, — sincere, cordial, grave, — a welcome that was felt to come straight from the heart. Early in the afternoon, with only one or two guests, the talk was always general and delightful. Mr. Lewes was quite as good in a company of three as in a company of thirty. In fact, he was better, for his verve *was not in the least dependent on the number of his audience, and the flow was less interrupted. Conversation was no effort to him: nor was it to her, so long as the numbers engaged were not too many, and the topics were interesting enough to sustain discussion. But her talk, I think, was always most enjoyable* à deux. *It was not produced for effect nor from the lip, but welled up from a heart and mind intent on the one person with whom she happened to be speaking. She was never weary of giving of her best, so far as the wish to give was concerned. In addition to the Sundays "at home," the Priory doors were open to a small circle of very intimate friends on other days of the week. Of evening entertainments there were very few, I think, after 1870. I remember some charming little dinners, — never exceeding six persons; and one notable evening when the Poet Laureate read aloud "Maud," "The Northern Farmer," and parts of other poems. It was very interesting on this occasion to see the two most widely known representatives of contemporary English literature sitting side by side.*

George Eliot would have enjoyed much in her London life if she had been stronger in health; but with her susceptible organisation, the atmosphere *oppressed her both*

physically and mentally. She always rejoiced in escaping to the country.

The autumn days were beginning to close in now on the beautiful Surrey landscape, not without some dim half-recognised presage to her anxious mind of impending trouble.

Letter to Miss Maud Lewes,[1] Witley, 4th Sept. 1878.

My dear little Maudie, — I was very glad to have a letter from you this morning. I read it aloud to grandpapa before breakfast. The sun was shining, the birds were singing, and Maudie was talking to us in her letter. We were very happy.

I will kiss baby for you. Her cheeks are pink, and she looks stronger than she did when she first came down. All the servants are fond of her and very good to her. She tries to say a few words, but the only word she is clever in is Papa. There are a great many tall trees all round us, and sometimes there are squirrels with bushy tails running up them so fast that you could hardly catch sight of them. There are little snakes in the cucumber bed. They like to be there because it keeps them warm. Last year there were a great many moles, which are little black creatures with tiny white hands, and with these hands they scratch themselves holes for a long way under the ground, and throw out the earth in little hills above them. That spoils the grass, but the moles do not mean to be naughty. They are only working very hard to make themselves houses.

Grandpapa is better than he was, and has not so many pains in his poor toes. You never had any pains in your toes, Maudie. I know you are very sorry that grandpapa should have pains. He

[1] Mr. Charles Lewes's little daughter, aged four.

sends his love and kisses to you and Blanche, and so do I. And you must kiss papa and mamma for us, and tell them that we long very much to hear that you are all quite settled in Elm Cottage. When we see you again, you will be taller than you were when we said "Good-bye" to you at Hampstead. For little girls grow as the flowers do, and get taller and taller, and their faces a little larger. But grandpapa and grandmamma would know you were their little Maudie if they met you quite alone in the street without mamma, and they would want you to come with them, and they would take care of you. They would know you because your little nose and mouth and eyes and your hair are not just exactly like other little girls', and still more because they would remember how you say "Grandpapa." I have written this letter quite plainly, as if I thought you could read it. But I know you are not able to read it yet. Miss Smith will be so good as to read it to you. Now good-bye, my dear Maudie. Here are all the kisses you are to give. Mamma, **. Papa, **. Blanche, **. And these ** you must keep for yourself.—Your loving GRANDMAMMA.

Letter to John Blackwood, 24th Sept. 1878.

I am not inclined to let you rest any longer without asking you to send me some account of yourself, for it is long since I got my last news from Edinburgh. I should like to know that you have continued to gather strength, and that you have all been consequently more and more enjoying your life at Strathtyrum. It is an ugly theory that happiness wants the contrast of illness and anxiety, but I know that Mrs. Blackwood must have a new comfort in seeing you once more with your usual strength.

We have had "a bad time" in point of health; and it is only quite lately that we have both been feeling a little better. The fault is all in our own frames, not in our air or other circumstances; for we like our house and neighbourhood better and better. The general testimony and all other arguments are in favour of this district being thoroughly healthy. But we both look very haggard in the midst of our blessings.

Are you not disturbed by yesterday's Indian news? One's hopes for the world's getting a little rest from war are continually checked. Every day, after reading the "Times," I feel as if all one's writing were miserably trivial stuff in the presence of this daily history. Do you think there are persons who admire Russia's "mission" in Asia as they did the mission in Europe?

Please write me anything that comes easily to the end of your pen, and make your world seem nearer to me. Good Mr. Simpson, I hope, lets you know that he is prospering in his pursuit of pleasure without work, — which seems a strange paradox in association with my idea of him.

Letter to Madame Bodichon, 15th Oct. 1878.

The days pass by without my finding time to tell you what I want to tell you, — how delighted I was to have a good account of you. But every bright day — and we have had many such — has made me think the more of you, and hope that you were drawing in strength from the clear sweet air. I miss so much the hope that I used always to have of seeing you in London, and talking over everything just as we used to do, — in the way that will never exactly come with any one else. How unspeakably the lengthening of memories in common endears our old friends! The new are comparatively foreigners,

with whom one's talk is hemmed in by mutual ignorance. The one cannot express, the other cannot divine.

We are intensely happy in our bit of country, — as happy as the cloudy aspect of public affairs will allow any one who cares for them to be, with the daily reading of the "Times."

A neighbour of ours was reciting to me yesterday some delicious bits of dialogue with a quaint Surrey woman, — *e. g.*, "Oh, ma'am, what I have gone through with my husband. He is so uneddicated, — he never had a tail-coat in his life!"

Letter to John Blackwood, 23d Nov. 1878, from The Priory.

When Mr. Lewes sent you my MS.[1] the other morning, he was in that state of exhilarated activity which often comes with the sense of ease after an attack of illness which had been very painful. In the afternoon he imprudently drove out, and undertook, with his usual eagerness, to get through numerous details of business, over-fatigued himself, and took cold. The effect has been a sad amount of suffering from feverishness and headache, and I have been in deep anxiety, — am still very unhappy, and only comforted by Sir James Paget's assurances that the actual trouble will be soon allayed.

I have been telling the patient about your letter and suggestion that he should send a form of slip as advertisement for the Magazine. He says — and the answer seems to have been a matter of premeditation with him — that it will be better not to announce the book in this way at once, — "the Americans and Germans will be down on us." I cannot question him further at present, but I have no doubt he has been thinking about the matter, and we must not cross his wish in any way.

[1] "The Impressions of Theophrastus Such."

I have thought that a good form of advertisement, to save people from disappointment in a book of mine not being a story, would be to print the list of contents, which, with the title, would give all but the very stupid a notion to what form of writing the work belongs. But this is a later consideration. I am glad you were pleased with the opening.

For the last week I have been in deep trouble. Mr. Lewes has been alarmingly ill. To-day Sir James Paget and Dr. Quain pronounce him in all respects better, and I am for the first time comforted. You will not wonder now at my silence. Thanks for your affectionate remembrances.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, Sunday evening, 24th Nov. 1878.

Mr. Lewes continues sadly ill, and I am absorbed in nursing him. When he wrote about Parliament meeting, he was thinking that it would be called together at the usual time, — perhaps February. The book can be deferred without mischief. I wish to add a good deal, but of course I can finish nothing now, until Mr. Lewes is better. The doctors pronounced him in every respect better yesterday, and he had a quiet night, but since five o'clock this morning he has had a recurrence of trouble. You can feel for him and me, having so lately known what severe illness is.

Letter to John Blackwood, 25th Nov. 1878.

Mr. Lewes died on the 28th November, 1878.

SUMMARY OF CHAPTER XVIII

MARCH, 1876, TO NOVEMBER, 1878

Letter to John Blackwood — Visit to Weybridge — "Daniel Deronda" — Letter to Madame Bodichon — Meets Sir Garnet Wolseley — Vivisection — Public discussion of "Deronda" — Letter to John Blackwood — Motto from Walt Whitman — Letter to Alex. Main on some criticisms — Letter to Mrs. Stowe — Thanks for sympathy — Drawbacks to going too much abroad — Mr. Lewes's "Problems" — Letter to J. W. Cross on the effect of her writing — Inscription on the MS. of "Deronda" — Three months' trip to Continent — Letter to John Blackwood — Visit to Chambéry and Les Charmettes — Lausanne and Vevey — Ragatz — Return to London — Letter to John Blackwood — Dr. Hermann Adler — Letter to Madame Bodichon — St. Blasien — Women's work — Visit to Six-Mile Bottom — Meets Turguenieff — Jewish appreciation of "Deronda" — Letter to Mrs. William Smith — Mrs. Ruck — Letter to Mrs. Stowe — Jewish element in "Deronda" — Letter to Miss Hennell — Miss Martineau's Autobiography, and biography in general — Resignation — Gratitude of Jews for "Deronda" — Purchase of house at Witley, near Godalming — Dr. Hermann Adler's lectures on "Daniel Deronda" — Application to translate "Romola" into Italian — Christmas at Weybridge — Opening of year 1877 — Letter to James Sully — The word "meliorism" — Letter to John Blackwood — Illustrations of cheap editions — "Romola" — Letter to William Allingham — Warwickshire dialect — Letter to Mrs. Bray — Harriet Martineau's "Autobiography" — Letter to Madame Bodichon — Holmes and Mrs. Vernon Lushington playing — Letter to Miss Hennell — Mrs. Chapman on Harriet Martineau — Mrs. Stowe and the Byron case — Letter to Professor Kaufmann — Gratitude for his estimate of "Deronda" — Letter to F. Harrison — Sympathy incentive to production — Letter to Madame Bodichon — Miss Thackeray's marriage — Letter to W. Allingham on his poems — Letter to Professor Kaufmann — Translation of his article by Mr. Ferrier — Letter to Mrs. Ponsonby — Reference to "Stradivarius" — Pity and fairness — Letter to J. W. Cross — Appreciation of Tennyson's poems and dramas — Letter to Mrs. Peter Taylor — Improvement in health at Witley — Proposal to write on Shakspeare for "Men of Letters" series — Letter to Miss Hennell — Gain of health and strength at Witley — Letter to Mrs. Burne-Jones — Christmas plans — Letter to Miss Charlotte Carmichael — Celts and Hebrews — Farewell to Journal and to year 1877 — Letter to Madame Bodichon — State of France — London University opening degrees to women — Reading Green's "History of the English People" and Lecky — The phonograph — Letter to John Blackwood — "Pascal" — La Bruyère — Letter to Mrs. Burne-Jones on the "Two Grenadiers" — Letter to Mrs. Bray — Meeting with Crown Prince and Princess of Germany at Mr. Goschen's — Visit to Oxford to the Master of Balliol — Letter to John Blackwood — Indian story of Lord Lytton's — Letter to Mrs. Peter Taylor — Function the æsthetic, not the doctrinal teacher — Letter to John Blackwood — Mr. Lewes's ill health — Letter to William Blackwood — Letter to Mrs.

Burne-Jones complaining of health — Letter to J. W. Cross — Mr. Lewes's continued illness — Life at Witley — Effect of receptions at The Priory — Description of receptions — Letter to Miss Maud Lewes — Letter to John Blackwood — Complaining of health — Letter to Madame Bodichon — Delight in old friends — Letters to John Blackwood — MS. of "Theophrastus Such" — Mr. Lewes's last illness — Postponement of publication of "Theophrastus" — Mr. Lewes's death.

CHAPTER XIX

FOR many weeks after Mr. Lewes's death, George Eliot saw no one except Mr. Charles Lewes, and the very few persons she was obliged to receive on necessary business. She read no letters, and wrote none, but at once began to occupy herself busily with Mr. Lewes's unfinished MSS., in the arrangement of which work Mr. Charles Lewes was able to assist her. The only entry in her diary on the 1st January, 1879, is, "Here I and sorrow sit." At the end of two months this desolation had told terribly on her health and spirits; and on the last day of January she was greatly comforted by a visit from Sir James Paget, — a friend for whom she had always had the highest and most cordial regard during the many years she had known him. Meantime she had begun to write a few short notes, and she mentions in her journal of 2d January, "A kind letter from Professor Michael Foster of Cambridge, offering to help me on any physiological point;" and on the 19th January, "Ruminating on the founding of some educational instrumentality as a memorial to be called by his name." There are the following letters in January and February.

Letter to Madame Bodichon, 7th Jan. 1879.

I bless you for all your goodness to me, but I am a bruised creature, and shrink even from the tenderest touch. As soon as I feel able to see anybody I will see *you*. Please give my love to Bessie,[1] and thank her for me — I mean for her sweet letter. It was a long while before I read any letters, but tell her I shall read hers again and again.

It was a long while before I read any letters, and as yet I have written none, except such as

[1] Madame Belloc.

business required of me. You will believe that this has not been for want of gratitude to all my friends for their goodness to me. I can trust to your understanding of a sorrow which has broken my life. I write now because I ought not to allow any disproportionate expense to be incurred about my printed sheets.

Letter to John Blackwood, 13th Jan. 1879.

To me, now, the writing seems all trivial stuff; but since he wished it to be printed, and you seem to concur, I will correct the sheets (if you will send me the remainder) gradually as I am able, and they can be struck off and laid by for a future time. I submit this proposition to your judgment, not knowing what may be most expedient for your printing-office.

Thank you for all your kind words.

Some time, if I live, I shall be able to see you — perhaps sooner than any one else — but not yet. Life seems to get harder instead of easier.

Letter to J. W. Cross, 22d Jan. 1879.

When I said "some time," I meant still a distant time. I want to live a little time, that I may do certain things for his sake. So I try to keep up my strength, and I work as much as I can to save my mind from imbecility. But that is all at present. I can go through anything that is mere business. But what used to be joy is joy no longer, and what is pain is easier because he has not to bear it.

Letter to J. W. Cross, 30th Jan. 1879.

I bless my friends for all their goodness to me. Please say so to all of them that you know, especially Mr. Hall. Tell him I have read his letter again and again.

If you feel prompted to say anything, write it to me.

Letter to Mrs. Burne-Jones, 4th Feb. 1879.

Do not believe that your love is lost upon me, dear. I bless you for all your goodness to me, and keep every sign of it in my memory.

I have been rather ill lately, but my head is clearer this morning. The world's winter is going, I hope, but my everlasting winter has set in. You know that, and will be patient with me.

Letter to Madame Bodichon, 6th Feb. 1879.

Bless you for your loving thought. But for all reasons, bodily and mental, I am unable to move. I am entirely occupied with his manuscripts, and must be on this spot among all the books. Then, I am in a very ailing condition of body, — cannot count on myself from day to day, — and am not fit to undertake any sort of journey. I have never yet been outside the gate. Even if I were otherwise able, I could not bear to go out of sight of the things he used and looked on.

Bless you once more. If I could go away with *anybody*, I could go away with you.

Letter to J. W. Cross, 7th Feb. 1879.

I do need your affection. Every sign of care for me from the beings I respect and love, is a help to me. In a week or two I think I shall want to see you. Sometimes, even now, I have a longing, but it is immediately counteracted by a fear. The perpetual mourner — the grief that can never be healed — is innocently enough felt to be wearisome by the rest of the world. And my sense of desolation increases. Each day seems a new beginning, — a new acquaintance with grief.

Letter to J. W. Cross, Saturday, 22d Feb. 1879.

If you happen to be at liberty to-morrow, or the following Friday, or to-morrow week, I hope I shall be well enough to see you. Let me know which day.

On Sunday the 23rd February I saw her for the first time, and there is the following letter next day.

A transient absence of mind yesterday made me speak as if it were possible for me to entertain your thoughtful, kind proposal that I should move to Weybridge for a short time. But I cannot leave this house for the next two months, — if for no other reason, I should be chained here by the need of having all the books I want to refer to.

Letter to J. W. Cross, 24th Feb. 1879.

Pray do not announce "Theophrastus" in any way. It would be intolerable to my feelings to have a book of my writing brought out for a long while to come. What I wish to do is, to correct the sheets thoroughly, and then have them struck off and laid by till the time of publication comes. One reason which prompted me to set about the proofs — in addition to my scruples about occupying the type — was that I was feeling so ill, I thought there was no time to be lost in getting done everything which no one else would do if I left it undone. But I am getting better, I think; and my doctors say there is nothing the matter with me to urge more haste than the common uncertainty of life urges on us all.

Letter to John Blackwood, 25th Feb. 1879.

There is a great movement now among the Jews towards colonising Palestine, and bringing out the resources of the soil. Probably Mr. Oliphant is interested in the work, and will find his experience in the West not without applicability in the East.

It is a satisfaction to you, I hope, that your son is about to be initiated in George Street. I trust he will one day carry on the good traditions of the name "John Blackwood."

Your letter, which tells me that you are benefit-

ing by the clear sunny air, is very welcome. Yes, here too the weather is more merciful, and I drive out most days. I am better bodily, but I never feel thoroughly comfortable in that material sense, and I am incredibly thin. As to my mind, I am full of occupation, but the sorrow deepens down instead of diminishing. I mean to go to Witley in a few months, that I may look again on the spots that he enjoyed, and that we enjoyed together, but I cannot tell beforehand whether I shall care to go again afterwards.

Letter to Madame Bodichon, 5th March, 1879.

Everybody is very kind to me, and by-and-by I shall begin to see a few intimate friends. I can do or go through anything that is business or duty, but time and strength seem lacking for everything else. You must excuse my weakness, remembering that for nearly twenty-five years I have been used to find my happiness in his. I can find it nowhere else. But we can live and be helpful without happiness, and I have had more than myriads who were and are better fitted for it.

I am really very busy, and have been sadly delayed by want of health. One project I have entered on is to found a studentship, which will be called after his name. I am getting help from experienced men.

I send the corrected sheets of "Theophrastus," and shall be much obliged if you will order a complete revise to be sent me before they are struck off. Whenever the book is published (I cannot contemplate its appearing before June, and if that is a bad time it must stand over till the autumn season), I beg you kindly to write for me a notice, to be printed on the fly-leaf, that the MS. was placed in your hands last November, or simply last year.

Letter to John Blackwood, 5th March, 1879.

I think you will enter into my feeling when I say, that to create a notion on the part of the public of my having been occupied in writing "Theophrastus" would be repugnant to me. And I shrink from putting myself forward in any way.

I hope you are benefiting by the milder weather. I drive out a little now, but you must be prepared to see me a much changed creature. I think I should hardly know myself.

March 8. — Gertrude[1] and the children came to tea. Journal, 1879.

March 9. — Mr. Henry Sidgwick came to discuss the plan of the studentship.

March 13. — Professor Michael Foster came to discuss the studentship, and we arrived at a satisfactory clearness as to the conditions. He mentioned as men whom he had thought of as suitable trustees, Huxley, Pye Smith, Thiselton Dyer, Francis Balfour, and Henry Sidgwick.

DEAR FRIEND, — When you have time to come to me about six o'clock, I shall love to see you. Letter to Mrs. Burne-Jones, 20th March, 1879.

March 22. — Mrs. Congreve came again. Mrs. Burne-Jones came. Journal, 1879.

I am so dissatisfied with "Theophrastus," on reading the revise, that I have proposed to suppress it in this original form, and regenerate it whenever — if ever — I recover the power to do so. You see the cruel weather has travelled after you. It makes one feel every grievance more grievously in some respects, though to me the sunshine is in one sense sadder. Letter to Wm. Blackwood, 25th March, 1879.

March 30. — Mr. Bowen (now Lord-Justice Bowen) came, Mr. Spencer and J. Journal, 1879.

[1] Mrs. Charles Lewes.

Letter to John Blackwood, 5th April, 1879.

After weighing what you have said, I agree to the publication of "Theophrastus" in May. If you had at all suspected that the book would injure my influence, you would not have wished me to give it forth in its present form, and in the uncertainty of one's inner and outer life it is not well to depend on future capabilities. There are some things in it which I want to get said, and if the book turned out to be effective in proportion to my other things, the form would lend itself to a "second series," — supposing I lived and kept my faculties.

As to the price for the right of translating, — you will judge. If you will kindly undertake these negotiations for me, I shall be thankful. And pray remember that I don't *want* the book to be translated, so that it will be well to wait for the application and to ask a sufficient sum to put the publisher on his guard as to the selection of a translator. But of course this little book cannot be paid for according to the difficulty of translation.

You see I have been so used to have all trouble spared me, that I am ready to cast it on any willing shoulders. But I am obliged now to think of business in many ways.

I am so glad to know that Mrs. Blackwood has the comfort of a good report about you from the doctors. Perhaps it may seem to you the wrong order of sympathy to be glad for your sake in the *second* place.

Journal, 1879. *April* 8. — Mrs. Stuart came.

Mrs Stuart was a devoted friend whose acquaintance had been formed some years before, through the presentation of some beautiful wood-carving which she had executed as an offering to George Eliot.

Dear Friends, — Will you come to see me some day? I am always in from my drive and at liberty by half-past four. Please do not say to any one that I am receiving visitors generally. Though I have been so long without making any sign, my heart has been continually moved with gratitude towards you.

Letter to Frederic Harrison, 8th April, 1879.

Your letter was very welcome this morning, for I do not like to be very long without having some picture of you, and your words of affection are always sweet.

Letter to Madame Bodichon, 8th April, 1879.

The studentship I mention is to supply an income to a young man who is qualified and eager to carry on physiological research, and would not otherwise have the means of doing so. Mr. H. Sidgwick, Michael Foster, and other men of kindred mind, are helping me in settling the scheme. I have been determined in my choice of the studentship by the idea of what would be a sort of prolongation of *his* life. That there should always, in consequence of his having lived, be a young man working in the way he would have liked to work, is a memorial of him that comes nearest my feeling. It is to be at Cambridge to begin with, and we thought at first of affiliating it to the University; but now the notion is that it will be well to keep it free, so that the trustees may move it where and when they will. But the scheme is not yet draughted.

I am going to bring out one of the "Problems" in a separate volume at the beginning of May, and am now correcting the proofs.

My going to Witley is an experiment. I don't know how I shall bear being there; but I hope there will be nothing to hinder my *having you*

there, if you will undertake the troublous journey for my sake.

I enclose the proof of titlepage and motto. Whether the motto (which is singularly apt and good) should be on the titlepage or fly-leaf, I leave you to judge. Certainly everybody who does not read Latin will be offended by its claiming notice, and will consider that only the deepest-dyed pedantry could have found the motive for it. But I will not leave it out altogether.

Letter to John Blackwood, 9th April, 1879.

I have had such various letters from time to time, asking me to reprint or write essays, that perhaps some of the public will not be disappointed that the volume is not a story. But that must be as it may; and if you think the acceptance dubious, it is much the better plan not to stereotype.

What energy there is in Mr. Kinglake, in spite of the somewhat shattered health that his *Wesen* gives one the impression of! Among incidents of war that one can dwell on with anything like gladness, that account of the rescue of the colours at Isandlana is memorable, is it not?

I go out every day, drive beyond the ranks of hideous houses in the Kilburn outskirts, and get to lanes where I can walk, in perfect privacy, among the fields and budding hedgerows.

I hope Mr. Julian Sturgis will take care of his writing, and do something lasting. He seems to me to have a strain above the common in him; and he is not writing for his bread — or even his butter. I don't know why I say this just now, except that I had it in my mind to say long ago, and it has just come uppermost as I was thinking of the Magazine.

Your kind letter has touched me very deeply. I

confess that my mind had, more than once, gone out to you as one from whom I should like to have some sign of sympathy with my loss. But you were rightly inspired in waiting till now, for during many weeks I was unable even to listen to the letters which my generous friends were continually sending me. Now, at last, I am eagerly interested in every communication that springs out of an acquaintance with my husband and his works.

Letter to Professor Kaufmann, 17th April, 1879.

I thank you for telling me about the Hungarian translation of his "History of Philosophy;" but what would I not have given if the volumes could have come, even only a few days, before his death! For his mind was perfectly clear, and he would have felt some joy in that sign of his work being effective.

I do not know whether you will enter into the comfort I feel that he never knew he was dying, and fell gently asleep after ten days of illness, in which the suffering was comparatively mild.

One of the last things he did at his desk was to despatch a manuscript of mine to the publishers. The book (not a story, and not bulky) is to appear near the end of May; and as it contains some words I wanted to say about the Jews, I will order a copy to be sent to you.

I hope that your labours have gone on uninterruptedly for the benefit of others, in spite of public troubles. The aspect of affairs with us is grievous, — industry languishing, and the best part of our nation indignant at our having been betrayed into an unjustifiable war in South Africa.

I have been occupied in editing my husband's MSS., so far as they are left in sufficient completeness to be prepared for publication without

the obtrusion of another mind instead of his. A brief volume on "The Study of Psychology" will appear immediately, and a further volume of psychological studies will follow in the autumn. But his work was cut short while he still thought of it as the happy occupation of far-stretching months. Once more let me thank you for remembering me in my sorrow.

Letter to J. W. Cross, 22d April, 1879.

I am in dreadful need of your counsel. Pray come to me when you can, — morning, afternoon, or evening.

From this time forward I saw George Eliot constantly. My mother had died in the beginning of the previous December, — a week after Mr. Lewes; and as my life had been very much bound up with hers, I was trying to find some fresh interest in taking up a new pursuit. Knowing very little Italian, I began Dante's "Inferno" with Carlyle's translation. The first time I saw George Eliot afterwards, she asked me what I was doing, and, when I told her, exclaimed, "Oh, I must read that with you." And so it was. In the following twelve months we read through the "Inferno" and the "Purgatorio" together, — not in a dilettante *way, but with minute and careful examination of the construction of every sentence. The prodigious stimulus of such a teacher* (cotanto maestro) *made the reading a real labour of love. Her sympathetic delight in stimulating my newly awakened enthusiasm for Dante, did something to distract her mind from sorrowful memories. The divine poet took us into a new world. It was a renovation of life. At the end of May I induced her to play on the piano at Witley for the first time; and she played regularly after that whenever I was there, which was generally once or twice a-week, as I was living at Weybridge, within easy distance.*

Besides Dante, we read at this time a great many of Sainte-Beuve's "Causeries," and much of Chaucer, Shakspeare, and Wordsworth. But I am anticipating. We will return to the correspondence in its order.

When I shall be able to get to Witley is altogether uncertain. The cold winds make one less hungry for the country, but still it will be a relief to me, in some respects, to get away from town. I am much stronger than I was, and am again finding interest in this wonderful life of ours. But I am obliged to keep my doors closed against all but the few until I go away. You, however, I shall hope to see. I am founding a studentship of Physiology, to be called "The George Henry Lewes Studentship." It will be placed in the first instance at Cambridge, where there is the best physiological school in the kingdom. But the trustees (with my consent during my life) will have the power of moving it where they judge best. This idea, which I early conceived, has been a great stay to me. But I have plenty to think of, — plenty of creatures depending on me, to make my time seem of some value. And there are so many in the world who have to live without any great enjoyment.

Letter to John Blackwood, 23d April, 1879.

April 26. — Mr. and Mrs. Hall came.

Journal, 1879.

If you can come to me next week for a parting word, will you try to learn beforehand whether and when your husband can give me half-an-hour at the end of his working-day? I should like to see him before I go, which I hope to do soon after the 13th.

Letter to Mrs. Burne-Jones, 3d May, 1879.

May 6. — Mr. and Mrs. Call, Eleanor and Florence (Cross) came.

Journal, 1879.

May 8. — Mr. Burne-Jones came.

May 10. — Edith Simcox and Mr. Pigott came.

May 13. — Dr. Andrew Clark came, and gave me important suggestions about the studentship.

May 21. — Saw Mr. Anthony Trollope.

May 22. — Came down to Witley,—lovely mild day.

Letter to James Sully, 28th May, 1879.

Mr. Lewes always wrote the dramatic criticisms in the "Leader," and for a year or two he occasionally wrote such criticisms in the "Pall Mall." Of the latter, the chief were reprinted in the little book on "Actors, and the Art of Acting." What was written in the "Fortnightly" (1865–66) is marked by signature. The most characteristic contributions to the "Cornhill" (1864–65) were "The Mental Condition of Babies," "Dangers and Delights of Tobacco," "Was Nero a Monster?" "Shakspeare in France," and "Miseries of a Dramatic Author."

But after 1866 his contributions to any periodical were very scanty, — confined to a few articles in the "Pall Mall Gazette," one on "The Reign of Law," in the "Fortnightly," and the series on Darwin, now incorporated in "The Physical Basis of Mind." After these, his sole contributions were an article on Dickens (1872), two on Spiritualism and Mesmerism (1876), and one on "The Dread and Dislike of Science" (1878).

Charles, I think, mentioned to you my desire that you should do me the valuable service of looking over the proofs of the remaining volume of "Problems," and you were so generous as to express your willingness to undertake that labour. The printing will not begin till after the 16th, — Dr. Michael Foster, who has also kindly offered to help me in the same way, not being sufficiently at leisure till after that date.

I have been rather ill again lately, but am hoping to benefit by the country quietude. You, too, I am sorry to hear, are not over strong. This will

make your loan of mind and eyesight all the more appreciated by me.

Your letter full of details — just the sort of letter I like to have — has been among my comforts in these last damp, chill days. The first week I was not well, and had a troublesome attack of pain; but I am better, and try to make life interesting by always having something to do.

Letter to Mrs. Burne-Jones, 3d June, 1879.

I am wishing Margaret many happy returns of this day, and am making a picture of you all keeping the little *fête*. A young birthday, when the young creature is promising, is really a happy time: one can hope reasonably, and the elder ones may be content that gladness has passed onward from them into newer vessels. I should like to see the blue-eyed maid with her bangles on her arms.

Please give my love to all and sundry who make any sign of love for me; and any amount you like is ready for you to draw upon.

I am greatly obliged to you for sending me the paper you are to read to-day; and I appreciate it the more highly, because your diligence is in contrast with the general sluggishness of readers about any but idle reading. It is melancholy enough that to most of our polite readers the Social Factor in Psychology would be a dull subject; for it is certainly no conceit of ours which pronounces it to be the supremely interesting element in the thinking of our time.

Letter to Frederic Harrison, 10th June, 1879.

I confess the word "factor" has always been distasteful to me as the name for the grandest of forces. If it were only mathematical, I should not mind, but it has many other associated flavours which spoil it for me.

Once more — ever more — thanks.

You will like to know that Mr. Frederic Harrison has sent me a brief paper, which is to be read to-day at the Metaphysical Society, on the Social Factor in Psychology, opening with a quotation from the "Study of Psychology," and marking throughout his high appreciation of your father's work. Also the Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford, kindly sent (with his initials only) to Trübner four errata which he had found in reading the "Study of Psychology." Trübner did not know who was the kind corrector, and very properly sent the paper to me, offering to have the corrections made on the plates if I wished it. I said, "By all means," and have written to thank the Rector. What a blessing to find a man who really reads a book!

Letter to Charles L. Lewes, 10th June, 1879.

I have received the enclosed letter, with other papers (about country lodgings at Sevenoaks for poor children). Will you look out a single copy of as many of my books (poems included) as you can find, and send them in a parcel, saying that they come from me for the Free Library? Please not to mind this trouble, as it is for the *impecunious* readers. (You know I am nothing if not "sesquipedalian" and scientific; and a word of five syllables will do for both qualities.)

I wish you could see Coquelin in "Tabourin." He is a wonderful actor, when he gets the right part for him. He has a penetrating personality that one cannot be indifferent to, though possibly it may be unpleasant to some people.

I was beginning, with my usual apprehensiveness, to fear that you had no good news to tell me, since I did not hear from you, and I should have gone on fearing till to-morrow morning if I had not happened

Letter to Wm. Blackwood, 12th June, 1879.

to drive to Godalming and ask for the second post. We only get one post a-day at the benighted Witley, so that if you want me to get a letter quickly, it must be posted early at Edinburgh.

I am heartily glad to know that the invalid is going on well, and I trust that the softer air we are having now will help him forward.

"Theophrastus" seems to be really welcomed by the public. Mr. Blackwood will be amused to hear that one gentleman told Charles, or implied, that "Theophrastus" was a higher order of book, and *more difficult to write*, than a novel. Wait long enough, and every form of opinion will turn up. However, poor "Theophrastus" is certainly not composed of "chips" any more than my other books.

Another amusing bit of news is, that the other day Mrs. Pattison sent me an extract from the *livret* of the Paris *Salon*, describing a picture painted by a French artist from "The Lifted Veil," and representing the moment when the resuscitated woman, fixing her eyes on her mistress, accuses her of having poisoned her husband. I call this amusing — I ought rather to have said, typical of the relation my books generally have with the French mind.

Thank you for sending me the list of orders. It does interest me to see the various country demands. I hope the movement will continue to cheer us all, and you are sure to let me know everything that is pleasant, so I do not need to ask for that kindness.

The weather is decidedly warmer, and Tuesday was a perfectly glorious day. But rain and storm have never let us rest long together. I am not very bright, and am ready to interpret

everything in the saddest sense, but I have no definite ailment.

My best regards to the convalescent, who, I have no doubt, will write to me when he is able to do so. But I am only one of many who will be glad to hear from him.

Letter from Madame Bodichon to Miss Bonham-Carter, 12th June, 1879.

"*I spent an hour with Marian (5th June). She was more delightful than I can say, and left me in good spirits for her, — though she is wretchedly thin, and looks in her long, loose, black dress like the black shadow of herself. She said she had so much to do that she must keep well,—'the world was so* intensely interesting.' *She said she would come* next year *to see me. We both agreed in the great love we had for life. In fact, I think she will do more for us than ever.*"

Letter to John Blackwood, 20th June, 1879.

I have been having my turn of illness of rather a sharp kind. Yesterday, when your letter came, I was in more acute pain than I have ever known in my life before, but before the morning was over I was sufficiently relieved to read your pleasant news. I am writing in bed, but am in that most keenly conscious ease which comes after unusual suffering. The way in which the public takes "Theophrastus" is really a comfort to me. I have had some letters, not of the complimentary but of the grateful kind, which are an encouragement to believe in the use of writing. But you would be screamingly amused with one, twenty-three pages long (from an Edinburgh man by-the-by), who has not read the book, but has read of it, and thinks that his own case is still more worthy of presentation than Merman's.

I think a valuable series (or couple of volumes) might be made up from "Maga" of articles written *hot* by travellers and military men, and not

otherwise republished, — chronicles and descriptions by eye-witnesses, — which might be material for historians.

What a comfort that the Afghan war is concluded! But on the back of it comes the black dog of Indian finance, which means, alas! a great deal of hardship to poor Hindus. Let me hear more news of you before long.

Your description of the effects you feel from the restless tormenting winds would serve well to represent my experience too. It seems something incredible written in my memory that when I was a little girl I loved the wind, — used to like to walk about when it was blowing great guns. And now the wind is to me what it was to early peoples, — a demon-god, cruelly demanding all sorts of human sacrifices. Thank you, dear, for caring whether I have any human angels to guard me. None are permanently here except my servants, but Sir James Paget has been down to see me, I have a very comfortable country practitioner to watch over me from day to day, and there is a devoted friend who is backwards and forwards continually to see that I lack nothing.

Letter to Mrs. Burne-Jones, 29th June, 1879.

It is a satisfaction to me that you felt the need for "Debasing the Moral Currency" to be written. I was determined to do it, though it might make me a stone of stumbling and rock of offence to all the comic tribe.

Do not rate my illness too high in the scale of mortal misery. I am prone to make much of my ailments, and am among the worst at enduring pain.

Thank you for sending me the pretty little book.[1]

[1] "The Ethics of George Eliot's Works," by J. C. Brown. Blackwood. 1879.

I am deeply touched by the account of its origin, and I remember well everything you said to me of Mr. Brown in old days, when he was still with you. I had only cut a very little way into the volume when a friend came and carried it off, but my eyes had already been arrested by some remarks on the character of Harold Transome, which seemed to me more penetrating and finely felt than almost anything I have read in the way of printed comment on my own writing. When my friend brings back the volume, I shall read it reverentially, and most probably with a sense of being usefully admonished. For praise and sympathy arouse much more self-suspicion and sense of short-coming than all the blame and depreciation of all the Pepins.

Letter to John Blackwood, 29th June, 1879.

I am better, and I hope on the way to complete recovery, but I am still at some distance from that goal. Perhaps if the winds would give one some rest from their tormenting importunity, both you and I should get on faster.

I am looking forward to reading the "Recollections of Ekowe" in "Maga," which came to me yesterday, with its list of my own doings and misdoings on the cover.

Does not this Zulu war seem to you a horribly bad business?

Sir Henry Maine has sent me the one letter that has rejoiced my heart about the "Study of Psychology." He says: "In this branch of Mr. Lewes's studies I am almost as one of the ignorant, but I think I have understood every sentence in the book, and I believe I have gained great knowledge from it. It has been the most satisfactory piece of work I have done for a long time." I have written to tell him

Letter to Charles L. Lewes, 30th June, 1879.

that he has rescued me from my scepticism as to any one's reading a serious book except the author or editor.

Letter to Madame Bodichon, 2d July, 1879.

The sight of your handwriting on the pamphlet sent me, urges me to do the sooner what I should have already done but for a rather sharp illness, which has kept me chiefly in bed for nearly a fortnight, and from which I am not yet quite free.

I enclose a copy of Michael Foster's draught of conditions for the studentship, which I put into the lawyer's hands some ten or twelve days ago, and which is now come to me drawn up in legal form. You said it would interest you to see the draught, and I have been bearing this in mind, but have not been able to go to the desk where the copy lay.

I hope to hear that you have been going on well, despite the cruel, restless winds and sad intermittence of sunshine. On the 12th I am going to have two daughters-in-law, *five* grandchildren, and servant for a week, — if I can get well enough, as I have good hope now that I shall. The strawberries will be ripe then, and as I don't eat any myself, it would be dolorous not to be able to have the children, and see them enjoy the juicy blessing.

Letter to John Blackwood, 16th July, 1879.

I was beginning to want some news of you, and was almost ready to ask for it. It is the more welcome for having had time to ripen into a decidedly good report of your condition. About myself I have a very poor story to tell, being now in the fifth week of a troublesome illness, in which, like you, I have been partly fed on "poisonous decoctions." To-day, however, happens to show a considerable im-

provement in my symptoms, and I have been walking in the warmer air with more ease than hitherto. Driving I have not been able to manage for some time, the motion of the carriage shaking me too much. The best of care has been taken of me. I have an excellent country doctor (Mr. Parson of Godalming) who watches me daily; and Sir James Paget and Dr. Andrew Clark have been down to add their supervision. I begin to think that if I can avoid any evil condition, such as a chill that would bring on a relapse, I may soon be pretty well again. The point to be achieved is to stop the wasting of my not too solid flesh.

I am glad to hear that the third edition of "Theophrastus" has had so lively a movement. If the remainder should be sold off, I think it would be well just to print a small number of copies to carry on, and avoid bringing out a cheaper edition too soon after people have been paying for the expensive one.

I have been always able to write my letters and read my proofs, usually in bed, before the fatigue of dressing, but the rest of my time has been very unprofitable, — spent chiefly in pain and languor. I am feeling easy now, and you will well understand that after undergoing pain, this ease is opening paradise. Invalids must be excused for being eloquent about themselves.

Letter to Mrs. Burne-Jones, 22d July, 1879.

I feel a perhaps too selfish need to tell you that things have gone ill with me since I last wrote to you. Why do I want to let you know this not agreeable news about myself? Chiefly because I want you to be quite clear that if I do not write to say, "When can you come to me?" it is not from indifference, but from misfortune of another sort. Meanwhile it will do

me good to have little items of news from you, when you can find half an hour for the kind deed of writing me a letter. What helps me most is to be told things about others, and your letters are just of the sort I like to have.

I am just now in one of my easier hours, and the demon wind has abated. He seems to enter into my pains with hideous rejoicing.

I was very much pleased to have a letter from you, and to know all about your birthday.

Letter to Miss Blanche Lewes,[1] Witley, 24th July, 1879.

"Evenings at Home" is a very pretty book. I read it when I was at school, and I think you will like to read many stories in it over and over again till you know them almost by heart. That is very nice, to carry pretty things in your mind so that you can say them to yourself in the dark.

I am sure you must have liked being on the river in the steamboat for the first time. The wide river and the bridges, and the great buildings that can be seen a long way by the waterside are all very beautiful, are they not? It would seem to you like another and grander sort of picture, after seeing the small pictures on the wall of the Exhibition.

Only think! this was your seventh birthday, and when you have lived three times seven years you will be a tall woman, aged twenty-one, able to do almost everything for dear mamma, so that she may rest after doing so much as she does for you and Maud and Elinor.

Please give my love to Maud, and tell her that I am very glad to hear of her having been at the head of her class.

[1] Mr. Charles Lewes's daughter, aged seven.

Yesterday there was sunshine here, the trees made pretty shadows on the grass, and the flowers lifted up their little faces and looked very happy. But this morning it rains again, and the hay that should be nice and dry, ready for the horses to eat, will all be wet through again. This makes people sorry.

I am writing this letter in bed, not being very well, and my paper lies a long way off on a flat board, so it is not easy for me to write well. But I hope the letter is written plainly enough for you to read it without much trouble.

Give my love to papa and mamma, and tell them that I feel a little better.

And now, good-bye, my dear Blanche. Whenever you think of me, remember that I am your loving GRANDMAMMA.

Letter to James Sully, 7th Aug. 1879.

Thank you for your kind note. There are to be more than as many proofs as you have already had, for which I must crave the valuable aid of your reading.

You will understand all the better how much comfort it is to me to have your help as well as Professor Foster's, when I tell you that for the last eight weeks I have been seriously out of health, and have often been suffering much pain, — a state which I imagine you know by experience to heighten all real anxieties, and usually to create unreal.

It cheers me to be told by you that you think the volume interesting. In reading the MS. again and again, I had got into a state of tremor about it which deprived me of judgment, — just as if it were writing of my own, which I could not trust myself to pronounce upon.

I hope that your own health, and Mrs. Sully's

too, will have been benefited by your change from south to north.

I think that I am really getting better, and shall have to stay among the minority in this world a little longer than I had expected.

Letter to Mrs. Burne-Jones, 11th Aug. 1879.

Will you send me word how long you shall be at liberty, and whether you would think it worth while to come down to me one morning and stay till the afternoon of the following day? Your letter is delightful to me. Several spiritual kisses for it.

Thank you for your sweet affection. I have had rather a trying illness, which lasted, without great relief, for nearly eight weeks. But I hope that I am now out of it, — that is, so far established that I may go on without a relapse. The cold weather was against me, as it was and is against much more important matters. The days of warmth and sunlight which have now and then blessed us have been my best medicine, though I acknowledge the benefit of pepsin and steel, and many other drugs. The grey skies and recurring rain are peculiarly dispiriting to me, and one seems to feel their influence all the more for the wide, beautiful view of field and hill which they sadden and half conceal. In town one thinks less of the sky.

Letter to Mrs. Peter Taylor, 19th Aug. 1879.

If you are ever writing to our dear Mrs. William Smith, do give my love to her, and tell her I am very grateful to her for the letter she wrote me with the post-mark *Ventnor* upon it. With her usual delicacy of feeling she did not send her address, so that I could not write in return.

Letter to Wm. Blackwood, 3d Sept. 1879.

I am much obliged to you for writing me your letter of pleasant news.

It is wonderful how "Theophrastus" goes on selling in these bad times, and I have only to hope in addition that the buyers will be the better for it. Apparently we shall get through this last edition before Christmas, and then perhaps you will think of adding the volume to the Cabinet Edition. I am especially rejoiced to hear that your uncle is better again, and I trust that Strathtyrum is sharing our sunshine, which will be the best cure for him as for me. I am getting strong, and also am gaining flesh on my moderate scale. It really makes a difference to one's spirits to think that the harvest may now possibly be got in without utter ruin to the produce and unhappy producers. But this year will certainly prove a serious epoch, and initiate many changes in relation to farming. I fear, from what I have read, that the rich Lothians will have to be called compassionately the poor Lothians. By the way, if you happen to want any translation done from the French, and have not just the right person to do it, I think I can recommend a Miss Bradley Jenkins, of 50 Cornwall Road, Westbourne Park, as one who has an unusually competent knowledge of French. We sat side by side on the same form translating Miss Edgeworth into French when we were girls.

I have not seen her for many years, but I know that she has been engaged in a high order of teaching, and I have lately heard from her that she is anxious to get work of the kind in question. She already spoke French well when we were pupils together, and she has since been an unintermitting student.

I wonder, talking of translators, how the young Mr. Ferrier is going on, who translated Kaufmann's pamphlet on "Deronda." What Mr. Blackwood told me of him interested me about his future.

Oblige us all by not falling into another accident when the next hunting-season comes.

Before I received your letter the other day, I was intending to write to you to ask whether, now that I am stronger, and the fine weather shows some signs of permanence, you feel any revival of the inclination to come and see me for a couple of days. I hardly like to propose your taking the journey, now that you are not being brought near me by other visits, — for the railway from you to us is, I think, rather tiresome. But if your inclination really lies towards coming, you will be affectionately welcomed.

Letter to Madame Bodichon, 3d Sept. 1879.

About the seaside I am hopeless. The latter part of October is likely to be too cold for me to move about without risk of chills; and I hope to be back in town before the end of the month. I am not very fond of the seaside, and this year it is likely to be crowded with people who have been hindered by the bad weather from going earlier. I prefer the Surrey hills, and the security from draughts in one's own home. The one attraction of a coast place to me is a great breadth of sand to pace on, when it is in its fresh firmness after the fall of the tide. But the sea itself is melancholy to me, — only a little less so under warm sunlight, with plenty of fishing-smacks changing their shadows. All this is to let you know why I do not yield to the attraction of being with you, where we could chat as much or as little as we liked. I feel very much your affectionateness in wishing to have me near you.

Write me word soon whether you feel able to come as far as this for my sake.

I have read the article [1] with very grateful feelings. I think that he would himself have regarded it as a generally just estimate. And I am much obliged to you for sending it to me in proof.

Letter to James Sully, 10th Sept. 1879.

Your selection of subjects for remark, and the remarks themselves, are in accordance with my feeling to a comforting extent; and I shall always remain your debtor for writing the article.

I trust you will not be forced to omit anything about his scientific and philosophical work, because that is the part of his life's labour which he most valued.

Perhaps you a little underrate the (original) effect of his "Life of Goethe" in Germany. It was received with enthusiasm, and an immense number of copies, in both the English and German form, have been sold in Germany since its appearance in 1854.

I wish you were allowed to put your name to the article.

I am getting strong now, after a long spell of medical discipline. All these long months I have been occupied with my husband's manuscripts: also with the foundation of a Physiological Studentship, which is my monument to his memory, and which is now all settled, as you may perhaps have seen by advertisements.[2] But I am not yet through the proof-

Letter to Mrs. Peter Taylor, 17th Sept. 1879.

[1] Article on G. H. Lewes — New Quarterly Review, Oct. 1879.

[2] "George Henry Lewes Studentship." — This Studentship has been founded in memory of Mr. George Henry Lewes, for the purpose of enabling the holder for the time being to devote himself wholly to the prosecution of original research in physiology. The Studentship, the value of which is slightly under £200 per annum, paid quarterly in advance, is tenable for three years, during which time the student is required to carry on, under

reading of the final volume of "Problems of Life and Mind," which will contain the last sheets he ever wrote.

I hear very good accounts of Madame Bodichon, who is coming to me for a couple of days on the 29th.

You are wonderful for life and energy, in spite of your delicate looks. May you have all the strength you need for your sympathetic tasks!

Letter to James Sully, 7th Oct. 1879.

I have not yet thanked you — and I do so now very gratefully — for the help you have given me in my sad and anxious task. Your eyes have been a most precious aid, not only as a matter of fact, but as a ground of confidence. For I am not at all a good proof-reader, and have a thorough distrust of myself.

Letter to Mrs. Burne-Jones, 18th Oct. 1879.

I cannot wish not to have been cheered by your triple letter, even though I have caused you to rise earlier in the morning, and to feel a disproportionate remorse. "Maggior difetto men vergogna lava," as says Virgil to the blushing Dante. And you have given me the fuller measure because I had to wait a little.

Your legend of "Fair Women" interests me very much. I feel a citizen of the world again, knowing all the news. But the core of good news in your letter is that your husband is well again, and again happy in his work. Your collapse is

the guidance of a director, physiological investigations to the complete exclusion of all other professional occupations. No person will be elected as a "George Henry Lewes Student" who does not satisfy the Trustees and Director, first, as to the promise of success in physiological inquiry; and second, as to the need of pecuniary assistance. Otherwise all persons of both sexes are eligible. Applications, together with such information concerning ability and circumstances as the candidate may think proper, should be sent to the present Director, Dr. Michael Foster, New Museums, Cambridge, not later than October 15, 1879. The appointment will be made and duly advertised as soon as possible after that date.

what I feared for you; and you must call the getting change of air and scene — I was going to say "a duty," but are you one of those wonderful beings who find everything easier under that name? But at least one prefers doing a hard duty to grimacing with a pretence of pleasure in things that are no pleasure.

I am greatly comforted this morning by the fact that the (apparently) right man is found for the George Henry Lewes Studentship, — an ardent worker, who could not have carried on his pursuit without this help. I know you are not unmindful of what touches me deeply.

Go on your visit, dear, and come back well, — then show yourself without unnecessary delay to your loving friend.

I have had a delightful bit of news from Dr. Foster this morning. He had mentioned to me before that there was an Edinburgh student, whom he had in his mind as the right one to elect. This morning he writes: "The trustees meet to-morrow to receive my nomination. I have chosen Dr. Charles Roy, an Edinburgh man, and Scotchman, — not one of my own pupils. He is, I think, the most promising — by far the most promising — of our young physiologists, putting aside those who do not need the pecuniary assistance of the studentship. And the help comes to him just when it is most needed: he is in full swing of work, and was casting about for some means of supporting himself which would least interfere with his work, when I called his attention to the studentship. I feel myself very gratified that I can, at the very outset, recommend just the man, as it appears to me, for the post."

Letter to Charles L. Lewes, Saturday, 20th Oct. 1879.

This is a thing your father would have chosen as a result of his life.

Letter to M. D'Albert, 25th Nov. 1879.

I am deeply obliged to you for your affectionate sympathy, and to my dear venerated "Maman" for still bearing me in her heart.

I returned from the country at the beginning of this month, much restored in health after rather a painful illness, which occupied most of the summer. I have nevertheless completed the two chief objects I had in mind, — the editing of the final volume of my husband's work, which will appear in December; and the founding of a Studentship of Physiology, which bears his name, and will perpetuate it in connection with the researches which most deeply interested him.

It seems wonderful to me that Madame D'Albert is more than eighty years of age! The years shrink as I look back through them and recall my first interview with her and you. It is very blessed that her mind is tranquil as well as clear. And your family is apparently a source of continual interest and satisfaction. What I should most dread for you is that solitude that will come when your beloved charge no longer needs your care. Imperative duties — such as leave us in no doubt as to what we shall do next — are the only condition that makes life easy, — though we ignorantly rebel against those benignant bonds while we still have them.

My friends are very good to me, and I have many blessings. I try to interest myself in life, and to keep my faculties in activity.

"Theophrastus Such" has had a very large sale in England, and in the next edition will make the twentieth volume of the Cabinet Edition of my

works. I can well imagine that it is difficult to translate.

I have just had some news that grieves me. Mr. Blackwood is dangerously ill, and I fear, from Mr. William's letter, that there is little hope of recovery. He will be a heavy loss to me. He has been bound up with what I most cared for in my life for more than twenty years; and his good qualities have made many things easy to me that, without him, would often have been difficult.[1]

Letter to Charles L. Lewes, Tuesday, 27th Oct. 1879.

I wrote to Mr. Trübner to tell him that the printing of the "Problems" being finished, I should be glad if he would arrange with you about the conditions of publication. Bear in mind your father's wish that the volumes should not be made dearer than necessary.

I am going to Weybridge on Friday, and I intend to be at The Priory by Saturday before dusk. But it is *just possible* I may be detained till Monday morning. So if you have any good occupation for Sunday, you had better call on your way home on Monday.

Your affectionate note would quite have determined me to do what, when your brother kindly proposed it, raised a certain longing in me. I thought that I should like to see you all in the remembered home again. But I have had a little check in health, and I am feeling so depressed that I shrink from making any engagement which involves others.

Letter to Miss Eleanor Cross, 29th Oct. 1879.

A visitor to-day and my own languor threaten to throw me backward in my arrangements for leaving, and I have a sense of impossibility about everything that, under other conditions, would be

[1] Mr. John Blackwood died on 29th October, 1879.

a pleasure. I am afraid lest a fit of sadness should make me an oppression to you all; and my conclusion this morning is, that I must give up the few hours' happiness of feeling your family love around me as I used to do, and simply go straight up to town with my servants.

But if Friday morning brings me better hopes, I will telegraph to you, since you allow me to wait till the eleventh hour. If you receive no telegram, you will understand that I am still too downhearted to venture on a visit even to those who are amongst the best loved of my friends. In that case you must all make me amends for my loss by coming to see me in the old place in town.

Came to Weybridge on 31st October, and returned to The Priory on 1st November.

Letter to Mrs. Burne-Jones, 8th Nov. 1879.

I came here just a week ago, and I had a superstition that you would come to me yesterday. But I used no enchantments, — and so you did n't come.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 22d Nov. 1879.

I am very grateful to you for your kind letter. News about you all had been much desired by me; but I have now so many business letters to write that I am apt to defer such as are not absolutely necessary. The careful index is a sign of your effective industry, and I have no doubt that it will be a great help to yourself as well as to your readers. One very often needs an index to one's own writing. My chief objects are quite completed now. The Dr. Roy appointed to the Studentship is held by competent persons to be the most hopeful of our young physiologists; and there is a volume of 501 pages (the last) of " Problems of Life and Mind " ready to appear next month. I am quite recovered from

the ailment which made me good for little in the summer, and indeed am stronger than I ever expected to be again. People are very good to me, and I am exceptionally blessed in many ways; but more blessed are the dead who rest from their labours, and have not to dread a barren, useless survival.

Letter to Mrs. Peter Taylor, 6th Dec. 1879.

I am very well, dear, kind friend, all things considered. One cannot help getting occasional chills and headaches in this hard, wintry time.

Oh yes, I read the "Times" with great interest, and am much concerned to know what my contemporaries are doing. My time is very fully occupied, for I have now to write a great many letters, such as used to be written for me, and I would willingly spend the time thus taken up in another sort of reading and writing.

Letter to E. Clodd, 4th Jan. 1880.

I am greatly obliged to you for sending me your book entitled "Jesus of Nazareth," which I have read with much interest both in its purpose and in its execution. I had hardly thought, before, that we had among us an author who could treat Biblical subjects for the young with an entire freedom from the coaxing, dandling style, and from the rhetoric of the showman who describes his monstrous outside pictures, not in the least resembling the creatures within.

My mind cannot see the Gospel histories in just the same proportions as those you have given. But on this widely conjectural subject there may and must be shades of difference which do not affect fundamental agreement.

Letter to Mrs. Peter Taylor, 5th Jan. 1880.

Thank you a thousand times, my dear friend, for your tender New Year's greeting and inquiries. I have passed

well from "under the saws and harrows" of the severe cold, and am better, both in apparent organic soundness and in strength for all occupation, than I once thought was possible for me.

Our dear Barbara is painting in water-colours again from her window, — just as of old. I know you will be glad to hear of this. And I am now seeing many other friends, who interest me and bring me reports of their several worlds. The great public calamities of the past year have helped to quiet one's murmuring spirit in relation to private sorrows, and the prospect for the future is not yet very bright. One thinks of mothers like Mrs. Ruck, whose best-loved sons are in Afghanistan. But we must live as much as we can for human joy, dwelling on sorrow and pain only so far as the consciousness of it may help us in striving to remedy them.

Life has seemed worse without my glimpses of you. And now I have not the amends of thinking that you are out of our Egyptian darkness, and getting health in the country. I must drive over to ask about you as soon as I can.

Letter to Mrs. Burne-Jones, 19th Jan. 1880.

As the year went on, George Eliot began to see all her old friends again; but her life was nevertheless a life of heart-loneliness. Accustomed as she had been for so many years to solitude à deux, *the want of close companionship continued to be very bitterly felt. She was in the habit of going with me very frequently to the National Gallery, and to other exhibitions of pictures, to the British Museum sculptures, and to South Kensington. This constant association engrossed me completely, and was a new interest to her. A bond of mutual dependence had been formed between us. On the 28th March she came down to Weybridge, and stayed till the 30th; and on the*

9th April it was finally decided that our marriage should take place as soon, and as privately, as might be found practicable.

Letter to Miss Eleanor Cross, 13th April, 1880.

You can hardly think how sweet the name sister is to me, that I have not been called by for so many, many years.

Without your tenderness I do not believe it would have been possible for me to accept this wonderful renewal of my life. Nothing less than the prospect of being loved and welcomed by you all could have sustained me. But now I cherish the thought that the family life will be the richer and not the poorer, through your brother's great gift of love to me.

Yet I quail a little in facing what has to be gone through, — the hurting of many whom I care for. You are doing everything you can to help me, and I am full of gratitude to you all for his sake as well as my own. The springs of affection are reopened in me, and it will make me better to be among you, — more loving and trustful.

I valued Florence's little visit very much. You and she will come again — will you not? — to your sister?

Letter to Frederic Harrison, 19th April, 1880.

I have found the spot in "The Prelude" where the passage I mentioned occurs. It is in Book VIII., "The Retrospect," towards the end: —

> "The human nature unto which I felt
> That I belonged, and reverenced with love,
> Was not a punctual presence, but a spirit
> Diffused through time and space, with aid derived
> Of evidence from monuments, erect,
> Prostrate, or leaning towards their common rest
> In earth, the widely scattered wreck sublime
> Of vanished nations."

The bit of brickwork in the rock is

> "With aid derived of evidence."

I think you would find much to suit your purpose in "The Prelude," such as —

> "There is
> One great society alone on earth:
> The noble Living and the noble Dead."

Except for travelling, and for popular distribution, I prefer Moxon's one-volumed edition of Wordsworth to any selection. No selection gives you the perfect gems to be found in single lines, or in half a dozen lines, which are to be found in the "dull" poems.

I am sorry Matthew Arnold has not included the sonnet beginning —

> "I griev'd for Buonaparté with a vain
> And an unthinking grief;"

and which has these precious lines, —

> "'T is not in battles that from youth we train
> The governor who must be wise and good,
> And temper with the sternness of the brain
> Thoughts motherly, and meek as womanhood.
> *Wisdom doth live with children round her knees.*"

Has he the magnificent sonnet on Toussaint l'Ouverture? I don't know where there is anything finer than the last eight lines of it.

Please don't acknowledge this note, else you will neutralise my pleasure in sending it by making me feel that I have given you trouble.

The beautiful photograph has reached me safely, and I am very grateful to you for your kindness in sending it to me. In comparing it with the photograph which you gave me seven or eight years ago, I see the effect of a saddening experience which the years must bring to us all; but to my feeling the face is the more endearing because of that effect.

Letter to the Hon. Lady Lytton, 24th April, 1880.

You have been very often in my thoughts, because I have associated you with public affairs, and have imagined sympathetically how they must have affected your private life. I am sure that this momentous experience in India has been a hard discipline both for you and for Lord Lytton. I can imagine he has often been sick at heart with the near vision which his post forces on him, of human meanness and rancour. You, too, must have gathered some melancholy knowledge of that sort, which has perhaps changed a little the curves of the mouth and the glance of the eyes since those Vienna days, when the delightful M. de Villers helped to make the hours pleasant to us.

I saw the photographs of your daughters, which gave me an idea how fast the dramatic authoress has developed physically as well as mentally. When I first saw her at Vienna, she was the prettiest little rosebud.

Mrs. Strachey called the other day when I was out, and among other reasons for my being sorry not to have seen her, was the having missed some authentic news about your probable movements. What happens to you will always have interest for me since I have long been, with sincere regard, yours most truly.

On the 24th April George Eliot came down to Weybridge, and stayed till the 26th.

Letter to James Sully, 26th April, 1880.

I am deeply obliged to you for the care with which you have treated the final volume of the "Problems" in the "Academy," which you have kindly sent me. I think you could hardly have written more effectively towards exciting an interest in the work in the minds of the comparatively few who really care

for the study of Psychology. You have added one more to the obligations which will make me always yours gratefully.

I have something to tell you which will doubtless be a great surprise to you; but since I have found that other friends, less acquainted with me and my life than you are, have given me their sympathy, I think that I can count on yours. I am going to do what not very long ago I should myself have pronounced impossible for me, and therefore I should not wonder at any one else who found my action incomprehensible. By the time you receive this letter I shall (so far as the future can be matter of assertion) have been married to Mr. J. W. Cross, who, you know, is a friend of years, a friend much loved and trusted by Mr. Lewes, and who, now that I am alone, sees his happiness in the dedication of his life to me. This change in my position will make no change in my care for Mr. Lewes's family, and in the ultimate disposition of my property. Mr. Cross has a sufficient fortune of his own. We are going abroad for a few months, and I shall not return to live at this house. Mr. Cross has taken the lease of a house, No. 4 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, where we shall spend the winter and early spring, making Witley our summer home.

Letter to Madame Bodichon, 5th May, 1880.

I indulge the hope that you will some day look at the river from the windows of our Chelsea house, which is rather quaint and picturesque.

Please tell Bessie [1] for me, with my love to her. I cannot write to more than two or three persons.

A great, momentous change is going to take place in my life. My indisposition last week, and several other subsequent circumstances, have hin-

[1] Madame Belloc.

dered me from communicating it to you, and the time has been but short since the decision was come to. But with your permission Charles will call on you and tell you what he can on Saturday.

Letter to Mrs. Congreve, 5th May, 1880.

May 6. — Married this day at 10.15 to John Walter Cross, at St. George's, Hanover Square. Present, Charles, who gave me away, Mr. and Mrs. Druce, Mr. Hall, William, Mary, Eleanor, and Florence Cross. We went back to The Priory, where we signed our wills. Then we started for Dover, and arrived there a little after five o'clock.

Journal, 1880.

Your letter was a sweet greeting to us on our arrival here yesterday.

Letter to Miss Eleanor Cross, 9th May, 1880, from Paris.

We had a millennial cabin on the deck of the Calais-Douvres, and floated over the Strait as easily as the saints float upward to heaven (in the pictures). At Amiens we were very comfortably housed, and paid two enraptured visits, evening and morning, to the Cathedral. I was delighted with J.'s delight in it. And we read our dear old cantos of the "Inferno" that we were reading a year ago, declining afterwards on "Eugénie Grandet." The nice woman who waited on us made herself very memorable to me by her sketch of her own life. She went to England when she was nineteen as a lady's maid, — had been much *ennuyée de sa mère*, detested *les plaisirs*, liked only her regular every-day work and *la paix*.

Here we have a very fair *appartement*, and plenty of sunlight *au premier*. Before dinner we walked up to the Arc de l'Etoile and back again, enjoying the lovely greenth and blossoms of the horse-chestnuts, which are in their first glory, innocent of dust or of one withered petal. This morn-

ing at twelve o'clock we are going to the Russian church, where J. has never been, and where I hope we shall hear the wonderful intoning and singing as I heard it years ago.

This is the chronicle of our happy married life, three days long, — all its happiness conscious of a dear background in those who are loving us at Weybridge, at Thornhill, and at Ranby.

You are all inwoven into the pattern of my thoughts, which would have a sad lack without you. I like to go over again in imagination all the scene in the church and in the vestry, and to feel every loving look from the eyes of those who were rejoicing for us. Besides Professor Sellar's letter, which touched J. with grateful surprise, we have had one to him from Mr. Frederic Harrison, saying everything affectionate; and two very finely felt letters from Edith Simcox, — one to him enclosing the one to me. Certainly she has a rare generosity and elevation which find their easy channel in writing. My love to Henry and to the gentle Berthe,[1] who was an invisible presence at our wedding.

I think I must thank Florence, too, for her letter to J.; for we accept to the full the principle of "what is mine is thine" on each side. What most comforted him this morning was a letter from Albert Druce about the Chelsea house. His usual exclamation over anything from Albert is that his brother-in-law is the most satisfactory of men!

Write us word about everything, and consider yourselves all very much loved and spiritually petted by your loving sister.

This place is so magnificently situated, in a smiling valley, with the Isère flowing through it,

[1] Mrs. Hall.

and surrounded by grand and various lines of mountains, and we were so enraptured by our ex-

Letter to Charles L. Lewes, 21st May, 1880, from Grenoble.

pedition yesterday to the Grande Chartreuse, that we congratulate ourselves greatly on our choice of route. I think it unlikely that we shall want to wander beyond the second week in July. We shall begin to long for home just when the rest of the London world are longing for travel. We are seeing nature in her happiest moment now: the foliage on all the tremendous heights, the soft slopes, and the richly clad valleys on the way to the Chartreuse, is all fresh and tender, shone through by a sunlight which cherishes and does not burn us. I had but one regret in seeing the sublime beauty of the Grande Chartreuse. It was that the Pater had not seen it. I would still give up my own life willingly if he could have the happiness instead of me. But marriage has seemed to restore me to my old self. I was getting hard, and if I had decided differently, I think I should have become very selfish.

Glorious weather always, and I am very well, — quite amazingly able to go through fatigue.

Our life since we wrote to you has been a chapter of delights — Grenoble — Grande Chartreuse — Chambéry — paradisiacal walk to

Letter to Miss Florence Cross, 25th May, 1880.

Les Charmettes — roses gathered in Jean Jacques's garden — Mont Cenis Tunnel, and emergence into Italian sunshine. Milan, comfortable *appartement*, delicious privacy, and great minds condescending to relax themselves! We got here yesterday, and of course our first walk was to the post, where we found your delightful budget and other letters, which we took to a *café* in the grand *galleria*, and read at our ease to the accompaniment of tea.

Two of my letters yesterday touched me very gratefully. One was from "Brother Jimmy" — the prettiest letter possible. The other letter that moved me was one from my own brother. Then J. had a graceful letter of congratulation from Mr. Henry James, who is still at Florence. I think you did not send that letter of Mr. Edmund Gurney's which you mention. I am fond of seeing the letters which put my friends in an amiable light for my imagination. And now that I have had that charming letter from my new brother in America, I feel that my family initiation is complete. No woman was ever more sweetly received by brothers and sisters than I have been; and it is a happy new longing in my life that I may return into their bosoms some of the gladness they have poured into mine.

I have been uninterruptedly well, and feel quite strong with all sorts of strength except strong-mindedness. We are going to hear the music in the Duomo at eleven, and after that we intend to pay our first visit to the Brera gallery. It is our present plan to stay here for some days, and we enjoy the thought of a little stationary life such as we have not had since we left Paris. We often talk of our sisters, oftener think of them. You are our children, you know.

Your letter was forwarded to me here, and it was a great joy to me to have your kind words of sympathy, for our long silence has never broken the affection for you which began when we were little ones. My husband, too, was much pleased to read your letter. I have known his family for eleven years, and they have received me amongst them very lovingly. The only point to be regretted in our marriage is that

Letter to Isaac P. Evans, 26th May, 1880.

I am much older than he; but his affection has made him choose this lot of caring for me rather than any other of the various lots open to him.

Emily Clarke has lately sent me rather a sad account of Sarah's [1] health. I trust that it is now better, for I think it is her lungs that chiefly trouble her, and summer may act beneficently on them. Please give my love to her, and tell her that I like the assurance of her share in the good wishes you send me.

I have often heard of Frederick [2] through the admiration of those who have heard him preach; and it has been a happy thought to me that you and Sarah must feel it a great comfort to have him as well as Walter settled near you.

Edith is the only one of your children whom I have seen since they have been grown up, and I thought her a noble-looking woman.

We are going to remain abroad until some time in July, and shall then return to The Heights, Witley, Surrey. Our home in London will be 4 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, looking on a very picturesque bit of the river.

I hope that your own health is quite good now, and that you are able to enjoy the active life which I know you are fond of. — Always your affectionate sister.

Letter to Charles L. Lewes, 28th May, 1880.

Many thanks for your delightful letter, which came to me yesterday, with a loving though brief letter from Mrs. Congreve to keep it company in making the day agreeable.

We arrived here on Monday, and have been induced by a nice quiet apartment and pleasant at-

[1] Mrs. Isaac Evans (since deceased).
[2] Rev. Frederick Evans, Rector of Bedworth.

tendance to carry out our plan of resting here, and deliberately seeing what is to be seen in this cheerful, prosperous city. I am glad to find that the Luini pictures come up to my remembrance, and that J. is much impressed by his introduction to them. I continue remarkably well, and am every day surprising myself by the amount of walking, standing, and looking that I can go through. To-morrow or the next day we intend to go on to Verona; then after a sufficient pause to enjoy that glorious place, we shall move on to Padua and Venice, where it will be best for you to send anything you may have to send. I like to see the letters; they make one realise the fact of one's home and little world there amid the dreaminess of foreign travel. We take our meals in our own apartment, and see nothing of our fellow-guests in the hotel, — only hear their British and American voices when they air themselves in the *cortile* after their dinner.

The weather has hitherto been delicious, not excessively warm, always with a pleasant movement in the air; but this morning there is a decided advance in heat, and we shall both have our theory of great heat being the best thing for us well tested in the next month.

Letter to Madame Bodichon, 29th May, and 1st June, 1880, from Verona.

The change I make in the date of this letter is a sign of the difficulty you well know that one finds in writing all the letters one wants to write while travelling. Ever since Charles forwarded to me your dear letter while I was in Paris, I have been meaning to write to you. That letter was doubly sweet to me because it was written before you received mine, *intended* to inform you of my marriage before it appeared in the newspapers.

Charles says that my friends are chiefly hurt because I did not tell them of the approaching change in my life. But I really did not finally, absolutely decide — I was in a state of doubt and struggle — until only a fortnight before the event took place, so that at last everything was done in the utmost haste. However, there were four or five friends, of whom you were one, to whom I was resolved to write, so that they should at least get my letter on the morning of the 6th.

I had more than once said to Mr. Cross that you were that one of my friends who required the least explanation on the subject, — who would spontaneously understand our marriage. But Charles sends me word that my friends in general are very sympathetic, and I should like to mention to you that Bessie [1] is one whose very kind words he has sent to me, for you may have an opportunity of giving my love to her, and telling her that it is very sweet to me to feel that her affection is constant to me in this as it was in other crises of my life. I wish, since you can no longer come in and out among us as you used to do, that you already knew my husband better. His family welcome me with the uttermost tenderness. All this is wonderful blessing falling to me beyond my share, after I had thought that my life was ended, and that, so to speak, my coffin was ready for me in the next room. Deep down below there is a hidden river of sadness, but this must always be with those who have lived long, — and I am able to enjoy my newly reopened life. I shall be a better, more loving creature than I could have been in solitude. To be constantly, lovingly grateful for the gift of a perfect love, is the best illumination of one's mind

[1] Madame Belloc.

to all the possible good there may be in store for man on this troublous little planet.

We leave Verona to-day, and stay a little at Padua on our way to Venice. Hitherto we have had delightful weather, and just the temperature we rejoice in. We are both fond of warmth, and could bear more heat than we have the prospect of at present.

Yesterday we had a drive on the skirting heights of Verona, and saw the vast fertile plain around, with the Euganean hills, blue in the distance, and the Apennines just dimly visible on the clear margin of the horizon. I am always made happier by seeing well-cultivated land.

We came into Italy by way of Grenoble (seeing the Grande Chartreuse), Chambéry, and the Mont Cenis Tunnel; since then we have been staying at Milan, and enjoying the Luini frescos and a few other great things there. The great things are always by comparison few, and there is much everywhere one would like to help seeing, after it has once served to give one a notion of historical progression.

We shall stay at Venice for ten days or a fortnight; so if you have a scribe, or would write yourself, to tell me that all is going on well with you, the letter would not, as the Scotch say, "go amissing."

Letter to Charles L. Lewes, 9th June, 1880, from Venice.

We both enjoyed reading your letter on the morning after our arrival at this enchanting city, where the glorious light, with comparative stillness and total absence of dust, makes a paradise much more desirable than that painted by Tintoretto on the wall of the Consiglio Maggiore. Nothing but the advent of mosquitoes would make it easy for us to tear ourselves

away from this place, where every prospect pleases, but also where one is obliged to admit that man is somewhat vile. I am sadly disappointed in the aspect of the Venetian populace. Even physically they look less endowed than I thought them when we were here under the Austrian dominion. We have hardly seen a sweet or noble woman's face since we arrived, but the men are not quite so ill-looking as the women. The singing here (by itinerant performers in gondolas) is disgraceful to Venice and to Italy. Coarse voices, much out of tune, make one shudder when they strike suddenly under the window.

Our days here are passed quite deliciously. We see a few beautiful pictures or other objects of interest, and dwell on them sufficiently every morning, not hurrying ourselves to do much; and afterwards we have a *giro* in our gondola, enjoying the air and the sight of marvellous Venice from various points of view and under various aspects. Hitherto we have had no *heat*, only warmth with a light breeze. To-day, for the first time, one thinks that violent exercise must be terribly trying for our red-skinned fellow-mortals at work on the gondolas and the barges. But for us it is only pleasant to find the air warm enough for sitting out in the evening. We shall not soon run away from Venice unless some plague — *e. g.*, mosquitoes — should arise to drive us. We edify ourselves with what Ruskin has written about Venice, in an agreeable pamphlet shape, using his knowledge gratefully, and shutting our ears to his wrathful innuendoes against the whole modern world. And we are now nearly at the end of Alfieri's autobiography, which is a deeply interesting study of character.

Letter to Mrs. Congreve, 10th June, 1880.

It may well seem incredible to you, for it is hardly credible to myself, that while I have been longing to write to you ever since I received your dear letter, I have not found the time to satisfy my longing. Perhaps you are more able than most people to conceive the difficulty of getting a clear half hour between the business of travelling and the attention to little details of packing and toilette, over and above the companionship of talk and reading. Certainly I have thought of you all the more, but you have not known that, and I have lost my claim to hear about you, — a use and wont which I would not willingly part with.

I wonder whether you have imagined — I believe that you are quick to imagine for the benefit of others — all the reasons why it was left at last to Charles to tell you of the great, once undreamed-of change in my life. The momentous decision, in fact, was not made till scarcely more than a fortnight before my marriage; and even if opportunity had lent itself to my confiding everything to you, I think I could hardly have done it at a time when your presence filled me rather with a sense of your and Emily's trouble [1] than with my own affairs. Perhaps Charles will have told you that the marriage deprives no one of any good I felt bound to render before, — it only gives me a more strenuous position, in which I cannot sink into the self-absorption and laziness I was in danger of before. The whole history is something like a miracle-legend. But instead of any former affection being displaced in my mind, I seem to have recovered the loving sympathy that I was in danger of losing. I mean that I had been conscious of a

[1] Mr. Geddes's death.

certain drying-up of tenderness in me, and that now the spring seems to have risen again. Who could take your place within me or make me amends for the loss of you? And yet I should not take it bitterly if you felt some alienation from me. Such alienation is very natural where a friend does not fulfil expectations of long standing.

We have already been ten days at Venice, but we hope to remain as long again, not fearing the heat, which has hitherto been only a false alarm in the minds of English travellers. If you could find time to send me word how you all are, — yourself, Dr. Congreve after his holiday, and Emily, with all her cares about removal, — a letter sent to the Poste Restante here would reach me, even if we had left before the next ten days were over. We shall hardly be at Witley before the middle of July; but the sense of neighbourhood to you at Witley is sadly ended now.

We thought too little of the heat, and rather laughed at English people's dread of the sun. But the mode of life at Venice has its peculiar dangers. It is one thing to enjoy heat when leading an active life, getting plenty of exercise in riding or rowing in the evenings; it is another thing to spend all one's days in a gondola, — a delicious, dreamy existence, — going from one church to another, from palaces to picture-galleries, — sight-seeing of the most exhaustively interesting kind, — traversing constantly the piccoli rei, *which are nothing more than drains, and with bedroom-windows always open on the great drain of the Grand Canal. The effect of this continual bad air, and the complete and sudden deprivation of all bodily exercise, made me thoroughly ill. As soon as I could be moved we left Venice, on the 23d of June, and went to Innspruck, where we stayed for a week, and in the change to the pure sweet mountain air I soon regained strength.*

I was made very glad by Gertrude's letter, which assured me that Witley had been enjoyed by you and the little ones. We stayed six days at Innspruck, finding it more and more beautiful under the sunshine which had been wanting to it during our first two days. Then we went on to Munich, and yesterday we arrived here, as a temporary resting-place on our way to Wildbad, which, we hope, will put the finishing-touch to J.'s recovery of his usual health.

Letter to Charles L. Lewes, 7th July, 1880, from Stuttgart.

I wish I had been able to let you know in time that you could have remained a little longer at Witley, as I think we shall hardly be at home before the 20th if we find Wildbad what we want. Your *Mutter* is marvellously well and strong. It seems more natural to her to have anxiety than to be free from it. Let us hope that she will not run down like a jelly-fish, now that her anxiety is over.

I received your welcome letter yesterday morning, and felt inclined to answer it the next minute. J. is quite well again, but is inclined to linger a little in the sweet air of the Schwarzwald, which comes to one on gently stirred wings, laden with the scent of the pine forests. We mean to drive from here to Baden, which is within easy distance.

Letter to Charles L. Lewes, 13th July, 1880, from Wildbad.

Yesterday we sallied forth for a walk over the mountain, to a place where we could rest and lunch, returning in the afternoon. The sky was brilliant. But in half-an-hour the clouds gathered and threatened a storm. We were prudent enough to turn back, and by the time we were in the hotel again, the thunder was rolling and the rain pouring down. This continued till about two o'clock, and then again the sky became clear. I never saw so incalculable a state of weather as we have in this valley.

One quarter of an hour the blue sky is only flecked by lightest cirrhus clouds, the next it is almost hidden by dark rain clouds. But we are going to start on our promised expedition this morning, the sunshine flattering us that it is quite confirmed.

I think you had better address your next letter Poste Restante, Strasburg, as I am uncertain how long we shall rest at Baden.

Left Wildbad on the 17th July, and had a delightful drive through the Black Forest by Herrenalb to Baden, and thence by Strasburg, Metz, Luxemburg, and Brussels, arriving at Witley on Monday the 26th of July.

Letter to Madame Bodichon, 1st Aug. 1880.

We arrived here in all safety last Monday, and if I had not had your welcome little note this morning, I think I should soon have written to you without any such extra stimulus.

Mr. Cross had a sharp but brief attack at Venice, due to the unsanitary influences of that wondrous city, in the later weeks of June. We stayed a little too long there, with a continuous sirocco blowing, and bad smells under the windows of the hotel; and these conditions found him a little below par from long protracted anxiety before our marriage. But ever since we left Venice (on the 23d of June) he has been getting strong again, and we have enjoyed a leisurely journey through Germany in constant warmth and sunshine, save for an occasional thunderstorm. The climate in this beloved country of ours is a sad exchange, and makes one think of a second bad harvest with all its consequences. Still it is a delight to be at home, and enjoy perfect stillness after the noisiness of foreign bells and foreign voices indoors and out. It would be very pretty to pay you a visit next April, if we

are all alive, and I think Mr. Cross would like it very much. He sends you, hoping you will accept them, his best remembrances, which have been kept up by our often talking about you. I have been amazingly well through all the exertion of our travels, and in the latter half of the time have done a great deal of walking.

How sweet of you to write me a little welcome as soon as you knew that I was at home again.

Letter to Mrs. Peter Taylor, 2d Aug. 1880.

Yes, we are both well now, and *glad* to be at home again, though the change of climate is not of the exhilarating sort. One is so sorry for all the holiday makers, whose best enjoyment of these three days would have been in the clear air and sunshine.

Do not reproach me for not telling you of my marriage beforehand. It is difficult to speak of what surprises ourselves, and the decision was sudden, though not the friendship which led to the decision.

My heart thoroughly responds to your remembrance of our long — our thirty years' relation to each other. Let me tell you this once what I have said to others, — that I value you as one of the purest-minded, gentlest-hearted women I have ever known; and where such a feeling exists, friendship can live without much aid from sight.

We shall probably not be in town again till the beginning of November. Our address then will be 4 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, where we shall have an outlook on the river and meadows beyond. Just now we have the prospect of going on family visits to married sisters, which prevents us from feeling quite settled.

I expected your letter, and expected, too, just

the sort of letter I have received, telling me everything delightfully. I can follow you everywhere in your journeying except to Ober Wesel. I hope you will have enjoyed St. Blasien and some of the walks there consecrated by the beloved Pater's footsteps. We reversed your drive and went to Freiburg, so that I can enter into your enjoyment of the Höllenthal. I am glad that your weather has been temperate. Here we have now had four sunny and really hot days, and this morning promises to be the fifth. That is consolatory as to the harvest, and is very agreeable as to our private life. The last two evenings we have walked in the garden after eight o'clock, — the first time by starlight, the second under a vapoury sky, with the red moon setting. The air was perfectly still and warm, and I felt no need of extra clothing.

Letter to Charles L. Lewes, 12th Aug. 1880.

Our life has had no more important events than calls from neighbours and our calls in return. To-morrow we pay our visit to the Druces at Sevenoaks, where, you may remember, Mr. Druce has built a beautiful house. At the beginning of September we are to visit Mr. and Mrs. Otter at Ranby, and after that we shall go to Six-Mile Bottom for a day or two. Then our wanderings will be over.

I went to The Priory the other day, and found a treatise on Blood Pressure, by Dr. Roy, which he had sent me there, and which he has published as the "George Henry Lewes" student. I imagine that he has come to pursue his studies in England, as he intended to do. Delbœuf's article on the last volume of the "Problems" (in the Belgian "Athenæum") is very nicely done. He has read the book.

I am pretty well, but find myself more languid than I was when abroad. I think the cause is perhaps the moisture of the climate. There is something languorous in this climate, or rather in its effects. J. gets a little better every day, and so each day is more enjoyable.

We have just come home after paying family visits in Lincolnshire and Cambridgeshire, else I should have answered your letter earlier. The former one reached me in Venice, when I was in great trouble on account of Mr. Cross's illness. I had had reason to believe that my letters, ordered to be posted on the 5th of May, had not been delivered; so I asked Charles to inquire about the letter I wrote to you, — not because it demanded an answer, but because I wished you to know that I had written.

Letter to Mrs. Burne-Jones, 9th Sept. 1880.

I am so glad to know that you have been enjoying our brief English summer. The good harvest makes the country everywhere cheerful, and we have been in great even districts where the fields, full of sheaves or studded with ricks, stretch wide as a prairie. Now, we hope not to leave this place again till November, when we intend to go to Chelsea for the winter and earliest spring.

I almost envy you the opportunity of seeing Wombwell's Menagerie. I suppose I got more delight out of that itinerant institution when I was nine or ten year old, than I have ever got out of the Zoological Gardens. The smells and the sawdust mingled themselves with my rapture. Everything was good.

It was very dear of you to write to me before you finished your holiday. My love attends you all.

Your letter this morning is a welcome assurance

about you. We have been away in Lincolnshire and Cambridgeshire, paying visits to the Otters and the Halls. The weather, which is now broken, was glorious through all our wandering, which we made very interesting by pausing to see Ely, Peterborough, and Lincoln Cathedrals. The Otters have a very pretty, happy household. He is a country gentleman now, acting as a magistrate, and glancing towards Parliament. But he keeps up his reading, and is delightful to talk to. Emily looks very pretty in her matronly position, with three little children. The Halls, too, are very pleasant to behold in their home-life. He has done wonders in building nice cottages and schools, and sinking wells where they were wanted, and founding a co-operative store — and, in general, doing whatever opportunity allows towards slowly improving this confused world. We saw (at Six-Mile Bottom) Mr. and Mrs. Sidgwick. Perhaps you know that they have had, and have, the admirable public spirit to let their house and arrange to live for a year in the new Newnham House, in order to facilitate matters for the double institution.

Letter to Madame Bodichon, 14th Sept. 1880.

We are very well. Mr. Cross gets stronger and brighter every day. We often mention you, because you are associated with so many of my memories.

Our only bugbear — it is a very little one — is the having to make preliminary arrangements towards settling ourselves in the new house (4 Cheyne Walk). It is a quaint house; and a Mr. Armitage of Manchester, of whom you may have heard, has been superintending the decoration and furnishing, but not to the exclusion of old things, which we must carry and stow, especially wallings

of books. I am become so lazy that I shrink from all such practical work.

I have been, and am, suffering under an attack of a comparatively mild sort, but I expect to be well in two or three days, and am just going to drive to Godalming to meet my husband. Hence I write this hurriedly. We should like to see you and Gertrude from Saturday to Monday some week next month, if it would be pleasant to you.

Letter to Charles L. Lewes, 23d Sept. 1880.

This attack was a recurrence of the renal disorder of the previous year. On the 29th September we went for ten days to Brighton, as the most accessible place for a bracing change. The first effects of the sea breezes were encouraging, but the improvement was not maintained. Shortly after our return to Witley, Dr. Andrew Clark,[1] *"the beloved physician," came down to consult with Mr. Parson of Godalming, on 22d October. From that time there was gradual but slow improvement, and, during November, a decided recovery of strength. But an English autumn was not favourable to the invalid. Her sensibility to climatic influences was extreme. It will have been noticed in the preceding letters how constantly change of air and scene was required. I had never seen my wife out of England, previous to our marriage, except the first time at Rome, when she was suffering. My general impression, therefore, had been that her health was always very low, and that she was almost constantly ailing. Moreover, I had been with her very frequently during her long severe illness at Witley in 1879. I was the more surprised, after our marriage, to find that from the day she set her foot on Continental soil, till the day she returned to Witley, she was never ill, — never even unwell. She began at once to look many years younger. During the eleven years of our acquaintance I had never seen her so strong in health. The greater dryness and lightness*

[1] Now Sir Andrew Clark.

of the atmosphere seemed to have a magical effect. At Paris we spent our mornings at the Louvre or the Luxembourg, looking at pictures or sculpture, or seeing other sights, — always fatiguing work. In the afternoons we took long walks in the Bois, and very often went to the theatre in the evening. Reading and writing filled in all the interstices of time; yet there was no consciousness of fatigue. And we had the same experience at all the places we stayed at in Italy. On our way home she was able to take a great deal of walking exercise at Wildbad and Baden. Decrease of physical strength coincided exactly with the time of our return to the damper climate of England. The specific form of illness did not declare itself until two months later, but her health was never again the same as it had been on the Continent. Towards the middle of October she was obliged to keep her bed, but without restriction as to amount of reading and talking, which she was always able to enjoy, except in moments of acute pain.

During her illness I read aloud, amongst other books, Comte's "Discours Préliminaire," translated by Dr. Bridges. This volume was one of her especial favourites, and she delighted in making me acquainted with it. For all Comte's writing she had a feeling of high admiration, intense interest, and very deep sympathy. I do not think I ever heard her speak of any writer with a more grateful sense of obligation for enlightenment. Her great debt to him was always thankfully acknowledged. But the appreciation was thoroughly selective, so far as I was able to judge. Parts of his teaching were accepted and other parts rejected. Her attitude towards him, as the founder of a new religion, may be gathered from the references and allusions in the foregoing correspondence, and from the fact that for many years, and up to the time of her death, she subscribed to the Comtist Fund, but never, so far as I am aware, more directly associated herself with the members of the Positivist Church. It was a limited adherence.

We generally began our reading at Witley with some

chapters of the Bible, which was a very precious and sacred Book to her, not only from early associations, but also from the profound conviction of its importance in the development of the religious life of man. She particularly enjoyed reading aloud some of the finest chapters of Isaiah, Jeremiah, and St. Paul's Epistles. With a naturally rich, deep voice, rendered completely flexible by constant practice; with the keenest perception of the requirements of emphasis; and with the most subtle modulations of tone, — her reading threw a glamour over indifferent writing, and gave to the greatest writing fresh meanings and beauty. The Bible and our elder English poets best suited the organ-like tones of her voice, which required, for their full effect, a certain solemnity and majesty of rhythm. Her reading of Milton was especially fine; and I shall never forget four great lines of the "Samson Agonistes" to which it did perfect justice, —

> "But what more oft in nations grown corrupt,
> And by their vices brought to servitude,
> Than to love bondage more than liberty, —
> Bondage with ease than strenuous liberty."

The delighted conviction of justice in the thought — the sense of perfect accord between thought, language, and rhythm — stimulated the voice of the reader to find the exactly right tone. Such reading requires for its perfection a rare union of intellectual, moral, and physical qualities. It cannot be imitated. It is an art, like singing, — a personal possession that dies with the possessor, and leaves nothing behind except a memory. Immediately before her illness we had read, together, the First Part of "Faust." Reading the poem in the original with such an interpreter was the opening of a new world to me. Nothing in all literature moved her more than the pathetic situation and the whole character of Gretchen. It touched her more than anything in Shakspeare. During the time that we were reading the "Faust" we were also constantly reading together Shakspeare, Milton, and Wordsworth: some of Scott's novels and Lamb's essays

too, in which she greatly delighted. For graver study we read through Professor Sayce's "Introduction to the Science of Language." Philology was a subject in which she was most deeply interested; and this was my first experience of what seemed to me a limitless persistency in application. I had noticed the persistency before, whilst looking at pictures, or whilst hearing her play difficult music; for it was characteristic of her nature that she took just as great pains to play her very best to a single unlearned listener, as most performers would do to a room full of critical cognoscenti. *Professor Sayce's book was the first which we had read together requiring very sustained attention (the "Divina Commedia" we had read in very short bits at a time), and it revealed to me more clearly the depth of George Eliot's mental concentration. Continuous thought did not fatigue her. She could keep her mind on the stretch hour after hour: the body might give way, but the brain remained unwearied.*

Her memory held securely her great stores of reading. Even of light books her recollections were always crisp, definite, and vivid. On our way home from Venice, after my illness, we were reading French novels of Cherbuliez, Alphonse Daudet, Gustave Droz, George Sand. Most of these books she had read years before, and I was astonished to find what clear-cut, accurate impressions had been retained, not only of all the principal characters, but also of all the subsidiary personages, — even their names were generally remembered. But, on the other hand, her verbal memory was not always to be depended on. She never could trust herself to write a quotation without verifying it.

In foreign languages, George Eliot had an experience more unusual amongst women than amongst men. With a complete literary and scholarly knowledge of French, German, Italian, and Spanish, she spoke *all four languages with difficulty, though accurately and grammatically: but the mimetic power of catching intonation and accent was wanting. Greek and Latin she could read*

with thorough delight to herself; and Hebrew was a favourite study to the end of her life. In her younger days, especially at Geneva, inspired by Professor de la Rive's lectures, she had been greatly interested in mathematical studies. At one time she applied herself heartily and with keen enjoyment to geometry, and she thought that she might have attained to some excellence in that branch if she had been able to pursue it. In later days, the map of the heavens lay constantly on her table at Witley, and she longed for deeper astronomical knowledge. She had a passion for the stars; and one of the things to which we looked forward, on returning to London, was a possible visit to Greenwich Observatory, as she had never looked through a great telescope of the first class. Her knowledge of wild flowers gave a fresh interest each day to our walks in the Surrey lanes, as every hedgerow is full of wonders — to "those who know;" but she would, I think, have disclaimed for herself real botanical knowledge, except of an elementary sort.

This wide and varied culture was accompanied with an unaffected distrust of her own knowledge, — with the sense of how little she really knew, compared with what it was possible for her to have known, in the world. Her standard was always abnormally high, — it was the standard of an expert; and she believed in the aphorism that to know any subject well, we must know the details of it.

During our short married life, our time was so much divided between travelling and illness that George Eliot wrote very little, so that I have but slight personal experience of how the creative effort affected her. But she told me that, in all that she considered her best writing, there was a "not herself" which took possession of her, and that she felt her own personality to be merely the instrument thrugh which this spirit, as it were, was acting. Particularly she dwelt on this in regard to the scene in "Middlemarch" between Dorothea and Rosamond, saying that, although she always knew they had, sooner or later, to come together, she kept the idea resolutely out

of her mind until Dorothea was in Rosamond's drawing-room. Then, abandoning herself to the inspiration of the moment, she wrote the whole scene exactly as it stands, without alteration or erasure, in an intense state of excitement and agitation, feeling herself entirely possessed by the feelings of the two women. Of all the characters she had attempted, she found Rosamond's the most difficult to sustain. With this sense of "possession," it is easy to imagine what the cost to the author must have been of writing books, each of which has its tragedy. We have seen the suffering alluded to in the letters on the "Mill on the Floss," "Felix Holt," and "Romola."

For those who would know the length and the breadth of George Eliot's intellectual capacity, she has written her books. Here I am only putting down some of my own personal impressions or recollections, which must be taken for what they are worth. In doing this I should like to dwell on the catholicity of her judgment. Singularly free from the spirit of detraction, either in respect of her contemporaries or her predecessors, she was always anxious to see the best and the most noble qualities of human beings or of books, in cases where she felt some general sympathy notwithstanding particular disagreements. And it was this wide sympathy, this understanding of so many points of view, that gained for her the passionate devotion not only of personal friends, but also of literary admirers from the most widely sundered sections of society. Probably few people have ever received so many intimate confidences from confidants of such diverse habits of thought.

This many-sidedness, however, makes it exceedingly difficult to ascertain, either from her books or from the closest personal intimacy, what her exact relation was to any existing religious creed or to any political party. Yet George Eliot's was emphatically a religious mind. My own impression is that her whole soul was so imbued with, and her imagination was so fired by, the scientific spirit of the age — by the constant rapid development

of ideas in the Western world — that she could not conceive that there was, as yet, any religious formula sufficient nor any known political system likely to be final. She had great hope, for the future, in the improvement of human nature by the gradual development of the affections and the sympathetic emotions, and "by the slow stupendous teaching of the world's events" — rather than by means of legislative enactments. Party measures and party men afforded her no great interest. Representative government, by numerical majorities, did not appeal to her as the last word of political wisdom. Generally speaking, she had little patience with talk about practical politics, which seemed to her under our present system to be too often very unpractically handled by ignorant amateurs. The amateur was always a "stone of stumbling, and a rock of offence." Her wrath used often to be roused, in late years, by the increased bitterness in the language of parties, and by the growing habit of attributing, for political effect, the most shameful motives to distinguished statesmen.

She was keenly anxious to redress injustices to women, and to raise their general status in the community. This, she thought could best be effected by women improving their work, — ceasing to be amateurs. But it was one of the most distinctly marked traits in her character, that she particularly disliked everything generally associated with the idea of a "masculine woman." She was, and as a woman she wished to be, above all things feminine, — "so delicate with her needle, and an admirable musician." She was proud, too, of being an excellent housekeeper, — an excellence attained from knowing how things ought to be done, from her early training, and from an inborn habit of extreme orderliness. Nothing offended her more than the idea that because a woman had exceptional intellectual powers, therefore it was right that she should absolve herself, or be absolved, from her ordinary household duties.

It will have been seen from the letters that George Eliot was deeply interested in the higher education of

women, and that she was amongst the earliest contributors to Girton College. After meeting Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sidgwick, in September, 1880, when they had gone to reside at the new hall of Newnham College for a time, she was anxious to be associated in that work also, but she did not live to carry out the plan herself. The danger she was alive to in the system of collegiate education, was the possible weakening of the bonds of family affection and family duties. In her view, the family life holds the roots of all that is best in our mortal lot; and she always felt that it is far too ruthlessly sacrificed in the case of English men *by their public school and university education, and that much more is such a result to be deprecated in the case of women. But, the absolute good being unattainable in our mixed condition of things, those women especially who are obliged to earn their own living, must do their best with the opportunities at their command, as "they cannot live with posterity," when a more perfect system may prevail. Therefore George Eliot wished God-speed to the women's colleges. It was often in her mind and on her lips that the only worthy end of all learning, of all science, of all life, in fact, is, that human beings should love one another better. Culture merely for culture's sake can never be anything but a sapless root, capable of producing at best a shrivelled branch.*

In her general attitude towards life, George Eliot was neither optimist nor pessimist. She held to the middle term, which she invented for herself, of "meliorist." She was cheered by the hope and by the belief in gradual improvement of the mass; for in her view each individual must find the better part of happiness in helping another. She often thought it wisest not to raise too ambitious an ideal, especially for young people, but to impress on ordinary natures the immense possibilities of making a small home circle brighter and better. Few are born to do the great work of the world, but all are born to this. And to the natures capable of the larger effort, the field of usefulness will constantly widen.

In her personal bearing George Eliot was seldom moved

by the hurry which mars all dignity in action. Her commanding brows and deep penetrating eyes were seconded by the sweet, restrained, impressive speech, which claimed something like an awed attention from strangers. But to those very near to her there was another side of her nature, scarcely suspected by outside friends and acquaintances. No one could be more capable of enjoying and of communicating genuine, loving, hearty, uncontrollable laughter. It was a deep-seated wish, expressed in the poem of "Agatha," — "I would have young things merry." And I remember, many years ago, at the time of our first acquaintance, how deeply it pained her when, in reply to a direct question, I was obliged to admit that, with all my admiration for her books, I found them, on the whole, profoundly sad. But sadness was certainly not the note of her intimate converse. For she had the distinctively feminine qualities which lend a rhythm to the movement of life. The quick sympathy that understands without words; the capacity for creating a complete atmosphere of loving interest; the detachment from outside influences; the delight in everything worthy — even the smallest thing — for its own sake; the readiness to receive as well as to give impressions; the disciplined mental habit which can hold in check and conquer the natural egoism of a massive, powerful personality; the versatility of mind; the varied accomplishments, — these are characteristics to be found more highly developed amongst gifted women than amongst gifted men. Add to these the crowning gift of genius, and in such companionship we may possess the world without belonging to it.

The November days had come now, — cold and clear. My wife was able again to enjoy the daily drives and walks, on which she was very dependent for health. The letters continue.

Letter to Mrs. Congreve, 3d Nov. 1880.

Since I wrote to you I have been much more ill, and have only, during the last few days, begun to feel myself recovering strength. But I have been cared for with

something much better than angelic tenderness. The fine clear air, if it lasts, will induce us to linger in the country; and indeed I am not yet quite fit to move; for though I appear to be quite cured of my main ailment, half my bodily self has vanished. We are having deliciously clear days here, and I get out for short drives and walks. I really have nothing to complain of now except a little lack of strength. I play on the piano again, and walk with perfect ease. There is a long chapter about myself!

Letter to Madame Bodichon, 7th Nov. 1880.

Three weeks ago I had a rather troublesome attack, but I am getting well now, though still reduced and comparatively weak. We shall probably linger here till near the end of the month, for the autumnal landscape is very beautiful, and I am not yet quite fit for the exertion of moving. It is a comfort to think that you can be very snug through the winter in your nice house. What a pity we are not within an easy driving distance from you!

Mr. Hall is here to-day. He gave a lecture on Leclaire, the house-painter in Paris who initiated an excellent plan of co-operative sharing for his workmen. It has been printed, and when I have another copy I will send it you. Leclaire is mentioned by John S. Mill in the notes to his "Political Economy," but had not been otherwise taken much notice of. Still you may know all about him.

Letter to M. D'Albert, 15th Nov. 1880.

I thank you with great feeling for sending me an account of my revered Maman's peaceful falling asleep. Blessed are the dead, who rest from the struggles of this difficult life. The pitiable are those who survive in loneliness; and I feel sorrowfully that, not-

withstanding the numerous friends whose respectful regard you have won, your loneliness will press on you with a weight proportioned to the devoted care which has for years sanctified your life, and made you cherish it in order that you might bless another life to its close. That Maman should have retained full possession of her sweet mind through all her increasing weakness, will always give perfection to your remembrance of her. There will be nothing to blot out from the sacred record.

I trust that your health will continue to bear up, and that you will be able to relieve the weary days by some gentle activity such as you have been accustomed to.

I have been rather ill lately, but am getting well again.

Thanks for your loving remembrance of me. We have been kept in the country by two sufficient causes: I have been ill, and the house at Cheyne Walk has not been ready to receive us. I suppose we shall not be there till the end of the month instead of the beginning. One of the good things I look forward to is the sight of your dear face again. You will see little more than half of me, for nearly half has been consumed. But I have been nursed with supreme tenderness, and am daily gaining some strength. Much love to both.

Letter to Mrs. Burne-Jones, 18th Nov. 1880.

We are lingering here for three reasons, — the beauty of the weather, the unreadiness of the house, and my unfitness to bear the hurry of moving. I am getting better, but have not yet been able to bear much exertion.

Letter to Charles L. Lewes, 23d Nov. 1880.

Thanks for your pretty letter. I do not think I shall have many returns of Novembers, but there is every prospect that such as remain to me will

be as happy as they can be made by the devoted tenderness which watches over me. Your years will probably be many, and it is cheering to me to think that you have many springs of happiness in your lot that are likely to grow fuller with advancing time.

Letter to Mrs. Bray, 28th Nov. 1880.

I have thought of you all the more because I have not even heard anything of you for several months. You will wonder less why I have not written, as a consequence of those thoughts, when I tell you that I have been ill, and not allowed to do anything but indulge myself and receive indulgence. I am very well now, and am every day consciously gathering strength, so that if I could like giving trouble, I should look back on my illness as a great opportunity of enjoying the tenderest watching and nursing. I kept my bed only about a week, and have always been equal, except at short intervals, to much reading and talking, so that there is no fair cause for any grumbling on my part. It has not been so bad an illness as that of last summer. You see we are not yet at Cheyne Walk, but we are to be settled there by the end of next week. I have had no trouble, but have remained here on my cushions while Mr. Cross has gone early for several mornings running, to superintend the removal. It is difficult to give you materials for imagining my "world." Think of me as surrounded and cherished by family love,—by brothers and sisters whose characters are admirable to me, and who have for years been my friends. But there is no excessive visiting among us, and the life of my own hearth is chiefly that of dual companionship. If it is any good for me that my life has been prolonged till now, I believe it is owing to this

miraculous affection which has chosen to watch over me.

Dec. 3. — Came to 4 Cheyne Walk. Journal, 1880.

Dec. 4. — Went to Popular Concert at St. James's Hall. Heard Madame Neruda, Piatti, and Miss Zimmermann.

Only on Friday evening did we get into this new house, and I had deferred writing to you till I could say, "Come and see me." I can say so now, but on reflection I have come to the conclusion that you would like yourself to fix a time beforehand, the journey here being rather long. Perhaps you will like to choose a day on which you could go to Emily also, her house being less formidably distant, — across the Park and down Sloane Street would be an easy way to us. This week we shall be much engaged in household matters, such as the reduction to order of the chaos which still reigns in certain places least obvious to visitors, and the procuring of small objects, either necessary or desirable. But after this week I shall be most glad if you and Dr. Congreve will come to see us just *as* and *when* you would find the least inconvenience in doing so, — either at lunch-time (half-past one) or at a later hour.

Letter to Mrs. Congreve, 6th Dec. 1880, from Cheyne Walk.

I find myself in a new climate here, — the London air and this particular house being so warm compared with Witley. I hope that you too find the air mild, for I know that suits you best.

Dr. and Mrs. Congreve paid their promised visit the week after this letter was written; and Madame Belloc lunched with us the following day. Order was beginning to reign in the new house. The books had all been arranged as nearly as possible in the same order that

they had occupied at The Priory, Mr. Radermacher of the Pantechnicon having given his personal attention to this arrangement of some thousands of volumes, for which George Eliot was particularly grateful. Notwithstanding all this care, however, there were many unforeseen details of furnishing still to be completed, which caused a considerable expenditure of time. We continued reading aloud Max Müller's "Lectures on the Science of Language," and Duffield's translation of "Don Quixote": we were also reading "Hermann and Dorothea," Tennyson's last volume of poems, just published, and Mr. Frederic Myers's volume on Wordsworth. In the evenings we had always a little feast of music, and were becoming in every way reconciled to town life, notwithstanding the loss of country quiet, light, and beauty. On the afternoon of Friday the 17th December we went to see the "Agamemnon" performed in Greek by Oxford undergraduates. The representation was a great enjoyment, — an exciting stimulus, — and my wife proposed that during the winter we should read together some of the great Greek dramas. The following afternoon we went to the Saturday Popular Concert at St. James's Hall. It was a cold day. The air in the hall was overheated, and George Eliot allowed a fur cloak which she wore to slip from her shoulders. I was conscious of a draught, and was afraid of it for her, as she was very sensitive to cold. I begged her to resume the cloak, but, smiling, she whispered that the room was really too hot. In the evening she played through several of the pieces that we had heard at the concert, with all her accustomed enjoyment of the piano, and with a touch as true and as delicate as ever. On Sunday there was very slight trouble in the throat, but not sufficient to prevent her from coming downstairs to breakfast as usual. In the afternoon she was well enough to receive visits from Mr. Herbert Spencer and one or two other friends. Afterwards she began the following letter to Mrs. Strachey. It was left unfinished in her writing-case, and is printed as it stands.

I have been thinking so much of Lady Colvile, and yet I shrank from troubling even your more indirect sympathetic sorrow with a letter. I am wondering how far her health is in a state to endure this loss, — a loss which extends even to me, who only occasionally saw, but was always cheered by, the expression of a wise and sweet nature, which clearly shone in Sir James Colvile's manner and conversation. One great comfort I believe she has, — that of a sister's affection.

Letter to Mrs. Strachey, 19th Dec. 1880.

Here the letter is broken off. The pen which had carried delight and comfort to so many minds and hearts, here made its last mark. The spring, which had broadened out into so wide a river of speech, ceased to flow.

Little more remains to be told. On Monday the doctor treated the case as one of laryngeal sore throat; and when Dr. Andrew Clark came for consultation on Wednesday evening, the pericardium was found to be seriously affected. Whilst the doctors were at her bedside, she had just time to whisper to me, "Tell them I have great pain in the left side," before she became unconscious. Her long illness in the autumn had left her no power to rally. She passed away, about ten o'clock at night, on the 22d December, 1880.

She died, as she would herself have chosen to die, without protracted pain, and with every faculty brightly vigorous.

Her body rests in Highgate Cemetery, in the grave next to Mr. Lewes. In sleet and snow, on a bitter day, — the 29th December, — very many whom she knew — very many whom she did not know — pressed to her grave-side with tributes of tears and flowers.

Her spirit joined that choir invisible "whose music is the gladness of the world."

The loss is too recent — and in any case it would be inappropriate for me — to say anything here of the

massive influence George Eliot exerted on the minds and on the hearts of her contemporaries. That influence is still present with us.

The place that may belong to her in the minds and in the hearts of future generations will be finally adjudged on the merits of her works. We who write and we who read to-day will never know that final verdict, but I think that those of us who loved her may trust to it with confidence.

SUMMARY OF CHAPTER XIX

JANUARY, 1879, TO DECEMBER, 1880

First weeks of loneliness — Sees no one but Mr. Charles Lewes — First letters to Madame Bodichon — John Blackwood — J. W. Cross — Mrs. Burne-Jones — Sees Mr. Cross — Letter to John Blackwood delaying announcement of "Theophrastus" — Interest in Jewish colonisation of Palestine — Letter to Madame Bodichon — Project of Physiological Studentship entertained — Visits from a few friends — Letter to John Blackwood — Corrected sheets of "Theophrastus" — Letter to William Blackwood — Dissatisfaction with "Theophrastus" — Agrees to publication in May — Letter to F. Harrison — Letter to Madame Bodichon — Help from Mr. H. Sidgwick and Professor Foster for Studentship — Bringing out volume of "Problems" — Letter to John Blackwood — "Theophrastus" — Isandlana — Mr. Julian Sturgis — Letter to Professor Kaufmann — Hungarian translation of Mr. Lewes's "History of Philosophy" — Alleviating circumstances in manner of Mr. Lewes's death — War in South Africa — Letter to J. W. Cross asking counsel — Reading Dante together — Letter to John Blackwood — The Studentship — Seeing more friends — Goes to Witley — Letter to Mr. James Sully with information about Mr. Lewes's articles in periodicals — Asking him to read proofs of "Problems" — Letter to Mrs. Burne-Jones — Attack of pain — Letter to F. Harrison on the social factor in psychology — Letter to Charles Lewes on Mr. Frederic Harrison's paper on the social factor in psychology — Correction of errata by Rector of Lincoln — Coquelin in "Tabourin" — Letter to William Blackwood — "Theophrastus's" reception by public — Letter from Madame Bodichon to Miss Bonham Carter with account of visit to Witley — Letters to John Blackwood — Serious renal attack — The "Ethics of George Eliot's Works" by J. C. Brown — The Zulu War — Letter to Charles Lewes — Sir Henry Maine on Mr. Lewes's study of psychology — Letter to Madame Bodichon — Draught of conditions for the Studentship — Letter to John Blackwood — Improvement in health under Sir James Paget's and Dr. Andrew Clark's advice — Third edition of "Theophrastus" — Letter to Mrs. Burne-Jones inviting her to Witley — Letter to Miss Blanche Lewes — Letter to Mr. James Sully thanking him for help with the "Problems" — Letter to Mrs. Burne-Jones — Improvement in health — Letter to Mrs. Peter Taylor — Letter to William Blackwood — Good sales of "Theophrastus" — Letter to Madame Bodichon inviting her to Witley — Letter to James Sully on his article in the "Quarterly Review" on Mr. Lewes — Letter to Mrs. Peter Taylor — Advertisement of the Physiological Studentship — Letter to Mr. James Sully of thanks — Letter to Mrs. Burne-Jones — Renewed interest in social news — Letter to Charles Lewes — Nomination of Dr. Roy to Studentship — Letter to M. D'Albert — Mr. John Blackwood's last illness — Letter to Miss Eleanor Cross — Visit to Weybridge — Letter to Miss Sara Hennell — Appointment of Dr. Roy to Studentship — The last volume of "Problems" — Letter to E. Clodd, on receiving his book — Letter to Mrs. Peter Taylor — Living for human joy — Sees more of her friends — Letter to Mrs. Burne-

Jones — Visits picture-galleries — Two days' stay at Weybridge — Marriage decided on with J. W. Cross — Letter to Miss Eleanor Cross on engagement — Letter to Frederic Harrison on Wordsworth — Letter to Lady Lytton on Lord Lytton's experience in India — Visit to Weybridge — Letter to James Sully on his article in the "Academy" on the final volume of "Problems" — Letters to Madame Bodichon and Mrs. Congreve announcing marriage — Marriage — Letter to Miss Eleanor Cross from Paris — Amiens — The Champs Élysées — Loving memory of marriage ceremony — Letter to Charles Lewes from Grenoble — Marriage seems to restore her to her old self — Letter to Miss Florence Cross from Milan — Les Charmettes — Letters from her brother and from Mr. R. J. Cross, New York — Family reception — Feeling well and strong — Letter to Mr. Isaac P. Evans from Milan — Joy in renewal of relations with brother — Letter to Mr. Charles Lewes — The Luini pictures — Letter to Madame Bodichon — Satisfaction in her and in Madame Belloc's sympathy with marriage — Effect of marriage as compared with solitude — Verona — Letter to Charles Lewes from Venice — Life in a gondola — Seeing pictures — Reading Ruskin and Alfieri's autobiography — Letter to Mrs. Congreve — Recovery in marriage of loving sympathy — Mr. Cross's illness in Venice — Change to Innspruck — Letter to Charles Lewes from Stuttgart on way to Wildbad — Letter from Wildbad — Through Black Forest to Baden, and by Strasburg to England — Letter to Madame Bodichon from Witley — Bad exchange of climate — Letter to Mrs. Peter Taylor — Expressions of affection — Letter to Mr. Charles Lewes — Feeling climate languorous — Letter to Mrs. Burne-Jones — Wombwell's Menagerie — Letter to Madame Bodichon — Visit to the Druces at Sevenoaks, to the Otters at Ranby, and to the Halls at Six-Mile Bottom — Mr. and Mrs. H. Sidgwick — Letter to Charles Lewes — Renal attack — Visit to Brighton for ten days' change — Return to Witley — Visit from Dr. Andrew Clark — Slow improvement in health — Sensibility to climatic influence — Strength on the Continent — Reading Comte's "Discours Préliminaire" — Attitude to Comte — Reading the Bible — George Eliot's reading aloud — "Samson Agonistes" — "Faust" — Miscellaneous reading — Sayce's "Introduction to the Science of Language" — Persistency in application — Tenacity of memory — Knowledge of foreign languages — Geometry — Astronomy — Botany — Distrust of her knowledge — The effect of writing — Catholicity of judgment — Difficulty of fixing religious and political relations — Sympathy with the higher education of women — Hopes of a "meliorist" — Personal bearing — Capability of laughter — The distinctively feminine qualities — Enjoying the November days — Letter to Mrs. Congreve — Recovery of strength — Letter to Madame Bodichon — The beautiful landscape — Mr. Hall on Leclaire — Letter to M. D'Albert — Letter to Mrs. Burne-Jones longing to see her — Letter to Charles Lewes — Anticipating few returns of birthday — Letter to Mrs. Bray on the new life — Settled at Cheyne Walk — Saturday popular concert — Letter to Mrs. Congreve inviting her to pay a visit — Visits from Dr. and Mrs. Congreve and Madame Belloc — Removal of books from The Priory — Town Life — Reading — Performance of the "Agamemnon" — Saturday popular concert — Chill taken — First appearance of sore throat — Receives a few visitors — Letter to Mrs. Strachey on Sir James Colvile's death — Broken off unfinished — Laryngeal sore throat — Pericardium affected — Sudden death — Burial in Highgate Cemetery.

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